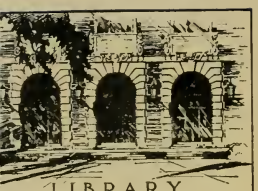

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VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY,

THE IRISH AGENT.

VOL. III.

VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY,

THE IRISH AGENT;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF THE CASTLE CUMBER PROPERTY.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY," "FARDOROUGHA, THE MISER," "JANE SINCLAIR," &c. &c.

QUI CAPIT ILLE FACIT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY,

THE IRISH AGENT.

CHAPTER XX.

SOBRIETY AND LOYALTY—A CHECKERED DIALOGUE—THE BEAUTY AND NECESSITY OF HUMAN FRAILTY—A BURNING AND SHINING LIGHT GOING HOME IN THE DARK—THE VALUE OF A LANTHORN.

The character or forms of decency which had hitherto prevailed, now began to disappear. M'Clutchy's blood-hounds or wreckers—for they were indiscriminately termed both—having drank a great deal of liquor, became quite violent, and nothing now was heard but party songs, loud talk, and offensive toasts, mingled with a good deal of personal abuse, and private jealousies of each other's influence with M'Clutchy.

"D—n your blood, Grimes, I'm as loyal as ever

you were. Wasn't my grandfather a Tory hunter, who houghed, and hanged more bloody Papishes—"

"Who's that," said Bob, "talking about hanging Papishes? Where—where are they to be hanged? Under God, I have seen more of the villains hanged than any other frail sinner in the province. Oh it is a consoling—a sustaining sight!"

"What's the reason, then, that the Protestant gentry of the country don't stand by their own? Why do they deal with Papishes? By Japers, they don't deserve us to stand by them."

"I say, Fulton, it's a d—d lie. I was at the wrecking of the Ballyglass Threshers, when you shabbed sickness and wouldn't go."

"And I'm glad I didn't. A purty business you made of it—to pull down the houses, and wreck the furniture about the ears of a set of women and children; I say such conduct is disgraceful to Orangemen."

"An' what the devil right have you to expect the sargeantship, then, when you won't perform its duties?"

"I don't care a d—n about you or it. The Pope in the pillory, the pillory in h—l—"

"—Sent the bullet through his palm, and kept his finger and thumb together ever since—

—"'Lero lero lillibullero, lillibullero bullenala.'—

'—Sleet or slaughter, holy water,
Sprinkle the Catholics every one;
Cut them asunder, and make them lie undher,
The Protestant boys will carry their own.—'

"—They can never stand the guns—the lead makes them fly—and, by Japers, they'll get it.—"

"—What health, man? out with it; are we to sit here all night for it?—"

"He gets half his bread from a d——d Papish, merely because he's his tenant—instead of getting the whole of it from me, that's better than a tenant, a brother Orangeman—

—"'King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire:
But King William threw his bomb balls in,
And set them all on fire.'—

In fact the confusion of Babel was nothing to it now, every voice was loud, and what between singing, swearing, shouting, arguing, drinking toasts, and howlings of various descriptions, it would not be easy to find anything in any other country that could be compared to it.

Phil hmself was by this time nearly as drunk as any of them, but in consequence of several hints from those who preserved their sobriety, and several of them did, he now got to his legs, and called silence.

"Silence, sil-sil-silence, I say, d—n my honour

if I'll bear this. Do you think (hiccup) we can sep-separate without drinking the Castle Cu-Cumber toast. Fill, gentle-(hiccup)-men, here's Lord Cu-mber and the Castle-Castle Cu-Cumber property, with the health of Sol-Sol-Solo-Solomon M'Slime, Esq.—

—"'For God will be our king this day,
And I'll be the general over—eh—over—no, no, under.'—

"Under, I believe (hiccup)—"

"Silence, there, I say."

"My friends—my dear friends," said Solomon—"my brothers—my Christian brethren, I should say, for you are Christian brethren—Lord Cum-ber's health is a good thing, and his property is a good thing; and I—I return you thanks for it, as I am bound to do, as a Christian. Am I Christian? Well—" (here he smiled, and laying his hand upon his heart, added,) "well, I know what I feel *here*, that is all. My dear friends, I said that Lord Cumber's health and property were good things, but I know a thing that's better, more valuable, richer—and what is that? It is here, in this poor frail—but not frail so long as that thing is here—that thing, what is it? Oh, if you had prayed for it, wrestled for it, fought for it, as I did, you would know what it is, and all the delightful and elevating conso-solations it brings

along with it. Surely some one drank Lord Cumber's health! That was well; he sitteth in a high place, and deserveth honour. Let us drink his health, my friends—let us drink it, yea, abundantly, even unto rejoicing. But what is this thing? Why, it is the sense of inward support, a mild, sweet light, that diffuses pleasant thoughts through you, that multiplies every good gift about you, that makes one cup of pleasant liquor seem two. It is not to many that these things are vouchsafed; not, I believe, to any here, always with humility and fear be it spoken, excepting to Bob Spaight and myself—"

—"July the first in Oldbridge town,

responded Bob,

There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle."—

"Yea," pursued Bob, "the gift is come, brother Solomon—the fifth cup always brings it—

—King James he pitched his tents between"—

"Ay, but, brother Bob," resumed Solomon, "the gift is a little too soon on this occasion. Let me give the words, and, Bob, if you could manage the 'Protestant Boys,' rather than 'Croppies lie down,' it would suit it; and, indeed, it would be well if the

whole congregation joined us in it. I shall give the words—let me see, long measure, eight lines, four nines, and four six-sixes ;—

> "There's nought but care on every hand,
> In every hour that passes, oh,
> What signifies the life o' man,
> An' 'twere not for the lasses, oh."

eh, let me see—am I right ?"

"Right," they shouted, "never were half so right, Solomon. We'll join you to a man," and accordingly, with one voice, they gave the stanza at the top of their voices, little Bob leading them, to the air of 'Croppies lie down,' in a style that was perfectly irresistible.

Thus ended a night *in* an Orange Lodge, but not so out of it. Those who had to go any distance, were armed, and the consequence was, that when they got out into the street, they commenced their usual courses: shots were fired in every direction, offensive songs were sung—any money for the face of a Papist—to hell with the Pope—Ram down Catholics, and so on. At length, by degrees these all ceased, the streets gradually grew quiet, then still, and another night closed upon the habits of a class of men, who, in the wantonness of their power, scarcely knew what they did.

Having witnessed the scene just described—a scene that accounted very clearly for at least one important phase of Irish life—I deemed it full time to go to bed, this being the inn in which I stop. I accordingly was about to ascend the staircase, from the lobby, for we sat in the back drawing room, when I thought I heard a voice that was not unfamiliar to me, giving expression to language in which I could perceive there was a very peculiar blending of love and devotion; that is to say, it was exceedingly difficult, from the admirable tact with which he balanced the application of the two principles, whether Solomon, for it was he, loved the physical or the spiritual system of the barmaid, for it was she, with more earnestness and warmth. The family at this time had all retired for the night, with the exception of boots, and the barmaid in question, a well made, pretty Irish girl, with a pair of roguish eyes in her head, that beamed with fun and good humour. Solomon, instead of going home, had got into a little retired spot behind the bar, called the snuggery, and into which, of course, she attended him with a glass of liquor.

"Eliza," said Solomon, "Eliza, I have often had an intention of asking you to allow me the privilege and the pleasure, Eliza, of some serious conversation

with you. It is a trying world, a wicked world, and to–to a girl—so charming a girl as you are, Eliza—"

"Charming, Mr. M'Slime; well, well!"

"Charming, certainly, as regards your person, your external person—your person is indeed very charming, and verily, Eliza, this brandy and water is truly precious, so beautifully blended, that I cannot—now, Eliza, will you pardon me a small, but, I trust, not unedifying joke; yes, you will—I know—I see you will—very well, then, the little joke is pardoned—this brandy and water are so beautifully blended, that I cannot help thinking there is something in that sweet hand of yours that dif—diffuses a delicious flavour upon it—I know that such things exist."

"Upon my word, Mr. M'Slime, from such a religious gentleman as you are, I didn't expect—"

"Ah, my dear Eliza, that is coming to the root of the matter, and I am glad to find that you are not insensible to it. On that subject, my sweet girl, and you are a sweet girl—it is that I propose to speak with you—to commune with you—in a spirit, my dear Eliza, of love and affection. Will you then take a seat—a seat—my dear Eliza."

"I fear I cannot, Sir; you know there is no one else to keep an eye to the bar."

"The business of the bar, my dear girl, is over for this night; but not, I trust—sincerely trust—that of the sweet barmaid; do sit, Eliza, pray be seated, and let me have a word with you in season; thank you, but not at such a distance, Eliza, such an inconvenient distance; I say inconvenient—because—ugh, ugh, I have caught a slight cold—as a trial it came—and I will receive it so, that has fallen for the time—ugh, ugh, ugh—upon my lungs, and renders it a good deal troublesome to me to speak loud;—so that the nearer you sit—and it has affected my head a little, only with a slight deafness, though, which—were you speaking, my dear?"

"No, Sir."

"Yes, so I thought, you were saying something—will soon pass away."

I thought this dialogue, on the part of M'Slime, too characteristic to be lost. I accordingly stole somewhat nearer the snuggery, until I got in a position from whence I could see them clearly, without being seen myself. It was quite evident from the humour, which, in spite of a demure face, glinted from her eye, that Eliza's object was to occasion M'Slime to assume his real character, for I could easily see that from time to time she felt very considerable difficulty in suppressing her laughter.

"The deafness, Eliza, I feel particularly troublesome, though not painful; as while transacting business it fo–forces me to sit so very close to my clients."

"But I am not a client, Mr. M'Slime, and you need not draw your chair so close to me—there now, that will do."

"You are my sweet—sweet girl; you are my client—and you shall be my client—and upon a most important subject—the most important of all; verily, Eliza, this is a most delicious cup of refreshment. How did you flavour it—but, indeed, if I were, as I have been, before I was graciously called and chosen, I would have recourse to a harmless gallantry, and say that this most ambrosial beverage must have caught its sweetness from your lips—its fragrance from your breath—and its lustre from your eyes—I would say so—if I were as I have been—and, indeed, as I am—even yet, frail, Eliza, still frail, and very far, indeed, from perfection—but, still, even as I am I could scarcely scruple to relapse a little—yea, only a little, Eliza, for the sake of such lips—of such eyes—and such a fragrant breath. Alas! we are all frail."

"But, Mr. M'Slime, I surely didn't think that you who stand so high in the religious world, and

that the people look upon as a saint, would talk as you do."

"Ah, Eliza, my dear girl, it is very natural for you in your hitherto darkened state to say so; but sweet Eliza, if you had your privileges, you could understand me. For instance, in the indulgence of this precious little dialogue with you, I am only following up a duty that strengthens myself; for, Eliza, my precious creature, if more light were given you, you would be permitted to feel that an occasional lapse is for our good, by showing us our own weakness and how little we can do of ourselves. No—there is nothing which gives us so much confidence and strength as to know our own weakness; but, my sweet girl, of what use is it for us to know it, if we do not feel it; and why feel it—unless we suffer it for better purposes to teach us a practical lesson to humble us."

"That's queer doctrine, Mr. M'Slime, and I don't properly understand it."

"I know you don't, my darling girl; for it has not been given to you, as yet, to understand it. Nay, it seems, as it were, a stumbling block to you, in your present state."

"Why, do you think me so very great a sinner, Sir."

"Not by acts, Eliza—and what a soft name is Eliza—soft as a pillow of down—but by condition. You are exalted, now, upon pride—not personal pride, but the pride of position. You think you are incapable of error or infirmity, but you must be brought down to a sense of your own frailty, as it were, for it is upon a consciousness of that, that you must build."

"That is to say, I must commit sin first, in order to know the grace of repentance afterwards."

"You put it too strongly, Eliza; but here is the illustration:—You know it is said 'there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just men.' And I know many, Eliza, who go through a long course of virtuous iniquity, in order that their triumph in the end may be the greater. I have myself practised it on a small way, and found it refreshing. And now, Eliza, bring me another cup of brandy and water, even for my stomach's sake; and Eliza, my charming girl, put it to those sweet lips—that it may catch the true fragrance—Christian fragrance I wish I could say—for they are fragrant lips—and a sweet arm—a full tapering arm you are gifted with. Ah! Eliza, if you could feel as I feel—nay, it was the chair that was unsteady—my heart is dis-dissolving,

Eliza. If you were only a little more frail! my sweet girl—we could feel this a kind of religious exercise. Oh! these precious little frailties—these precious little frailties!"

"Mr. M'Slime you will excuse me, but I think you have got enough, and a little too much liquor. If you should be seen going home in an unsteady state your character would suffer."

"Another cup of refreshment, Eliza—but I am not perfection—no—nor would I be perfection. What would life be without these precious little frailties—that makes us what we are."

"With all piety and undher——"

"Who is that," inquired the maid evidently startled, if not affrighted by a strange voice."

"I join—join you brother M'Slime, for another cup of refreshment."

"Bob Spaight—brother Bob—I am glad you are here; Eliza, my darling—my dove—another cup for Bob, and after that we shall aid each other home—will render one another Christian and mutual assistance."

"Yes," replied Bob, clearing his voice:—

Bob—"King James he pitched his tents between } *Simul-*
Solomon, "There's nought but care on every hand, } *taneously.*

Bob—The lines for to retire, }
Solomon—In every hour that passes, O, }

Bob—But King William threw his bomb balls in,
Solomon—What signifies the life o' man,
Bob—And set them all on fire."
Solomon—An' 'twerna for the lasses, O!"

"Many thanks, sweet Eliza—oh! that I could say my frail Eliza; but I shall be able to say so yet, I trust; I *shall* be able to say so."

"God forbid," she replied. "This is not for you, Mr. M'Slime—I certainly will give you no more this night. But Bob here is a favourite of mine. Bob, you will see Mr. M'Slime home?"

"In all piety and truth, I shall see that burning and shining light home," returned Bob; "in the mean time I will thank you for the loan of a lantern; the night is one of most unchristian darkness."

Solomon had now reclined his head upon the table as if for sleep, which he very probably would have indulged in, despite of all opposition; but just at this moment his horse, car, and servant most opportunely arrived, and, with the aid of Bob, succeeded in getting him away, much against his own inclination; for it would appear by his language that he had no intention whatsoever of departing, if left to himself.

"I shall not go," said he; "it is permitted to me to sojourn here this night. Where is Eliza? Oh! Eliza, my darling—these precious little frailties."

"Bring the little hypocrite home out of this," said she, with a good deal of indignation; for, in truth, the worthy saint uttered the last words in so significant a voice, with such a confidential crow, as might have thrown out intimations not quite favourable to her sense of propriety on the occasion. He was literally forced out, therefore; but not until he had made several efforts to grasp Eliza's hand, and to get his arm around her.

"She's a sweet creature—a delightful dove; but too innocent. Oh, Eliza, these precious little frailties!—these precious little frailties!"

"Its a shame," said Eliza, "and a scandal, to see any man making such pretensions to religion, in such a state."

"In all piety and truth," said Bob, "I say he's a burning and a shining light!

"'King James he pitched his tents between
Their lines for to retire,'" &c. &c.

And so they departed, very much to the satisfaction of Eliza and Boots, who were both obliged to sit up until his departure, although fatigued with a long day's hard and incessant labour. I also retired to my pillow, where I lay for a considerable time reflecting on the occurrences of the night, and the ease with which an ingenious hypocrite may turn the

forms, but not the spirit of religion, to the worst and most iniquitous purposes." * * *

Thus far our friend Mr. Easel, whom we leave to follow up his examinations into the state of the Castle Cumber property, and its management, hoping that his discoveries and disclosures may at some future day be of service to the tenantry on that fine estate, as well as to the country at large. In the mean time, we beg our readers to accompany us to the scene of many an act of gross corruption, where jobs, and jobbing, and selfishness in their worst shapes, aided by knavery, fraud, bigotry, party rancour, personal hate, and revenge long cherished—where active loyalty, and high political Protestantism, assuming the name of religion, and all the other passions and prejudices that have been suffered to scourge the country so long—have often been in full operation, without check, restraint, or any wholesome responsibility, that might, or could, or ought to have protected the property of the people from rapine, and their persons from oppression. The scene we allude to is the Grand Jury Room of Castle Cumber.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PROTESTANT CHARGER, WITH HIS PRECIOUS BURTHEN —A DISAFFECTED HACK, SUPPORTING A PILLAR OF THE CHURCH—A POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION, IN A FRIENDLY WAY — DARBY'S PIETY REWARDED.

The Assizes had now arrived, and the Grand Panel of the county met once more to transact their fiscal and criminal business. We omit the grand entry of the Judges, escorted, as they then were, by a large military guard, and the *posse comitatus* of the county, not omitting to mention a goodly and imposing array of the gentry and squirearchy of the immediate and surrounding districts, many of whom were pranked out in all the grandeur of their Orange robes. As, however, we are only yet upon our way there, we beg you to direct your attention to two gentlemen dressed in black, and mounted each in a peculiar and characteristic manner. One of them is a large, bloated, but rather handsome,

and decidedly aristocratic looking man, with a vermillion face, mounted upon a splendid charger, whose blood and action must have been trained to that kind of subdued but elegant bearing, that would seem to indicate, upon the part of the animal, a consciousness that he too owed a duty to the Church and Constitution, and had a just right to come within the category of a staunch and loyal Protestant horse, as being entrusted with the life, virtues, and dignity of no less a person than the Rev. Phineas Lucre—all of which are now on his back assembled, as they always are, in that reverend gentleman's precious person. Here we account at once for the animal's cautious sobriety of step, and pride and dignity of action, together with his devoted attachment to the Church and Constitution by which he lived, and owing to which he wore a coat quite as sleek, but by no means so black as his master's. The gentleman by whom he appears to be accompanied, much—if we can judge by their motions—against his will, seems to be quite as strongly contrasted to him, as the rough undressed hack upon which he is mounted is to the sanctified and aristocratic nag that is honoured by bearing the Rev. Phineas Lucre. The hack in question is, nevertheless, a stout and desperate looking varmint, with a red vindictive eye, moving.

ill tempered ears, and a tail that seems to be the seat of intellect, if a person is to take its quick and furious whiskings as being given in reply to Mr. Lucre's observations, or by way of corroboration of the truth uttered by the huge and able bodied individual who is astride of him. That individual is no other than the Rev. Father M'Cabe, who is dressed in a coat and waistcoat of coarse black broad cloth, somewhat worse for the wear, a pair of black breeches, deprived of their original gloss, and a pair of boots well greased with honest hog's lard—the fact being, that the wonderful discovery of Day and Martin had not then come to light. Mr. M'Cabe has clearly an unsettled and dissatisfied seat, and does not sit his horse with the ease and dignity of his companion. In fact, he feels that matters are not proceeding as he could wish, neither does the hack at all appear to bear cordiality or affection to the state which keeps him on such short commons. They are, by no means, either of them, in a state of peace or patience with the powers that be, and when the priest, at the conclusion of every sentence, gives the garran an angry dash of the spurs, as much as to say, was not that observation right; no man could mis-

take the venemous spirit in which the tail is whisked, and the head shaken, in reply.

It is scarcely necessary to say that either Mr. Lucre or Mr. M'Cabe were at all upon terms of intimacy. Mr. M'Cabe considered Mr. Lucre as a wealthy epicure, fat and heretical; whilst Mr. Lucre looked upon Father M'Cabe as vulgar and idolatrous. It was impossible, in fact, that with such an opinion of each other, they could for a moment agree in anything, or meet as men qualified by the virtues of their station to discharge on any one duty in common. On the day in question, Mr. Lucre was riding towards Castle Cumber, with the pious intention of getting Darby O'Drive's appointment to the under jailorship confirmed. This was one motive, but there was another still stronger, which was, to have an interview with the leading men of the Grand Jury, for the purpose of getting a new road run past his Glebe House, in the first place, and, in the next, to secure a good job for himself, as a magistrate. At all events, he was proceeding towards Castle Cumber, apparently engaged in the contemplation of some important subject, but whether it was the new road to his glebe, or the old one to heaven, is beyond our penetration to determine. Be this as it

may, such was his abstraction, that he noticed not the Rev. Father M'Cabe, who had ridden for some time along with him, until that gentleman thought proper to break the ice of ceremony, and address him.

"Sir, your most obedient," said the priest; "excuse my freedom—I am the Rev. Mr. M'Cabe, Catholic Curate of Castle Cumber; but as I reside in the parish it is very possible you don't know me."

Mr. Lucre felt much hurt at the insinuation thrown out against his long absence from the parish, and replied;—

"I do not, Sir, in the least regret our want of intimacy. The character of your ministry, in this parish is such, that he who can congratulate himself on *not* being acquainted with you has something to boast of. Excuse me, Sir, but I beg to assure you, that I am not at all solicitous of the honour of your company."

"Touching my ministry," said the priest, "which it pleases you to condemn, I'd have you to know, that I will teach my people how to resist oppression so long as I am able to teach them anything. I will not allow them to remain tame drudges under burthens that make you and such as you as fat and proud as Lucifer."

"I request you will be good enough, Sir, to take some other way," said Mr. Lucre; "you are a rude and vulgar person whom I neither know nor wish to know. The pike and torch, Sir, are congenial weapons to such a mind as yours; I do beg you will take some other way, and not continue to annoy me any longer."

"This way, man alive—"

"Man alive! To whom do you address such a term?" said Mr. Lucre; "I really have never met so very vulgar a person; I am quite sickened, upon my honour. Man alive!! I trust I shall soon get rid of you."

"This way, man alive," responded the priest, is as free to me, in spite of corrupt jobs and grand juries, as it is to you or any other tyrant, whether spiritual or temporal. If there are turbulence and disturbances in this parish, it is because bad laws, unjustly administered, drive the people, first, into poverty, and then into resistance. And, Sir, you are not to tell me, for I will not believe it, that a bad law dishonestly and partially administered, is not to be resisted by every legal means."

"Do you call noon-day murder, midnight assassination, and incendiarism, legal. Do you call schooling the people into rebellion, and familiarizing

them with crime, legal? All this may be allegiance to your pope, but it deserves a halter from the king and laws of England."

"The king, and laws of England, Sir, have ever been more liberal of halters to the Irish Catholics, than they have been of either common justice or fair play. What do the Catholic people get, or have ever got, from you and such as you, in return for the luxury which you draw, without thanks, from their sweat and labour, but gaols, and chains, and scourges, and halters. Hanging, and transportations, triangles, and drumhead verdicts, are admirable means to conciliate the Catholic people of Ireland."

"The Catholic people of Ireland may thank you, and such red hot intemperate men as you, for the hangings, and transportations which the violated laws of the country justly awarded them.

"And have you, Sir, who wring the blood and sweat out of them, the audacity to use such language to me? Did not your English kings and your English laws make education a crime, and did you not then most inhumanly and cruelly punish us for the offences which want of education occasioned?"

"Yes; because you made such knowledge as you then acquired, the vehicle, as you are doing now, of

spreading abroad disaffection against Church and State, and of disturbing the peace of the country."

"Because, proud parson, when the people become enlightened by education, they insist, and will insist upon their rights, and refuse to be pressed to death by such a bloated and blood-sucking incubus as your Established Church."

"If this be true, then, upon your own showing, you ought to be favourable to education among the people; but that, we know, you are not. You have no schools; and you will not suffer us, who are willing, to educate them for you."

"Certainly not, we have no notion to sit tamely by and see you, and such as you, instil your own principles into our flocks. But in talking of education, in what state, let me ask you, is your own church in this blessed year of 1804, with all her wealth and splendour at her back? I tell you, Sir, in every district where the population is equal, we can show two Catholic schools for your one. When you impute our poverty, Sir, as a reluctance to educate our people, you utter a libel against the Catholic priesthood of Ireland for which you deserve to be prosecuted in a court of justice, and nailed snugly to the pillory afterwards."

"Nailed snugly to the pillory! I never felt myself

so much degraded as by this conversation with you."

"Sir, the Catholic priesthood have always been at their duty at the bed of sickness, and sorrow, and death, among the poor and afflicted; where you who live by their hard and slavish labour have never been known to show your red nose."

"Red nose—ha—ha—dear me, how well bred, how admirably accomplished, and how finely polished. Red nose!"

"Faith you did well to correct me; it is only a mulberry. Wasn't your Irish Establishment in a blessed torpor—dying like a plethoric parson after his venison or turtle, until ould Jack Wesley roused it? Then, indeed, when you saw your flocks running to barns and hedges after the black caps, and the high checked disciples of sanctity and strong dinners—you yawned, rubbed your eyes, stroked your dewlaps, and waddled off to fight in your own defence against the long-winded invaders of your rounds and sirloins. Where was your love of education before that shock, my worthy Bible man? Faith, I'm peppering you!"

"Sir, if I could have anticipated such very vulgar insolence, I would have taken some other way. Why, obtrude yourself thus upon me? I trust you have no notion to use personal violence?"

"Wesley nudged you."

"Nudged us! I do not understand your slang at all, my good Sir. Those who are taken from the ditch to the college, and sent back from the college with the crust of their original prejudices hardened upon them, are not those from whom educated men are to expect refinement or good manners."

"From the ditch! We are taken from humble life, proud parson, to the college; and it is better to enter college from the simplicity of humble life, than to enter the church with the rank savour of fashionable profligacy strong upon us. Not a bad preparation for a carnal establishment, where every temptation is presented to glut every passion."

"You forget, Sir, what a system of abomination your church was before the light of the Reformation came upon her; and what a mockery of religion she is to this day."

"Whatever I may forget, I cannot but remember the mockery of religion presented by your proud and bloated Bishops who roll in wealth, indolence, and sensuality; robbing the poor, whilst they themselves go to h—l worth hundreds of thousands. I cannot forget that your church is a market for venal and titled slaves, who are bought by the minister of the day to uphold his party—that it is a carcase thrown to the wolfish

sons and brothers of the English and Irish aristocracy—and that its Bishops and Dignitaries exceed in pride, violence of temper, and insolence of deportment, any other class of persons in society. Sure they have their Chaplains to pray for them—but my soul to glory—those that pray by proxy will go to heaven by proxy—and so they ought. Eh, —faith I'm peppering you."

"De te fabula narratur. Don't you live by praying for others? What are your masses?"

"Fabula, why, a fibula for your fabula, man alive. What is your new fangled creed, but a fabula from the beginning?"

"And are you yourself not a hireling in every sense of the word? Do you not make merchandize of the crimes and ignorance of your people?"

"Make merchandize! This from you, who take away a tenth part of the poor man's labour without the consciousness of even professing his creed?"

"Do you ever worship the Lord aright, or address him in any language which the people can understand?"

"And do you ever seek salvation with half the zeal displayed when you lay your keen nostril to the trail of a fresh benefice or a fat mitre. Do you not, most of you, think more of your hounds

and kennels, than you do of either your churches or your flocks?

Mr. Lucre at length pulled up his horse and fixing his eyes on Father M'Cabe, inquired why he should have fastened upon him in so offensive a manner; and Mr. M'Cabe, pulling up the hack we spoke of, fixed a pair of fiery orbs on him in return, and replied—

"I haven't done with you yet, my worthy parson. You needn't scowl, I say, for if you had as many chins upon you as there are articles in your creed, I wouldn't be prevented from bringing you to an account for interfering with my flock."

"Rude and wretched man, how?"

"By attempting to pervert Darby O'Drive, the bailiff, and seduce him over to your heresies."

"I would bring him over from his idolatry and superstition. But why do you, Sir, tamper with a man named—named—let me see—Bob—Bob Beatty, I think, who belongs to my congregation?"

"Simply because I wish to bring him over from a false church to the true one."

"It appears that because this simple person has been afflicted with epilepsy, you have attempted through some pious juggling or other to effect his cure, by enjoining him to not enter a church door

or eat swine's flesh during his life. Are you not ashamed, Sir, of such ungodly frauds as this?

"Swine's flesh! Call it bacon, man alive, like a man. Yes, and I tell you, moreover, that I have cured him—and with a blessing shall cure him better still, if that is any consolation to you. From being a purple Orangeman, I have him now hard at work every day at his *Padderheen Partha.* But I now caution you not to unsettle the religious principles of Darby O'Drive, the bailiff."

"Why, Sir, the man has no religious opinion, nor ever had; thanks to Mr. M'Cabe."

"And I'm bound to say, that such a thick headed villain in religious matters as Bob Beatty I never met. God knows I had a sore handful of him. So, now, remember my caution, and good by to you; I think you'll know me again when you meet me."

Lucre gave him a haughty scowl ere the priest turned off a bridle road, but made no other reply—not even by inclining his head to him; but, indeed, it was hardly to be expected that he should.

Such is the anxiety to snap up a convert in Ireland, it matters not *from* what church, or *to* what church, that Mr. Lucre lost no time in securing the appointment of honest Darby to the office of Castle Cumber Deputy Gaoler—an appointment

to which both M'Clutchy and M'Slime strongly recommended him, not certainly from an excess of affection towards that simple and worthy man, but from a mis-giving that an important portion of a certain correspondence in the shape of two letters was in his possession, and that so far they were prudent in declining to provoke his enmity.

CHAPTER XXII.

CASTLE CUMBER GRAND JURY ROOM—A CONSCIENTIOUS HANGMAN—WAY TO A GLEBE HOUSE OF MORE IMPORTANCE THAN THE WAY TO HEAVEN—IRISH METHOD OF DISPENSING JUSTICE—SHORT DEBATE ON THE SPY SYSTEM—GENEALOGICAL MEMORANDA—PATRIOTIC PRESENTMENTS—A RIVERLESS BRIDGE.

We pass now, however, to the Grand Jury Room of the county, and truly as a subordinate tribunal for aiding the administration of justice, it was at the time of which we write, one of the most anomalous exhibitions that could be witnessed. It was a long room, about thirty-six or forty feet in length, by thirty, with a fire place at each end, and one or two at the sides. Above the chimney-piece was an oil painting of William the Third, together with a small bronze equestrian statue of the same prince, and another of George the Third. There were some other portraits of past and present jurors, presented by themselves or their friends. But there was certainly one which we cannot omit, although by whom presented, or on what occasion, we are wholly

unable to inform the reader. We are inclined to think it must have been placed there by some satirical wag, who wished to ridicule the extent to which mere loyalty was carried in those days, and the warmth of admiration with which its most besotted manifestations were received. The picture in question was the portrait of a pious hangman, who was too conscientious to hang any one but a Papist. They called him Jerry Giles; a little squat fellow, with a face like a triangle, a broken nose, and a pair of misplaced or ill matched eye-brows, one of them being nearly an inch higher up the forehead than the other. Jerry, it seems, had his own opinions, one of which was, that there existed no law in the constitution for hanging a Protestant. He said that if he were to hang a Protestant felon, he would be forced to consider it in his conscience only another name for suicide; and that, with a blessing, he would string up none but such vile wretches as were out of the pale of the constitution, and consequently not entitled to any political grace or salvation whatever. And, indeed, upon the principles of the day, the portrait of Jerry was nearly as well entitled to be hung among the grand jurors as that of any one there.

Seated about a long table, covered with green

baize, were a number of men, with papers before them; whilst grouped in different parts of the room were the younger persons, amusing themselves by the accidents at the last meet—if it happened to be the hunting season—or the last duel, or the last female victim to the corruption and profligacy of some of those from whom the people were to expect justice, and their families protection, Others were whistling or humming some favourite air; and one of them, a poet, was reading a squib which he had prepared for the forthcoming election.

"Deaker, come here," said the Foreman; "you are up to every thing. Here is Lucre, the parson, wants to have a presentment for a new line of road running through his glebe, or to his glebe—for I suppose it is the same thing."

"Well," replied Deaker, "and let him have it. Isn't he as well entitled to a job as any of us? What the devil—why not put a few feathers in his nest, man? The county has a broad back."

"His nest is better feathered than he deserves. He has two enormous livings, a good private fortune, and now, indeed, he must come to saddle himself upon the county, in the shape of a job!"

"He has rendered good service, Mr. Hartley," replied another of them; "good service to the go-

vernment, Sir, with every respect for your wonderful liberality and honesty."

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked Hartley, sternly; "do you throw out any imputation against my honour or my honesty?"

"Oh, Lord, no—by no means; I have no relish at all for your cold lead, Mr. Hartley—only that I don't think you stand the best chance in the world of being returned for Castle Cumber, Sir—that is all."

"Hartley," asked another, with a loud laugh, "is it true that your cousin, on bringing a message to young Phil M'Clutchy, pulled his nose, and kicked him *a posteriore* round the room?"

"Ask his father, Dick," said Hartley, smiling; "I have heard he was present, and, of course, he knows best."

"I say, Vulture," inquired the other, "is it true?"

"Ay," returned old Deaker, "as true as the nose on your face. That precious Phil was a cowardly whelp all his life—so was his father. D—n you, sirra; where did you get your cowardice? I'm sure it was not from me; that is if you be mine, which is a rather problematical circumstance; for I take it you are as likely to be the descent of some rascally

turnkey or hatchman, and be hanged to you, as mine."

"Is it true, Val," persisted the former querist, "that young Hartley pulled Phil's nose?"

"We have come here for other purposes, Dick," said Val. "Certainly Phil did not wish to strike the young man in his own house, and had more sense than to violate the peace in the presence of a magistrate, and that magistrate his own father."

"How the devil, did he put his comether on M'Loughlin's pretty daughter, Val?" asked another from a different part of the room."

"That," said Deaker, "is the only spirited thing I ever knew him to manage. Is it true, Val, that he was found in her bed-room."

"It is certainly true," replied Val, with a smile of peculiar meaning; "and with her own consent too."

"That's false, Val," replied Hartley; "and you know it. That he was in her room for a couple of minutes is true; but that he was there for any purpose prejudicial to her honour, that is with her own consent, is false. The whole thing was a cowardly trick on the part of your son, concocted by the aid of old Poll Doolin, for the purpose of injuring the girl's reputation."

"Ay," said old Deaker, "I dare say you are right, Hartley, if Poll Doolin was in it; but, d—n her, she's dangerous, even at a distance, if all that's said of her be true. I say, Spavin,"—this was a nickname given to the Foreman, in consequence of a slight halt or lameness for which he was remarkable—"are we not to find bills for something against Harman, who is about to be married to that wench?"

"What," said Hartley, laughing, "is it on *that* account? I think if you said so Deaker, you'd not be very far from the truth."

"He murdered one of my fellows," said M'Clutchy, "one of the staunchest Protestants and loyalest men that ever was in the country; and, what is more, he did it in cold blood."

"You were not present," said Hartley, "and consequently have no right to attempt to prejudice the minds of the jury against him."

"We shall find the bills for all that," said Spavin, "the interference of such fellows in the execution of the laws, must be put a stop to."

"You are right, Spavin," said Sir William; if we can't hang him, let us send him across. He had no business to touch the hair of a blood-hound's head. Gad, Hartley, this is pretty justice, isn't it? why didn't the disloyal rascal stand and let himself be shot in

obedience to the spirit of the constitution, rather than molest a blood-hound. I tell you, my good friends, that this method of managing things will bring about its own remedy yet."

"Oh, Sir William, you and Hartley would run well in a chaise together—both always for the rebels."

"Whom do you call the rebels?"

"Why, the Papists, to be sure."

"No more rebels, Moore, than you are," replied Hartley—"I find a papist as good as another man, if he's as well and as fairly treated."

"Irwin," said a large gouty man, whose legs were wrapped in flannel, "of course you've heard of Sir William's method of dispensing justice. Will that too, Sir, find its own remedy—eh? ha, ha, ha; d——e, it's the most novel thing going."

"No—how is it, Anderson?"

"Why, if two neighbours chance to fall out, or have a quarrel, and if it happens also that they come to take the law of one another, as they call it, what does the worthy baronet do, do you imagine? 'Well, my good fellow,' proceeds our justice, 'you want to take the law of this man?'

"'Yes, your honour.'

"'And you want to take the law of him,' addressing the other.

"'I do, the rascal.'

"'Very well, my good friends, if you wish to get law you have come to the wrong shop for it—we deal in nothing but justice here; so if you prefer justice to law, you shall have it."

"'Whichever your honour thinks is best for us.'

"'Very well, then; are you able to fight this man?'

"'Ha, ha, is it there you are, Sir William?" says the fellow brightening, 'able, is it! ay, and willing too.'

"'And,' says the baronet, addressing the other again, 'are you a match for *him*, do you think?'

"'Say no more, Sir William; only it was surely the Lord put the words into your mouth.'

"'But,' proceeds Sir W., 'mark me, if you don't both abide by this battle—if either of you, no matter which is beaten, shall attempt to get law elsewhere, upon my honour and soul, I will prosecute you both.' The justice being well furnished with a sheaf of cudgels for the purpose, selects one for each, brings them quietly to the stable yard where he lets them fight it out, each having first solemnly promised to abide the result."

"Is that true, baronet?"

"Perfectly true," replied Sir William; "but I fear that like some of your wise and impartial proceedings

here, it will soon work its own cure. The business has increased so damnably—this dispensation of justice I mean—on my hands, that my stable yard resembles a fives court rather than anything else I know. The method harmonizes with their habits so beautifully, that if there is an angry word between them it is only 'd—n you, are you for Sir W.?' 'Yes, you villain, step out.' They accordingly come, and as they touch their hats, I ask, well, my good fellows, what do you want now?' 'Not law, Sir William, but justice—the cudgels, plaise your honour.' In the beginning I was in the habit of making them relate the cause of quarrel first, and then fight it out afterwards, but experience soon taught me that all this was a mere waste of time. In general now, I pass all that by; the complainants have their comfortable fight, as they say, and go home perfectly satisfied."

"Here, you secretary, what the devil are you at there? Why d——e, it wasn't to toss half crowns with that rascal of a treasurer you came here, Sir; let us get through the business, and then you may both toss off to the devil, where you'll go at last."

"Why," said the secretary, "I placed the papers all arranged in proper order before you."

"Yes, Sir; I suppose you did; but who the devil

can keep any thing or any body in order, in such a Babel as this? Beevor, I'll thank you to postpone the singing of your squib for the election; or take to the street when our business is over, and give it to the crowd."

"You be d——d, Spavin," replied Beevor; "I'll finish it, if the devil was at the back door."

"Darcy," said Deaker, addressing a thin, red-faced man beside him, "I saw a pretty bit of goods in Castle Cumber market on Thursday."

"Why, Deaker," replied the other, "is it possible, that with one foot and more than half your body in the grave, and your shadow in h—l, you sinner, you have not yet given up your profligacy?"

"Eat, drink, and be merry, Tom, for to-morrow we die; but about this pretty bit of goods—I tried to price her, but it wouldn't do; and when I pressed hard, what do you think of the little tit, but put herself under the protection of old Priest Roche, and told him I had insulted her."

"Who is she, Deaker?" inquired a young fellow, with a good deal of libertine interest.

"Ah, Bob," replied Deaker, laughing; "there you are, one of the holy triad. Here, Baronet—did you ever hear what Mad Jollyblock, their father, the drinking parson of Mount Carnal, as some one

christened his residence, said of his three sons?—and that chap there's *one* of them."

"No; let us hear it."

"'Dan,' said the father, speaking of the eldest, 'would eat the devil; Jack,' the second, 'would drink the devil; and Bob,' this chap here, 'would both eat him and drink him, in the first place, and outwit him afterwards.' That's Bob, the youngest—he there with a lip like a dropsical sausage. He has sent him here to pick up a little honesty, and much loyalty."

"And a great deal of morality," replied Bob, laughing, "from Deaker the virtuous."

"No, no," replied Deaker; "you need never leave your Reverend father's wing for that."

"Deaker, do you fleece the poor as much as ever? replied Bob. "Ah, you are another sweet Agent, as times go. Do you touch them at the renewals as usual?"

"Egad, Bob, I was very good at that; but there's an unmatrimonial son of mine, Val the Vulture, there, and d—me, when I look back upon my life, and compare it with his, it's enough to make me repent of my humanity, to think of the opportunities I have neglected."

"Gentlemen," observed Hartley, "it strikes me, that no matter what the multiplicity of other virtues we possess, there is somehow nothing like a super-

abundance of shame among us; we appear to glory in our vices."

"Why confound it, Hartley," replied Deaker, "where's the use of assuming what we do not and cannot feel? Would you have me preach honesty, who am as d——d a rogue as there is here? Indeed, with the exception of that whelp of mine, I believe the greatest—but that fellow's my master."

"Nobody can quarrel with your candour, Deaker, because it's all at your own expense," said the treasurer.

"Egad, and here it is at yours, Gilburne; with the exception always of myself and my son, you are the deepest rogue here—and I am very much afraid that your securities will be of my opinion when it is too late." He laughed heartily at this; and then, as usual, took to whistling his favourite tune of the Boyne Water.

Our readers may perceive that there was among them an open hardy scorn not only of all shame, but of the very forms of common decency and self-respect. The feelings, the habits, the practices, the distribution of jobs and of jobbings, the exercise of petty authority, party spirit, and personal resentment, all went the same way, and took the same bent; because, in point of fact, there was in this little

assembly of village tyrants, no such thing as an opposition—for three or four were nothing—no balance of feeling—no division of opinion—and consequently no check upon the double profligacy of practice and principle, which went forward under circumstances where there existed a complete sense of security, and an utter absence of all responsibility.

"Gentlemen, we are losing a great deal of time unnecessarily," observed M'Clutchy, "let us first get through the business, and afterwards we will be more at leisure for this trifling. The bills for Harman are not yet found."

"Not found," replied Spavin, "why how soft you are, Val."

"Why they are not," reiterated Val.

"And why are they not?"

"Ask Counsellor Browbeater, the hard faced barrister, that has the right of Back Trot in the Castle, and he will tell you."

"We all know that very well, Val, no thanks to your squeamishness," observed Deaker; "the truth is, he did not wish to let him out for a reason he has," he added, winking at the rest.

"Let us hear the calendar," said Hartley, "and get through the business as quickly as we can, secretary."

"Is that Browbeater" asked Sir William, "who was engaged in the spy system a little before I returned from England—a d——d scandalous transaction."

"The spy system, Sir William, is a very useful one to government," replied Val, "and they would be devilish fools if they did not encourage it."

"That may be your opinion, Mr. M'Clutchy, said Sir William, "and your practice, for aught I know; but, permit me to say, that it is not the opinion of a gentleman, a man of honour, nor of any honest man, however humble."

"I perfectly agree with you, Sir William," said Hartley, "and I despise the government which can stoop to such discreditable treachery, for it is nothing else. The government that could adopt such a tool as this Browbeater, would not scruple to violate the sanctity either of private life or public confidence, if it suited their interest—nay, I question whether they would not be guilty of a felony itself, and open the very letters in the post office, which are placed there under the sacred seal of public faith. However, never mind; proceed with the calendar."

"Here is the case of some of your wreckers, M'Clutchy, charged here with illegally, maliciously, and violently pulling down several houses in the

village of Crokaniska—assaulting and maltreating the unoffending inhabitants."

"Halt there a moment," said Val; "rebels, every man of the said inhabitants, which I can prove. My men, who are remarkable for their Protestantism and loyalty, went upon private information—"

"More of the spy system," said Hartley, smiling.

"Mr. Hartley, you may smile, but truth is truth," replied Val; "we had private information that they had arms and rebellious papers, and the latter we have got under the thatch of their cabins."

"Private information!—still more of the spy system," repeated Hartley smiling again.

"But not the arms?" asked Sir William.

"No, Sir William, not the arms; the rebels were too quick for us there."

"Then, they expected you it seems," observed Hartley; "and, if so, when taking away the arms, I am anxious to know why they should have been such fools as to leave the papers behind them."

"I am not here to account for their conduct, Sir," replied Val, "but to state the facts as they occurred—they may, for instance, not have had time to bring them. It is not a month, for instance, since my fellows in Still hunting—and talking of that Mr. Hartley, will you allow me to send you a couple of kegs of such stuff as is not to be had on every hill

head; I offer it from pure good will, for I really regret that there should be any want of cordiality between our families."

"Our families," asked Hartley, with a look of surprize and indignation, "our families, Sir! what do you mean?"

"Oh, damn it, Hartley, don't explode; I mean nothing offensive between us—then, dropping the families," said Val fawningly, for he saw the other's nostril begin to dilate—

"And, you cowardly hound, why should you drop the families," inquired Deaker, taking fire; "do you forget, Sirra, who your father was?"

"And do you forget, Sirra," resumed Hartley, "who your mother is?"

"Damn it," replied Val, still with fawning good humour, "how am I accountable for their conduct before I had existence? I neither made them as they were, nor as they are."

"Then have the modesty," said Hartley, "to forbear any allusion to them, especially in the way of comparison."

"For one of them, Hartley, I reply," said Deaker, "that he is of a better family than yourself; and don't imagine, my worthy fellow, that however you may brow beat others, you will be permitted to bully or brow beat me. I say, Sir,

there is better blood in my veins than ever ran through yours."

"I had no intention of bullying or brow beating any man here," replied Hartley, "much less one whose age and virtues must prevent him—"

"Not from meeting you like a man," said Deaker; "old as I am, I can yet stand my ground, or if not, d—n me, I can tie a stake to my bottom, and you may take that as a proof that I won't run away."

"Nobody suspects you for that," said the other. "Out of the long catalogue of human virtues, courage is the only one left you, or indeed, you ever had—unless, indeed, it be the shameless and diabolical honesty of glorying in your own vices."

"Why, Hartley," replied Deaker, "you forget that you had more vices, and hammers, too, in your family, and more brass, than ever I or mine could boast of. If the memory of that successful old tinker, your grandfather, had not passed out of your mind, you would make no allusion to vices or screws, and take care, my good hot-brained young fellow, that you don't die in your family trade, and come to the pulley yet."

Hartley, who was hasty, but exceedingly good natured, although certainly a noted duellist, now burst out into a hearty laugh, as did most of the rest.

"Deaker," said he, "there is no use in being angry with you, nor in being ashamed that my fortune was created by industry and honesty, for both of which virtues I have reason heartily to thank my good old grandfather, the hardware man, as you have for thanking the sire of your father, the worthy tailor, who had the honour of being appointed one of Peg Nicholson's knights, ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter now became general and excessive; but not one of them enjoyed, or seemed, at least, to enjoy it with more good humour than Val; who, indeed, was never known to exhibit any want of temper to his equals during his life.

"Well," said he, "ha, ha, ha! now that *that* breeze has blown over—about the poteen, Hartley?"

"Thanks, Val; but no poteen, if you please."

"Then, gentlemen," said Val, "to resume business; I was alluding to the seizure of a Still about a month ago near Drum Dhu, where the parties just had time to secure the Still itself, but were forced to leave the head and worm behind them; now, *that* I give as a fair illustration of our getting the papers, and missing the arms. Besides," said he, in a wheedling and confidential tone, addressed to a clique of his friends, the jobbers, whom he joined at the lower end of the room, "you are all aware that my

fellows are staunch Orangemen, every one of them, and the government itself feels, for I have reason to know it, that it is not either politic or prudent to check the spirit which is now abroad among them; so far from that, I can tell you it is expected that we should stimulate and increase it, until the times change. The bills against these men must, therefore, be thrown out."

"I'll agree to that," said a leading man of his own party, "only on one condition. There are three of my own tenants, Papists to be sure, *in* for distilling poteen. Now, we must have them out, Val, for one good turn deserves another."

"But why?" inquired Val and his friends.

"Why, simply, because the poor fellows were distilling for myself," he replied; "all the apparatus were mine, and I can't think of allowing them to be transported for my own act."

"Very well, then; a bargain be it," said Val, "so out they go."

Whilst every man was thus working, either for his friends or against his enemies, or not unfrequently both, Hartley, who, in point of fact, felt always anxious to do as much good as he could, addressed Sir William;

"Have *you* no friends in difficulty, Sir William,

or who require your advocacy now? I see the jobbers are hard at work. Some working heaven and earth to wreak the vengeance of law upon their enemies; others quite as anxious to turn aside *justice* from their friends."

"Eh! what's that?" said Sir William, starting up; "come, Hartley, you are right; there are four of my tenants in for a fray—the M'Caffries, and the poor devils stand no chance with such a jury as they will have. I hear them named below there—so let us join the jobbers as you say, and see if we cannot get the Bills thrown out."

"Very well," said Val, as they approached him, "the M'Caffries go to trial."

"Sir William, excuse me," said Hartley; "will you allow me to interfere, in the first instance?"

"My dear fellow, certainly, with great pleasure, and I shall aid you as far as I can."

"Val," said Hartley, in that kind of familiar tone which he knew would go far with such a man as M'Clutchy, and which was in such accordance with his own natural good humour—"Val, my good fellow, and the best man of business here, by the way, notwithstanding the poteen affair, I want you to stand my friend and also Sir William's here.'

"How is that, Hartley?"

"There are four men in from the Mountain Bar,

named M'Caffrey. Now we want to have the Bills against them ignored; and simply for a plain reason—at this season of the year, any lengthy imprisonment would ruin them. It was a faction fight or something of that kind, and of course there is no feeling of a religious or party nature in it. Am I not right, Sir William?"

"Perfectly; the thing took place during my absence in England for the last few months. Had I been at home, the matter would have been peaceably decided in my own stable-yard."

"Yes," observed Val, "but it appears there was a man's life in danger."

"Yes, but, sir, his life is now out of danger."

"Well, but does not this," rejoined Val in his most serious mood, "look very like obstructing the course of justice?"

"Why, you d——d scoundrel," said the Baronet, "what, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is done at every assizes where matters connected with religion or politics are concerned, that ought not to be called obstructing the course of justice?"

"We shall return true Bills, Sir William; and that is the only reply I have to make, except to thank you for your courtesy."

"Mr. M'Clutchy," said Hartley, "I know your

good sense and forbearance, both of which are so creditable to you. These poor fellows will be ruined, for both you and I know the kind of jury that is to try them."

"An honest jury, Mr. Hartley," said M'Clutchy, who was now beginning to feel a little of his power —"an honest jury, Mr. Hartley."

"I give you leave to say so, Val; but, in the mean time, I will accept one favour from you, if you grant me two."

"How is that, Sir?" asked Val.

"Send me the poteen you spoke of, and *ignore* the Bills against these M'Caffreys."

"No, Sir," replied Val, looking with his own peculiar beetle-browed smile at Sir William, "I shall not; for by G—, we will find true Bills against the four M'Caffreys. We might do something for humanity, Mr. Hartley; but we are not to be made fools of before our own faces."

"I do not understand you," replied Hartley.

"He is nothing but a scoundrel, as I said," returned Sir William—"that is all; a low-born scoundrel; and it is a disgrace to see such a fellow's name upon any Grand Jury list."

"Hartley," replied Spavin, "we do not wish to refuse either Sir William or you such a matter as

this; but the fact is, M'Clutchy is right. This is at bottom a party matter—a political matter, and you know it is."

"No, Sir; on my own part and on Sir William's I disclaim any such knowledge."

"You know, Hartley, you are canvassing the county."

"Yes, but what has that to do with these men or their affairs?"

"What—why you know if we ignore the Bills against them, they will be out and ready to vote for you at the forthcoming Election."

Hartley looked at him with surprize but said nothing.

"Now," he proceeded, "I'll tell you what we will do. If you and Sir William pledge your words, as men of honour, that you will not accept the votes of these men, the matter you wish shall be managed."

Sir William started to his feet.

"Great God," said he, "is it not monstrous that an oath of secrecy should bind us to conceal these iniquities!"

"It is monstrous, Sir William," replied his friend; "I do believe there is not such a scene of shameless and hardened corruption on earth, as a Grand Jury Room at the present day."

This, however, they said rather aside to each other.

"No, Sir," replied Hartley to the last proposal, "neither I nor Sir William shall enter into any such shameful compromise. I felt perfectly satisfied of the slight chance of justice which these poor men had, and will have from a jury so composed as their's I know will be; and that was the reason why I did not hesitate to try, if I could, with any effect save them from what I now perceive is designed for them—a political punishment independent of crime."

"Never mind," said Sir William, taking him aside, "never mind, Hartley; we will be able to defeat them yet. I shall send for the prosecuting parties; get them to withdraw proceedings, and immediately fight it out in my lawn or stable yard."

After a great deal of similar squabbling and negociation, the gentlemen at length got through the criminal calendar for the county, and with still more startling honesty and disinterestedness, entered upon the transactions of its fiscal business. Deaker whenever he took no part in the discussions that accompanied the settlement of each question, sat reading a newspaper to the air of the Boyne Water, which he whistled from habit in a low manner that was scarcely audible, unless to some one who felt

anxious to derive amusement, as several did, from the originality of his performance.

"Gentlemen," said the secretary, "here is a list of the presentments. The first is—For two miles and a quarter of a new road, running from George Ganderwell's house at the Crooked Commons, out along Pat Donnellan's little farm of the Stripe, through which it runs longitudinally; then across Jemmy Teague's meadow, over the Mullin Burn, then through Widow Doran's garden, bisecting Darby M'Lorrinan's three acre field, afterwards entering the Glebe, and passing close to the lodge of the Rev. Phineas Lucre's avenue."

"Is there any opposition to this?" inquired the chairman.

"Read the next," said M'Clutchy, "and then we shall be the better able to see."

No. 2. "For four miles of road, commencing at the Ban Ard river, which it crosses, running through Frank Fagan's croft, along Rogues Town, over Tom Magill's Long-shot meadow, across the Sally Slums, up Davy Aiken's Misery-meerin, by Parra Rakkan's haggard, up the Dumb Hill, into Lucky Lavery's Patch, and from that right ahead to Constitution Cottage, the residence of Valentine

M'Clutchy Esq., within two hundred yards of which it joins the high road to Castle Cumber."

"Now the question is," said Val, "can both these be passed during this term?"

"Val," replied young Jollyblock, "if ever a man was afflicted with modesty and disinterestedness you are he; and well becomes me the parson, too, in his share of the job; but it's all right, gentlemen. Work away, I say. The Parson-magistrate, and the Agent-grand-juror have set us an excellent example—ha—ha—ha. Deaker, drop whistling the Boyne Water there, and see what's going on here."

"No," said Deaker, "there never was such an air composed as the Boyne Water; and my only request is, that I may die whistling it. Damn it, Jollyblock, unless a man is a good Protestant he's bad for every thing else."

"But how the devil, Deaker, can you call yourself a good Protestant, when you believe in nothing?"

"Why," said Deaker, "I believe that a certain set of political opinions are necessary for our safety and welfare in *this* world; and, I believe, that these are to be found in the church, and that it is good Protestantism to abide by them, yes, and by the church too, so long as she teaches nothing but politics, as she does, and acts up to them."

"And does your faith stop there?"

"How could it go farther with the lives of such men as your father and Lucre staring me in the face? Precept, Dick, is of little value when example is against it. For, instance where is the use of men preaching up piety and religion, when their own conduct is a libel upon their doctrine? Suppose, now, there are two roads—and 'tis said there are; No. 1, leading to an imaginary region, placed above; No. 2, to another imaginary region, placed below—very good; the parson says to you and me, *do so and so*, and take the No. 1, road; but, in the mean time, he does himself the very reverse of this *so and so*, and takes the No, 2 road. Now, which are we to respect most, his advice or his example?"

"Let us get on," said Spavin, "perhaps there are others whose claims are as modest and disinterested; we shan't say any thing about being as well founded. You secretary fellow, read away."

"Before you go any farther," said a droll looking person named M'Small, "you must pass me a bridge over Lumlay's Leap. Our party voted you about thirty miles of roads to repair *thoroughly*, and you know that although you only *veneered* them, we said nothing."

"But," replied Val, "who ever heard of a bridge

without water; and I know there's not a stream within three miles of you."

"Never mind that," replied M'Small, "let me have the bridge first, and we'll see what can be done about the water afterwards. If God in his mercy would send a wet winter next season, who knows but we might present for a new river at the January assizes."

"You must have it," said Deaker, "give M'Small the bridge, and, as he says, we'll see afterwards what can be done for a river for it."

"M'Small," said Hartley, "what if you'd get a presentment for a couple of mountain water spouts; who knows but it might answer the purpose?"

"I'm afraid," said M'Small, who, by the way, was a good deal of a humourist, "I fear, Hartley, that the jurisdiction of the grand panel would scarcely reach so high. In the mean time I shall think of it."

The bridge, however, was not only passed, but built, and actually stands to this day, an undeniable monument of the frugality and honesty of grand jurors, and the affection which they were then capable of bearing to each other, when their interests happened to be at stake, which was just four times in the year.

In the mean time, the tumultuous battle of jobs,

in all its noise, recrimination, and jangle of conflicting interests, and incredible selfishness commenced. There were strong mutual objections to pass the roads to Mr. Lucre and M'Clutchy, and a regular conflict between their respective partisans accordingly took place. M'Clutchy's party were absolutely shocked at the grossness and impiety of such a man as Mr. Lucre, a person of such great wealth, an absentee, a non-resident Rector, dipping his hand in the affairs of the county for the sake of a job.

His party, for he had a strong one, dwelt upon his rights as a Civil officer, a magistrate, and justice of quorum—upon his sterling principles as a loyal Protestant, who had rendered very important services to the Church and the Government. It was such as he, they said, who supported the true dignity and respectability of Protestantism, and it would be a scandal to refuse him a road to his glebe. Deaker groaned several times during this eulogium, and repeated his favourite text—let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die; but whether its application was designed for Lucre or himself, was not very easy—perhaps we should rather say difficult, to determine.

"That is all very true," replied Val's party; "but in the mean time, it would be quite as credit-

able for him to pay some attention to the spiritual interests of his parish, and the condition of its tottering old church, as to be mulcting the county for a job."

"What can *you* know about his church," inquired Spavin, "who have never been seen in it, except on last Easter Monday, when you were candidate for the church-wardenship? M'Clutchy," he added, we all know you are a Protestant of your father's colour; it's the best Protestantism that puts most into your pocket."

"And on what other principle is Lucre himself now proceeding, or has ever proceeded?" replied Val's friends—for Val himself had always a wholesome repugnance to personal discussion.

In fact, one would have imagined, on hearing Val's party declaiming against the selfishness of Lucre, that they themselves entertained a most virtuous horror against jobs and corruption of all kinds, and had within them an actual *bona fide* regard for religion, in all its purity, spiritual beauty, and truth; whilst on the contrary, the Lucreites, who certainly had the worst cause, seemed to think that M'Clutchy in preferring his own corruption to that of the parson, was guilty of a complete deser-

tion of that sterling and mutually concessive Protestant feeling which they considered to constitute its highest principle, and absolutely to merge into the manifestation of something inimical to a Protestant government.

At length it was suggested by him of the bridge that in order to meet the wishes of two such excellent men, and such admirable representatives of pure Protestant virtue and spirit, it would be best to pass both presentments on the present occasion, and drop or postpone some of the minor ones until next term—a suggestion which was eagerly received by both parties, in as much as it satisfied the rapacity of each, without giving a victory to either. This, however, was far from terminating either the business or the debates that arose out of the minor conflicting interests of the jurors. A good deal of hanging fire there was also, but given and returned in a better spirit, between Val's friends and Lucre's.

"Why doesn't Lucre," said the former, "afford us a little a more of his company in the parish?"

"Ah," replied the Lucreites, "we suppose if he gave you more of his venison and claret, he would experience less of your opposition."

"I really am afraid to go to church," said Val,

who now that the storm had passed, resumed his usual insinuating habit of light sarcasm; "I am afraid to go, lest that crazy old church, which, really, between ourselves—I speak of course in a friendly way now—is in a most shameful and dangerous state, should fall upon me."

"I did not think," said M'Small, "that you had such a strong sense of your own deserts left, Val?—I have some hopes of you yet."

"Ah," said Val, "I fear that on your way to heaven, if you meet a difficulty, you will not be likely to find a grand jury to build a bridge for you across it."

"I perfectly agree with you," replied M'Small, "the face of a grand juror will be a novel sight in *that* direction."

"And in the other direction," observed Hartley, "no bridges will be wanted."

"Why so," said M'Small.

"Because," he replied, "there will be such an absence of water as will render them unnecessary."

"Ay," retorted another, "but as there will be plenty of grand jurors we may do then, as we did now, build the bridge without the water, and trouble ourselves no further with the consequences."

After much more conversation, partly on business, and partly on desultory topics, the quarrellings, and bickerings, and all the noisy enmities of that corrupt little world that is contained within—we should rather say, that *was* contained within the walls of a grand jury room, ceased; and, with the exception of one or two small matters of no consequence, everything was settled, but not so as to give general satisfaction; for there still remained a considerable number of grumblers, whose objects had been either completely lost in greater corruption, or set aside for the present.

"Here's another matter," said Spavin, "which we had better settle at once. A man here named O'Drive—Darby O'Drive—is to be appointed to the under gaolership—he is strongly recommended by Mr. Lucre, as a man that has renounced Popery."

"That's enough, Spavin," said Hartley, "that, I suppose, comprises all the virtues necessary for an under gaoler, at all events."

"You know him, M'Clutchy," said one or two of them.

"He'll make as good an under gaoler," replied Val, "as there will be in Europe. Appoint him, gentlemen; you will get no such man."

"And that is just," said Sir William aside to Hartley, "all that Val's recommendation is good for."

And thus closed as much as we feel necessary to describe of that extraordinary scene—a grand jury room in the year 1804, or thereabouts.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RENT DAY—RELATIVE POSITION OF LANDLORD AND TENANT—GRADES OF TENANTRY—PHIL'S NOTION OF RESPECT—PADDY CORRIGAN'S PROTESTANT WIG—PHIL AND SOLOMON IN A FIT OF ADMIRATION—THE WIDOW TYRRELL.

One single week in the progress of time, after the exhibition last described, had wonderfully advanced the catastrophe of our simple and uncomplicated narrative. Harman, very much to the mortification of M'Clutchy, was acquitted, the evidence being not only in his favour, but actually of such a character, as to prove clearly that his trial was merely one of those dishonest stretches of political vengeance which characterized the times. On coming out, however, he found the affairs of the firm in a state of bankruptcy and ruin. The insidious paragraphs in the papers, masked with compassion, and "a hope that the affairs of this very respectable firm—which was hitherto supposed to be a solvent

one—would, still, be wound up in a way, they trusted, somewhat more satisfactory than was given out by their enemies." Nor was this the worst, so far as Harman himself was concerned. The impression of Mary M'Loughlin's perfidy had been now so thoroughly stamped into his heart, that he neither could, nor would listen to any attempt upon the part of their mutual friends at her vindication. This last stroke of anguish was owing, also, to Phil's diabolical ingenuity. Harman on reflecting day after day, and hour by hour, upon the occurrence, and comparing it with her conduct and confusion on previous occasions, felt as we before said, strongly inclined to believe her guilty. He determined, however, not to rest here, but to sift the matter to the bottom. He accordingly heard from his cousin, and from several others, while in prison, such details of the particulars, and such an authentic list of the persons who were present, many of whom, owing to the ingenious malignity of Poll Doolin, were friendly and favourable to the family—that he privately sent for them, and on comparing the narratives one with the other, he found the harmony among them so strong, that he gave up all thoughts of her, save such as recurred involuntarily to his mind with indignation and anguish. In addition to his other

mortifications, it happened that the second day after his release from imprisonment was what the agents call "Gale day;" that is, the day upon which they get into their chair of state, as it were, and in all the insolence of office receive their rents, and give a general audience to the tenantry. Phil, indeed, even more than the father, looked forward to these days with an exultation of soul, and a consciousness of authority, that fully repaid him for all the insults, disasters, and tweakings of the nose, which he was forced to suffer during the whole year besides. In truth, nothing could equal, much less surpass the Pistolian spirit by which this lion-hearted gentleman was then animated. His frown, swagger, bluster, the authoritative shakings of his head, the annihilating ferocity of his look, and the inflated pomp of manner with which he addressed them, and "damned his honour," were all inimitable in their way. The father was more cautious and within bounds, simply because he had more sense, and knew the world better; but, at the same time, it was easy to see by his manner, that in spite of all his efforts at impartiality and justice, he possessed the poison as well as the wisdom of the serpent, but not one atom of the harmlessness of the dove. At another table, a little to the right of M'Clutchy, sat M'Slime, ready to take his

appropriate part in the proceedings of the day, and prepared, whilst engaged in the task of seeing that every thing was done according to law, to throw in "a word in season," touching the interests of the gospel.

At length eleven o'clock arrived, and found Val, Phil, our old friend Darby, who had not yet entered upon the duties of his office, together with one or two other understrappers, all ready for business. The two principal characters were surrounded by books, rentals, receipts, and every other document necessary and usual upon such occasions. The day was wet and cold, and by no means in the spirit of the season; but we know not why it happens, that there seems in general to be a fatality of disastrous weather peculiar to such days, leading one to imagine that the agent possessed such a necromantic foreknowledge of the weather, as enabled him to superinduce the severity of the very elements upon his own cruelty. In a country so poor as Ireland, the scene presented by a rent day is one too impressive and melancholy, ever to be forgotten by any heart touched with benevolence. There is little, if any of that erect freedom of demeanour and natural exhibition of good will, which characterize conscious independence, and a sense of protection, on

the part of the tenant; whilst on that of the agent or landlord, there is a contemptuous hardness of manner, a vile indifference, and utter disregard of the feelings of those by whom he is surrounded, that might enable the shallowest observer to say at a glance, *here is no sympathy between that man and these people.*

But that is not all. Give yourself time to observe them more closely, listen to that agent pouring his insolent invective upon the head of this poor man, whose only crime is his poverty, and whose spirit appears to be broken down with the struggles and sufferings of life; yet, who hears his honesty impugned, his efforts ridiculed, and his character blackened, without manifesting any other than a calm spirit that looks inwards to his own heart for the consciousness of these falsehoods. Look at this, we repeat, and you will surely feel yourself forced to say—not that there is no sympathy between these men, *but that there sits the oppressor, and there stands the oppressed.*

But even this is not all. Bestow a still more searching glance upon the scene. Here is more than invective; more than the imputation of dishonesty and fraud; more than the cruel defamation of character in the presence of so many. Mark the words of that agent or landlord again.

He is sealing the fate of this struggling man; he tells him he is to have no home—no house to shelter himself, his wife, and their children; that he must be dispossessed, ejected, turned out upon the world, without friends to support or aid him, or the means to sustain their physical existence. Hear all this, and mark the brow of that denounced man; observe how it knits and darkens; how firmly he compresses his lips, and with what a long determined gloomy gaze he surveys his denouncer—observe all this, we repeat; and need you feel surprized, at finding yourself compelled to go still farther, and say *there sits a doomed man, and there most assuredly stands his murderer.*

Let it not be supposed that we are capable of justifying murder, or the shedding of human blood; but we are palliating, and ever shall palliate, that crime in the humble man, which originates in the oppression of the great man. Is the act which banishes happiness, and contentment—introduces poverty, misery, destitution — which scatters out of the heart all the little amenities and sweet endearments of life—which wastes away the strength of the spirit, and paralizes that of the hand—which dims the eye and gives paleness to the cheek, and by combining all these together makes home —yes, home—the trysting place of all the affections,

a thing to be thought of only with dread—an asylum for the miseries of life;—is the act, we say, which inflicts upon a human being, or a human family, this scathing and multitudinous curse—no crime? In the sight of God and in the sight of man is it no crime? Yes! In the sight of God and man it is a deep, an awful, and a most heartless crime! To return, however, to our rent day. The whole morning was unseasonably cold and stormy, and as there was but little shelter about the place, we need scarcely say, that the poor creatures who were congregated before the door were compelled to bear the full force of its inclemency.

Indeed, it may be observed with truth, that when people are met together under circumstances of a painful nature, they cannot relax or melt into that social ease which generally marks those who come together with no such restraint upon the heart or spirits. Here, too, as in every other department of life, all the various grades of poverty and dependence fall into their respective classes. In one place, for instance, might be seen together those more comfortable farmers who were able to meet their engagements, but who laboured under the galling conviction, that, however hard and severely industry might put forth its exertions, there was no ultimate expectation of independence—no cheering reflection,

that they resided under a landlord who would feel gratified and proud at their progressive prosperity. Alas! it is wonderful how much happiness a bad landlord destroys! These men stood with their backs to the wind and storm, lowly conversing upon the disastrous change which was coming, and had come, over the estate. Their brows were lowered, their dialogue languid and gloomy, and altogether their whole appearance was that of men who felt that they lived neither for themselves or their families, but for those who took no interest whatsoever in their happiness or welfare.

In another place were grouped together men who were still worse off than the former—men, we mean, who were able to meet their engagements, but at the expense of all, or mostly all, that constitutes domestic comfort—who had bad beds, bad food, and indifferent clothes. These persons were far more humbled in their bearing than the former, took a less prominent situation in the crowd, and seemed to have deeper care, and much more personal feeling to repress or combat. It is an indisputable fact, that the very severe and vexatious tyranny exercised over them had absolutely driven the poor creatures into hypocrisy and falsehood—a general and almost uniform consequence of conduct so peculiarly oppressive. They were all, at best, God knows, but very

poorly clothed; yet, if it so happened, that one or two of them, somewhat more comfortable than the rest, happened to have got a new coat a little before the gale day, he invariably declined to appear in it, knowing, as he did, that he should receive a torrent of abuse from the agent, in consequence of "getting fat, impudent, and well dressed on his Lordship's property;" terms of abuse, which, together with the cause that produced them, are at this moment well known to thousands as expressions whose general occurrence on such occasions has almost fixed them into a proverb. Will our English neighbours believe this? That we know not, but we can assure them that they may.

There were other groups farther down in the scale of distress, where embarrassment and struggle told a yet more painful tale; those who came with their rent, in full to be sure, but literally racked up from their own private destitution—who were obliged to sell the meal, or oats, or wheat, at a ruinous loss, in order to meet the inexorable demands of the merciless and tyrannical agent. Here were all the external evidences of their condition legible by a single look at their persons; they also herded together, ill clad, ill fed, timid, broken down, heartless. All these, however, had their rents—had them full and complete in amount; and now the reader may

well say, this picture is, indeed, very painful, and I am glad it is closed at last. Closed! oh, no, kind reader, it is not closed, nor could it be closed by any writer acquainted either with the subject or the country. What are we to say of those who had *not* the rent, and who came there only to make that melancholy statement, and to pray for mercy? Here was raggedness, shivering—not merely with the cold assault of the elements—but from the dreaded apprehension of the terrible agent—downcast looks that spoke of keen and cutting misery—eyes that were dead and hopeless in expression—and occasionally, a hasty wringing of the hands, accompanied by an expression so dejected and lamentable, as makes us, when we cast our eye in imagination upon such men as Valentine M'Clutchy, cry out aloud, "where are the lightnings of the Almighty, and why are his thunderbolts asleep!" There was there the poor grey haired old man—the grandfather—accompanied, perhaps, by his promising young grandsons, left fatherless and motherless to his care, and brought now in order that the agent might see with his own eyes, how soon he will have their aid to cultivate their little farm, and consequently, to make it pay better, he hopes. Then the widow, tremulous with the excess of many feelings,

many cares, and many bitter and indignant apprehensions. If handsome herself, or if the mother of daughters old enough, and sufficiently attractive, for the purposes of debauchery, oh! what has she to contend with? poor, helpless, friendless, coming to offer her humble apology for not being able to be prepared to the day. Alas! how may she, clutched as she is, in the fangs of that man, or his scoundrel and profligate son—how may she fight out the noble battle of religion, and virtue, and poverty, against the united influences of oppression and lust, wealth and villany.

The appearance of these different groups—when the inclemency of the day, their sinking hearts, and downcast pale countenances, were taken into consideration—was really a strong exponent of the greatest evil which characterizes and oppresses the country—the unsettled state of property, and of the relative position of landlord and tenant in Ireland.

At length the hall-door was opened, and a hard faced ruffian came out upon the steps, shouting the name of a man named O'Hare. The man immediately approached the steps, and after shaking the heavy rain out of his big coat, and having whisked his hat backwards and forwards several times, that he might not soil his honour's office, he was

brought in, and having made his humble bow, stood to hear his honour's pleasure. His honour, however, who had divided the labour between himself and Phil, had also, by an arrangement which was understood between them, allotted that young gentleman, at his own request, a peculiar class marked out in the rental, in which class this man stood.

"O'Hare," said Val, "how do you do?"

"Upon my conscience, your honour, but poorly," replied O'Hare, "the last heavy fit of illness, joined to the bad times, Sir—"

"O'Hare," said Solomon, "suffer me humbly, and without assuming anything to myself, to point out to you the impropriety of swearing; I do it, my friend, in all humility; for I fear, that so long as you indulge in that most sinful practice, the times will seldom be other than bad with you, or, indeed, with any one that gives way to so wicked a habit. Excuse me, O'Hare, I speak to you as a Christian, I humbly trust."

"By G—, that's good, father," exclaimed Phil, "M'Slime preaching to such a fellow as this!"

"I humbly thank you, Sir," said O'Hare to Solomon, "for your kindness in—"

"Thank the devil, Sirra," said Phil; "what the

devil does he or I care about your d——d thanks. Have you your rent?"

The man with trembling hands, placed some notes, and gold, and silver before him—the latter being rolled up in the former.

"I'm short for the present," he added, "just thirty shillings, Sir; but you can give me an acknowledgment for the sum I give you now: a regular receipt will do when I bring the balance, which, God willin', will be in about a fortnight."

"Ay, and this is your rent, Mr. O'Hare," exclaimed Phil, gathering up the money into a lump, and with all his force flinging it at the man's head; "this is your rent, *Mister* O'Hare," placing an emphasis of contempt on the word Mr.; "thirty shillings short, *Mr.* O'Hare, but I'll tell you what, *Mr.* O'Hare, by ——, if you don't have the full rent for me in two hours, *Mr.* O'Hare, I'll make short work, and you may sleep on the dunghill. I can in ten minutes get more rent than you pay, *Mr.* O'Hare, so now go to h—l, and get the money, or out you go."

The poor man stooped down, and with considerable search and difficulty, succeeded in picking up his money.

"In two hours, Sir," said he, "I could never do it."

"That's your own business," said Phil, "not mine—if you have it not for me in two hours, out you go; so now be off to hell out of this, and get it."

Val, who had been poring over an account book, now raised his head, as if disturbed by the noise for the first time:—

"What's the matter?" said he, "what is it, Phil?"

"Why, d—n my honour," replied Phil, "but that scoundrel, O'Hare, had the assurance to come to me thirty shillings short of his rent, and, what is more, only brought me part of it in gold!"

"God help me!" exclaimed poor O'Hare, "I know not what to do—sure I did the best I could."

He then went out to the hall, and was about to leave the house, when Val rising, called him into another room, where both remained for a few minutes, after which the man went away, thanking his honour, and praying God to bless him; and Val, having seated himself at the desk, appeared to feel rather pleased at their little interview than otherwise.

"Ah, my dear friend, M'Clutchy," said Solomon, "you are a treasure in your way—when you do a kind act it is always in secret, ever mindful of our scriptural obligations, my friend."

"Why," said Val, "a man is not always to trumpet forth any little act of kindness he may

choose to render to a poor simple fellow like O'Hare. You mustn't mind him, Phil—I have told him not to be in a hurry, but to take his time."

"Very well;" said Phil, who had just knowledge enough of his father's villany, to feel satisfied, that in whatever arrangement took place between them, O'Hare's interest was not consulted;* "very well; d—n my honour, I suppose it's all right, old cock."

Our readers, we presume, have already observed, that however tenderly our friend Solomon felt for the swearing habits of the poor, he was somehow rather reluctant in offering a word in season to any one else. What his motive could be for this we are really at a loss to know, unless it proceeded from a charitable consciousness, that as there was no earthly hope of improving them by admonition, it was only deepening their responsibility to give it—for Solomon was charitable in all things.

"Call in Tom Maguire, from Edenmore," said Val. "Now," he proceeded, "this is a stiff-necked scoundrel, who refuses to vote for us; but it will go hard, or I shall work him to some purpose. Well, Maguire," he proceeded, after the man had entered, "I'm glad to see you—how do you do?"

"I'm much obliged to you, Sir," replied the other

* This scene is verbatim et literatim from life.

—"why, just able to make both ends barely meet, and no more; but as the times goes, sure it's well to be able to do that same, thank goodness."

"Tom," said Solomon, "I am pleased to hear you speak in such a spirit; that was piously expressed—very much so, indeed."

"Well, Tom," proceeded Val; "I suppose you are prepared?"

"Why, Sir," replied Tom, who, by the way, was a bit of a wag; "you know, or at least Mr. M'Slime does, that it's good to be *always* prepared. The rent in full is there, Sir," he added, laying it down on the table; "and I'll thank you for the receipt."

Val deliberately reckoned over the gold—for in no other coin would he receive it—and then drew a long breath, and appeared satisfied, but not altogether free from some touch of hesitation.

"Ay," said he, "it is all right, Tom, certainly—yes, certainly, it is all right. Darby, fill Tom a bumper of whiskey—not that—I say the large glass, you scoundrel."

"Throth, Captain, 'tisn't my heart 'ud hindher me to give him the largest in the house; but I have a conscientious scruple against doin' what I believe isn't right. My Bible tells me—— Well, well, sure I'm only obeying ordhers. Here, Tom," he added, handing him the large bumper.

'Confound the fellow," said Val; "ever since he has become a convert to Mr. Lucre, there's no getting a word out of him that hasn't religion in it."

"Ah, Captain," replied Darby, "sure Mr. M'Slime there knows, that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spaiketh.'"

"I cannot answer for what you are latterly, Darby," replied Solomon—"thank you, Tom," to Maguire, who had held his glass in his hand for some time, and at length hurriedly drank their healths;—"but I know that the first spiritual nutrition you received, was at least from one who belonged to an Apostolical Church—a voluntary Presbytery—unpolluted by the mammon of unrighteousness, on which your Church of Ireland is established."

"But you know," said Darby, "that we're ordhered to make for ourselves friends of that same mammon of unrighteousness."

"Upon my honour," said Phil, "I know that you're a hypocritical old scoundrel. Be off to h—l, Sir, and hold your tongue."

"Throth and I will, Captain Phil—I will then," and he was silent; but his face, as he glanced first at Tom Maguire, and then at Solomon, and the rest, was a perfect jewel, beyond all price.

"Tom," proceeded Val, "I hope you've thought over what I mentioned to you on our canvass the other day?"

"I have, Sir," said Tom, "and I'm still of the same opinion. I'll vote for Hartley and no other."

"You don't imagine of what service Lord Cumber and I could be of to you."

"I know of no service Lord Cumber ever was to any of his tenants," replied Maguire; "except, indeed, to keep them ground to the earth, in supportin' his extravagance, and that he might spend their hard earnings in another country, not caring one damn whether they live or starve. It's for that raison, Sir, I vote, and will vote against him."

"Well, but," said Val, whose brow began to darken, "you have not considered what an enemy he can be to those like you, whose obstinacy draws down his resentment upon them. Have you ever considered that—eh?"

"I don't see how he can readily be a worse enemy to me, or any tenant he has, than he is at present. I'll trouble you for my receipt, Mr. M'Clutchy; but I won't vote for him. I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, on looking at the receipt which Val, as he spoke, had handed to him; "this isn't signed—your name's not to it."

"Show," said Val; "upon my life it is not. You are right, Maguire; but the truth is, M'Slime, that while speaking on any subject that affects Lord Cumber's interests, I am scarcely conscious of doing any thing else. Now, Sir," he proceeded, addressing Maguire, with a brow like midnight; "there is your receipt—bring it home—show it to your family—and tell them it is the last of the kind you will ever receive on the property of Lord Cumber. I shall let you know, Sir, that I am somewhat stronger than you are."

"That's all to be proved yet, Sir," said the sturdy farmer; "you know the proverb, Sir—'man proposes, but God disposes.'"

"What do you mean, sirra? What language is this to my father? Be off to h—l or Connaught, Sir, or we'll make it worse for you—ha!—bow wow." He did not utter the last interjection; but his face expressed it.

"That's not the religious individual I took him to be," said Solomon; "there is much of the leaven of iniquity in him."

"Religion be hanged, M'Slime!" said Phil; "what religion could you expect a papist like him to have?"

"M'Murt, call in old Paddy Corrigan."

A venerable old man, who, though nearly a hun-

dred years old, stood actually as erect as the Apollo Belvidere himself, now entered. He was, however, but poorly clad, and had nothing else remarkable about him, with the exception of a rich wig, which would puzzle any one to know how it had got upon *his* head. On entering, he took off his hat as usual, and paid his salutation.

"What the devil do you mean, Corrigan?" said Phil, once more in a fluster; "what kind of respect is that in our presence?—what kind of respect is that I say? Take off your wig, Sir."

"With great respect to you, Sir," replied Corrigan, "I have been in as jinteel company as this, and it's the first time ever I was axed to take my *wig* off."

"Phil," said Val, who really felt somewhat ashamed of this ignorant and tyrannical coxcomb, "Phil, my good boy, I think you are rather foolish —never mind him, Paddy, he is only jesting."

"Are not you the man?" asked Solomon, "in whom our rector, Mr. Lucre, takes such a deep and Christian interest?"

"I am, Sir," returned Corrigan.

"And pray, what interest does he take in you?" said Val.

"Throth, Sir," replied Paddy, "he is very kind

and very good to me. Indeed, he's the generous gentleman, and the good Christian, that doesn't forget Paddy Corrigan."

"But, Paddy, what does he do for you?" asked the agent.

"Why, Sir," replied Corrigan, "he gives me a cast off wig once a year, God bless him!—This is his I have on me. Throth ever since I began to wear them, I feel a strong relish for beef and mutton, and such fine feedin'; but some how, God forgive me, I haven't the same leanin' to devotion that I used to have.

"Paddy, my old boy," said Phil, "that alters the case altogether. I thought the wig was as Popish as yourself; but had I known that it was a staunch and constitutional concern, of sound High Church principles, I should have treated it with respect. I might have known, indeed, that it could not be a Popish one, Paddy, for I see it has the thorough Protestant curl."

The father looked at Phil, to ascertain whether he was serious or not, but so unmeaning or equivocal was the expression of his countenance that he could make nothing out of it.

"You are reasoning," said Solomon, "upon wrong, certainly not upon purely gospel, principles, Phil. The wig at this moment has a great deal

more of Popery in it than ever it had of Protestantism."

"And, if I'm not much mistaken, more honesty too," observed Val, who had not forgotten the opposition he received in the grand jury room by Lucre's friends; nor the fact, that the same Rev. gentleman had taken many fat slices out of his mouth on several other occasions.

"Well, then, confound the wig," said Phil, "and that's all I have to say about it."

Paddy then paid his rent, and having received a receipt, was about to go, when Val thus addressed him:—

"Paddy, I hope you will not hesitate to give up that farm of your's at Slatbeg; I told you before that if you do, I'll be a friend to you for life."

"I'll sell it, Sir," said Paddy; "but surely you wouldn't have me to give up my interest in such a farm as that."

"I'll make it up to you in other ways," said Val; "and I'll mention you besides to Lord Cumber."

"I'm thankful to you, Sir," said Paddy; "but it's in heaven I'll be, most likely, before ever you see his face."

"Then, you won't give it up, nor rely upon my generosity or Lord Cumber's? It's Lord Cumber you will be obliging, not me."

"Wid every respect for you both, Sir," replied Paddy, "I must think of my own flesh and blood, my childre, and grand childre, and great grand childre, before I think of either you or him. The day, Sir, you made me tipsy, and sent me on your own car for the Lease, I would a given it—but then, they wouldn't let me at home, and, so, on thinking it over—"

"Pooh, you're doting, man, you're doting," said Val. "Go home, now—but, I tell you, you will have cause to remember this before you die, old as you are—go home."

"The truth is, Solomon, I was offered two hundred pounds for it by one of my 'hounds,' which would be a good thing enough, and would afford you a slice into the bargain. The old fellow would have brought me the Lease the day he speaks of, were it not for the family—and, talking of leases, you will not forget to draw up those two for the O'Flaherties, with a flaw in each. They are certainly with us up to the present time, but, then, we can never be sure of these Papists."

"No, d—n my honour, if ever we can," re-echoed Phil; "they hate us because we keep them down. Put in two good thumping flaws, Solomon, and be hanged to you; so that we can pop them out, if ever they refuse to vote for us."

"Never you mind Solomon," said his father, "Solomon will put in a pair of flaws that will do him honour."

"If I did not feel that in doing so, my dear M'Clutchy, I am rendering a service to religion, and fighting a just and righteous fight against Popery and idolatry, I would not deem myself as one permitted to do this thing—but the work is a helping forward of religion, and that is my justification."

"Call Phillip Duggan in."

A poor looking man now entered, with a staff in his hand, by the aid of which he walked, for he was lame.

"Well, Duggan, your rent?"

"I have scrambled it together, Sir, from God knows how many quarthers."

"Phil," said Solomon aside, "is it not painful to hear how habitually these dark creatures take the sacred name in vain."

"By ——, it's perfectly shocking," said Phil, "but what else could you expect from them?"

"Duggan," said Val, "what is this, here's a mistake—you are short three pound ten."

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir, it's all right," replied Duggan; "you see, your honour, here's my little account for the work I wrought for you for five weeks wid horse and cart, up until I put my

knee out o' joint in the quarry—you remember, Sir, when I brought it to you, you said to let it stand, that you would allow for it in the next gale."

"I remember no such thing, my good fellow, or, if ever I said such a thing, it must have been a mistake; do you imagine, now—are you really so stupid and silly as to imagine, that I could transmit this account of your's to Lord Cumber, in payment of his rent?"

"But wasn't it by your own ordhers I did it, Sir?"

"No, Sir; it couldn't be by my orders. Duggan, you're a great knave, I see. I once had a good opinion of you; but I now perceive my error. Here you trump up a dishonest bill against me, when you know perfectly well that most of the work you charge me with was *duty* work."

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir, I paid you the duty-work besides, if you'll remember it."

"I tell you, sirra, you are a most impudent and knavish scoundrel, to speak to me in this style, and in my own office too! Go and get the balance of the rent, otherwise you shall repent it; and, mark me, sirra, no more of your dishonesty."

"As God is to judge me——"

"Ah, my friend——," began Solomon.

"Be off to h—l, Sir, out of this," thundered Phil.

"Be off, I say, to h—l or Connaught; or if you don't, take my word for it, you'll find yourself in a worse mess. To address my father in such language! Be off, Sir; ha!"—bow wow! said his face once more.

"Ah," said Solomon, when the man had retired, "I see your patience and your difficulties—but there is no man free from the latter in this checkered vale of sorrow."

"Call Roger Regan," said Val; "here's a fellow, now, who has an excellent farm at a low rent, yet he never is prepared with a penny. Well, Regan."

Oh! devil resave the penny, Sir;—you must only prize (appraise) the craps; the ould game, Sir—the ould game; however, it's a merry world as long as it lasts, and we must only take our own fun out of it."

"What is the matter with your head, Regan?" asked Val.

"Devil a much, Sir; a couple o' cuts that you might lay your finger in. We an' the Hannigans had another set to on Thursday last, but be my sowl, we thrashed them into chaff—as we're well able to do. Will I have the pleasure of drinking your health, gintlemen? I think I see the right sort here."

"Give him a glass of spirits," said Val; "I think, Regan, you have seen some one drinking to day already."

"Well, gintleman, here's—if we're to have a short life, may it be a merry one!—and may we never ait worse mait than mutton! Mr. M'Slime, more power to you!—She's next door to me"—and he winked at Solomon—"an' barrin' the paleness, by the powers gettin' on famous; troth, Sir," in reply to Val—"only share of two half pints wid Paddy Colgan, in regard of the day that's in it—blowin' bullocks—and, I believe, another half pint wid Parra Bellew. Blood, Sir, but that's a beautiful drop! Sowl it would take the tear off a widow's pig—or the widow herself. Faith, Mr. M'Clutchy, I could tell where the cow grazes that was milked for that! Awouh! However, no matther, I'm rantin' Regan from sweet Aughadarra—Regan the Rake that never seen to-morrow. Whish! more power!"

"That will do, Regan; you have not your rent."

"Oh! d—n the penny, as usual.—Success!"

"Well, but what's to be done? I must come down."

"Divil a foot you'll come down, please your honour; but you'll come up and prize the crap. It's worth five times the rent, at any rate—that's one comfort. Hurroo!"

"Upon my honour, Regan, I'm tired of this—I have done it several times through kindness to yourself and family, but I cannot, really, do it any more."

"Very well, Sir—no offence—what one wont, another will; I can raise three times the rent on it in four and twenty hours."

"What an unfortunate man you are, to be sure. Well, Regan, I *shall* appraise your crops and take them, or a competent share of them, in payment, on *this* occasion—but mark me, it shall be the last."

"More power, I say.—Long life to you, Sir. You know a hawk from a hand-saw any how—and be my sowl, kind father, for you—whish! I'm rantin' Regan from sweet Aughadarra!"

So, saying, poor, idle, drinking, negligent, pugnacious Regan, by his own sheer neglect, put his property into the hands of the most relentless harpy that ever robbed and fleeced a tenantry. This mode of proceeding was, in fact, one of the many methods resorted to by rapacious agents, for filling their own pockets at the expense of the tenant, who, by this means, seldom received more than a fourth part of the value of his crops. The agent under the mask of obliging him, and saving his crops from the hammer, took them at a valuation when

the markets were low; and in order that he might be able to do so, he always kept over the tenant's head what is called a hanging gale—which means that he was half a year's rent in arrear. The crops were then brought home to the agent's place, and frequently, to save appearances, to the haggard of some friend of his, where they were kept until the markets got up to the highest price. So that it was not an unusual thing for the iniquitous agent to double the rent, one half of which he coolly put into his own pocket. In pastoral lands the butter was appraised in the same manner, and mostly with similar results to both parties. To return—when Regan had departed, Val asked Solomon what he thought of him.

"Think of him," replied Solomon, who could not forgive the allusion to Susanna, "I would fain think of him as becomes a Christian; but, somehow, I could not help feeling, whenever I looked at him, that there was the outline of an execution in his face; however, I may be mistaken—indeed, I hope—I trust I am—the villain!"

"M'Murt call in Catherine Tyrrell."

"Yes," said Phil, "call in Widow Tyrrell. Now, Solomon, only you have no relish for any thing except what's sanctified and spiritual, you would say that here comes such a specimen of Irish beauty as you have seldom seen."

"I never had any objection," said Solomon, who, in spite of all his gravity, betrayed an alertness on this occasion that was certainly not usual to him;—"I never had any objection to look upon any work from His hand, with pleasure. Indeed, on the contrary, I often felt that it raised my sense of—of what was beautiful, in such a way that my feelings became, as it were, full of a sweet fervour that was not to be despised; I will consequently not decline to look upon this comely widow—that is—in the serious light I mention."

"How do you do, Mrs. Tyrrel? I hope you have not got much wet?" said Val, turning round very blandly.

"Oh, Mrs. Tyrrell, I hope you're very well," followed Phil; "I fear you *have* got wet—have the goodness to take a chair, Mrs. Tyrrell—and a glass of wine, ma-am."

Mrs. Tyrrell took a chair, but she declined the glass of wine. Mrs. Tyrrell had been the wife of a young husband, who died in his twenty-fourth year, just when they had been about a year and a half married. She was herself, on the day in question, about the same age as her husband when he died. She had been a widow just two years, and had one child, a son. She was indeed a beautiful

woman—in fact a very beautiful woman, as one could almost see in her humble condition of life. Her tresses were a raven black, but her skin was white and polished as ivory. Her face was a fine specimen of the oval—her brows exquisitely pencilled—and her large black, but mellow eyes, flashed a look that went into your very heart. But, if there was any thing that struck you as being more fascinating than another, it was the expression of innocence, and purity, and sweetness, that lay about her small mouth, and beautifully rounded chin. Her form was symmetry itself, and a glimpse of the small, but beautiful foot and ancle, left no doubt upon the mind as to the general harmony of her whole figure. On this occasion there was a pensive air about her which added to the interest she excited; for, we believe, it may be truly observed, that beauty never appears so impressively or tenderly fascinating as when it is slightly overshadowed with care. We need scarcely say, that there was a great deal of contrast in the gaze she received from Phil and our friend Solomon. That of Phil was the gross, impudent stare of a libertine and a fool—a stare, which, in the eye of a virtuous woman, soon receives its own withering rebuke of scorn and indignation. That of Solomon, on the other hand, was a look in which there lurked a vast

deal of cunning, regulated and sharpened by experience, and disguised by hypocrisy into something that absolutely resembled the open, ardent admiration of a child, or of some innocent man that had hardly ever been in the world. There was, however, a villanous dropping of the corners of the mouth, with an almost irrepressible tendency to lick the lips, accompanied by an exudation of internal moisture from the glands—vulgarly termed a watering of the teeth—which, to a close observer, would have betrayed him at once, and which were evident from the involuntary workings of his whole face.

"Mrs. Tyrrell," said Val, "I am glad to hear that you are making considerable improvements on your farm."

"Improvements, Sir," replied the widow in amazement; "I don't know who could have told you that, Sir. Didn't my potatoe crop fail altogether with me, and my flax, where I had it spread on the holme below, was all swept away by the flood."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mrs. Tyrrell;—we are very hard up for money here, and the landlord doesn't know on what hand to turn; I must raise a large sum for him forthwith:—indeed, to tell you the truth, I have received instructions that are not at all pleasant to myself—I am to let no one pass, he says,

and if I cannot get the rent otherwise, I am to enforce it. Now this is very unpleasant, Mrs. Tyrrell, in as much as it compels me to take steps that I shall feel very painful."

"God help me, then," replied the poor young woman, "for, as to rent, Sir, I have it not; and, indeed, Mr. M'Clutchy, what brought me here to-day, was to ask a little time, just till I get my butter made up and sold."

"Yes, but what can I do, Mrs. Tyrrell? I have no power to let any one off, even where I feel inclined, as I do in your case. It really is not in my power; Lord Cumber took care to leave me no discretion in the business at all."

"But surely, Sir, you don't mean to say, that unless I pay the rent, you will seize upon my property."

"This," said Val, as if to himself, "is really very distressing—unfortunately, Mrs. Tyrrell, I must indeed, unless you can raise the money in some way; wouldn't your friends, for instance, stand by you, until your butter is made up?"

"I have no such friends," replied the poor woman, "them that would, arn't able; and them that are able, won't; and that's only the way of the world, Sir."

"It's too true, indeed, Mrs. Tyrrell; I am very sorry. exceedingly sorry, for what must be done. It is such circumstances as these that make me wish I never had become an agent."

"For God's sake, Sir, have patience with me for about a month or six weeks, and I will be able to pay it all easily."

"If I was my own master," returned Val, "it would give me pleasure to do so, but I am not." Here there was a groan from Solomon of compassion for the poor widow, followed by a second, which was clearly a comment upon the first. What a pity, said the first, to see so interesting a young widow without the means of paying her rent—and is it not a wicked and hard hearted world, said the second, that has not in it one individual to befriend her! Mrs. Tyrrell looked round on hearing an expression of sympathy, and there was Solomon gazing on her with a look, in which admiration and sympathy were so well feigned, that she felt grateful to Solomon in her heart. As for Phil, whether he gazed at her, his father, or at the attorney, such was the comprehensive latitudinarianism of his squint, that she felt it impossible to tell; neither, indeed, did she care. She was now in tears, and Val having declared his determination to proceed, was silent, as

if out of respect to her feelings. At length she rose up, and when on the eve of going out, she asked for the last time :—

"Mr. M'Clutchy is there no hope? I trust, Sir, that when you consider how long my family and my husband's have been living on this property, you'll think better of it than to bring myself and my poor orphan boy to beggary and ruin. What will become of him and myself!"

"D—n my honour, Mrs. Tyrrell, but I feel for you," said Phil eagerly, as if rushing head foremost into a fit of the purest humanity.

"Do not be cast down, Mrs. Tyrrell," said Solomon, "there is one who can befriend the widow, and who will be a father to the fatherless. Rely on Him!—who knows but an instrument may be raised up for your relief. Do not be thus cast down."

"No," said Phil, "do not, or you will only spoil them devilish fine eyes of your's, Mrs. Tyrrell, by crying. Come, come, father, you must give her the time she asks; upon my honour, I'll guarantee she won't disappoint you."

"And, if he is not sufficient, I will join him," said Solomon; "you may rest upon her word, my friend, for I am satisfied that no serious falsehood is in the habit of proceeding from a mouth so sweet and

comely in expression, as Mrs. Tyrrell's. Come, Val, have a heart, and be compassionate towards the fair widow."

"If you or Phil will pay the money," said M'Clutchy, "well and good; but you both know, that otherwise it is out of my power."

There is a vast deal of acuteness of observation in Irishwomen, together with a quickness of perception, that sometimes resembles instinct. Mrs. Tyrrell's purity of feeling and good sense were offended at the compliments which Phil and the attorney mixed up with the sympathy they expressed for her. She felt something jar disagreeably upon her natural delicacy by their selecting the moment of her distress for giving utterance to language, which, coming at any time from either of them to one in her station of life, was improper; but, under the present circumstances, an insult, and an impertinent trifling with her affliction.

"Well," said she, without paying them the slightest attention, "I must say, Mr. M'Clutchy, that if you proceed as you threaten to do, your conduct towards me and my poor orphan will be such as I don't think you can justify either to God or man. I wish you good morning, Sir; I have no more to say upon it."

"Oh, Mrs. Tyrrell, if you begin to abuse us and lay down the law on the matter, I have no more to say either." She then went out, but had not left the hall, when Phil following, said in a low impudent confidential tone—

"Don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Tyrrell, just step into the parlour for a few minutes, and we'll see what can be done—step in."

"No, Sir," she replied, feeling very naturally offended at the familiarity of his manner, "I will not step in; any thing you have to say you can say it here."

"Yes—but, then, they may overhear us. D—n my honour, but you're a very pretty woman, Mrs. Tyrrell, and I'd be sorry to see harsh proceedings taken against you—that is, if we could understand one another."

The scarlet hue of indignation had already overspread her face and temples, her eyes flashed, and her voice became firm and full.

"What do you mean, Sir," she asked.

"Why," said he, "couldn't there be an understanding between us? In fact, Mrs. Tyrrell, you would find me a friend to you."

She made no reply but returned into the room.

"Mr. M'Clutchy," said she, "I thought that a

woman—especially a poor unprotected widow like me—might, at least, come into your house about her necessary business without being insulted; I thought that if there was one house above another where I ought to expect protection it is yours. It's your duty, I think, to protect them that's livin' upon this property, and strugglin' to pay you, or him that employs you, the hard earned rent that keeps them in poverty and hardship. I think, Sir, it ought to be your duty, as I said, to protect me, and such as me, rather than leave us exposed to the abominable proposals of your son."

"How is this?" said Val; "where are you, Phil?"

Phil entered with a grin on him, that betrayed very clearly the morals of the father, as well as of himself. There was not the slightest appearance of shame or confusion about him; on the contrary, he looked upon the matter as a good joke, but, by no means, so good as if it had been successful.

"Phil," said his father, barely restraining a smile, "is it possible that you could dare to insult Mrs. Tyrrell under this roof?"

"D—n my honour, a confounded lie," replied Phil; "she wanted me to lend her the money, and because I did not, she told you I made proposals to her. All revenge and a lie."

Mrs. Tyrrell looked at him—"Well," said she, "if there's a just God in heaven, you will be made an example of yet. Oh! little they know that own this property, and every other property like it—of the insults, and hardships, and oppressions, that their tenantry must suffer in their absence from them that's placed over them; and without any one to protect them or appeal to for satisfaction or relief—Sir, that villain in the shape of your son—that cowardly villain, knows that the words he insulted me in are not yet cowld upon his lips."

"I have reason to put every confidence in what my son says," replied Val very cooly, "and he is not a villain, Mrs. Tyrrell—so I wish you a good morning ma-am!"

This virtuous poor woman flushed with a sense of outraged modesty, with scorn, and indignation, left the room; and with a distracted mind, and a breaking heart sought her orphan, whose innocent face of wonder she bedewed on her return home with tears of the bitterest sorrow.

It is not our intention to describe at full length the several melancholy scenes which occurred between poverty and dependence on one side, and cold, cruel, insolent authority, on the other. It is needless and would be painful, to tell how much age and

helplessness suffered at the hands of these two persons, especially at those of Phil, whose chief delight appeared to consist in an authoritative display of power and natural cruelty.

The widow had not been more than a minute gone, when the door opened, and in walked without note or preparation, a stout swarthy looking fellow named M'Clean.

"Well, Tom," said Val, "is this you?"

"Brother M'Clean," said Solomon, "how are you?"

"What would ail me;" said M'Clean, "there's nothing wrong with me but what money could cure —if I had it."

"And you have no money, Tom!" said Val smiling, "that, Tom, is a bad business—for we never wanted it more than we do at present. Seriously have you the rent?"

"D—n the penny, brother M'Clutchy; and what's more, won't have it for at least three months."

"That's bad again, Tom. Any news?—any report?"

"Why, ay—there was a gun, or a pistol, or a pike, or something that way, seen with the Gallaghers of Kilscaddan."

"Ha—are you sure of that?"

"Not myself sure; but I heard it on good authority; but I think we had better make sure, by paying them a visit some night soon."

"We will talk about that," said Val; "but I am told that you treated Priest Roche badly the other night. Is that true?"

"Why, what did you hear?" asked M'Clean.

"I heard you fired into his house; that you know was dangerous."

"All right," said Phil; "what right have popish priests to live under a Protestant government? By my sacred honour, I'd banish them like wild cats."

No," said M'Clean, in reply to Val, "we did not; all we did was to play 'Croppies Lie Down,' as we passed the house, and fire three vollies *over* it—not *into* it; but if there was e'er a one among us with a bad aim you know, that wasn' his fault or ours; ha—ha—by Japers," said he in a low confidential whisper, "we frightened the seven senses out of him, at any rate—the bloody papist rascal—for sure they are all that, and be d——d to them."

"Capital doctrine—and so they are, Tom; right, Tom; so you frightened the bog Latin out of him—ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha—ha—ha—by my sowl we did, and more may be if it was known; I must be off now."

"Go and help yourself to a bumper of spirits before you go," said Val; "and, Tom, keep a sharp look out, and whenever you find, or hear of arms, let me know immediately."

Tom only nodded to that, as he put the glass to his lips; "gentlemen," said he, "your healths; here's no Popery! no Surrender!" saying which, he deposited the empty glass on the table, giving at the same time two or three short coughs occasioned by the strength of the liquor. "Good morning, gentlemen—brother, M'Slime"—he looked, and nodded significantly at Solomon, then added—"good people are scarce; so be a good boy and take care of yourself."

"Now, Tom, be a good fellow and don't forget the rent," said Val; Tom nodded again, for it was a habit he had, and departed.

The next person who presented himself was a little, meagre, thin, looking man, with a dry serious air about him, that seemed to mark him as a kind of curiosity in his way. From the moment he entered, Solomon seemed so shrink up into half his ordinary dimensions, nor did the stranger seem

unconscious of this, if one could judge by the pungent expression of his small grey eyes which were fastened on Solomon with a bitter significance, that indicated such a community of knowledge as did not seem to be pleasant to either of them.

"Ah, Sam Wallace," said Val, "always punctual, and never more welcome than now: scraping and scrambling we are, Sam, to make up the demand for the landlord."

"What way ir ye, Mr. M'Clutchy; am gled to see ye luck so well; a am indeed."

"Thank you, Sam. How are all your family."

"Deed, as well as can be expected under the stain that's over us."

"Stain! What do you mean, Sam?"

"Feth, a main what's purty well known; that misfortune that befel our daughter Susanna."

"Dear me, Sam, how was that?"

"The way of it was this—she went as a children's maid into a religious femily"—here the two glittering eyes were fiercely fastened upon Solomon—"where she became a serious young person of decided piety, as they call it—an h—l till me, but another month will make it decided enough—well, Sir, deel a long she was there till the saint her

masther, made a sinner of her, and now she's likely to have her gifts, such as they ir."

"I am very sorry to hear this, Sam; but, surely the man who seduced your daughter does not deserve to be called religious."

"Disn't he, feth? why, Lord bless you, sure it was all done in a religious way—they sang psalms together, prayed together, read the bible together, and now the truth is, that the consequence will be speaking for itself some of these days."

Here another fiery look was darted at Solomon, who appeared deeply engaged among leases, papers, and such other documents as were before him.

"It's a bad business certainly, Sam—but now about the rent."

"Hut! de'il a penny o' rent I have—hell take the tester; and yet, for all that, a'll pay you afore a laive the room—what do you think of that?"

"I don't understand it, Sam."

"Now," said Sam, going over to Solomon, "you'll pay Mr. M'Clutchy the sum of twelve pounds, fourteen, and three pence for me, Mr. M'Slime—if you please, Sir."

There was a peremptory tone in his words, which, joined to the glittering look he rivetted on Solomon, actually fascinated that worthy gentleman.

"My friend," replied Solomon, taking out his pocket-book, and seeming to look for a memorandum, "you have made a slight mistake against yourself; the sum, I find, is twelve pounds, seventeen, and three pence, so that you have made a slight mistake of three shillings, as I said, against yourself."

"Do you pay the haif year's rent, which is the sum, I say, and you may give the three shillings in charity, which I know you will do."

"Shall I fill the receipt," asked Val, looking to Solomon.

"Fill it," said the other, "I am very glad I happened to have so much about me, poor man."

"So am I," returned Sam significantly.

Solomon rose, and with all the calmness of manner which he could assume, laid the money down before M'Clutchy.

"Try," said he, "if that is right."

"Show here," said Sam, "a'll reckon them;" and having done so, he put one particular note in his pocket—"Never you mind," he added, addressing himself to Val, "I'll give you another note for this;" and he winked significantly as he spoke. He accordingly did so, and having paid the money and received his receipt, he bid them good-bye, once

more winking, and touching his waistcoat pocket as he went. He had not been long gone, however, when Solomon once more examined his pocket-book, and in a tone which no pen could describe exclaimed, "verily, the ways of Providence are wonderful! Will you look again at that money?" said he—"I have given away a note for ten pounds instead of a note for one."

"It is not here, then," replied Val, "but I'll venture to say that Sam, the knave, put it in his pocket when he made the exchange."

"Shall I call him back?" said Phil, "there he goes towards the gate."

"No," replied the other, "I have great reliance on Sam's honesty. He will return it no doubt on perceiving the mistake, or if not, I shall send to him for it. Yes, I know Sam is honest—but truly the ways of Providence are wonderful."

So saying, with a visage peculiarly rueful and mortified, he closed his book and put it in his pocket.

The last person whom we shall notice was Brian M'Loughlin, on whose features care had recently made a deep impression. On being asked to sit, he declined—"I thank you," said he, "my visit will be but a short one, and what I have to say I can say standing."

"That as you please, Mr. M'Loughlin; shall I fill your receipts?"

"No," replied the other, "I simply came to state, that, owing to the derangement of our affairs, I am not just now in a condition to pay my rent."

"That is unpleasant, Mr. M'Loughlin."

"Of course it is," he replied; "that was my only business, Mr. M'Clutchy, and now I bid you good day."

"Not so fast, if you please, Mr. M'Loughlin; do not be in such a hurry. You remember a meeting you and I had once in Castle Cumber fair?"

"I do."

"You remember the extraordinary civility with which you treated me?"

"I do, Val, and I only expressed what I thought then and think now; but indeed you have improved the wrong way wonderfully since."

"Your language was indiscreet then, and it is so now."

"It was true for all that, Mr. M'Clutchy."

"Now, might not I, if I wished, take ample revenge for the insulting terms you applied to me?"

"You might, and I suppose will—I expect nothing else, for I know you well."

"You do not know me, Mr. M'Loughlin, so far

from acting up to what you imagine, I shall not avail myself of your position; I have no such intention, I assure you, so that whatever apprehensions you may entertain from others, you need have none from me. And, now, Mr. M'Loughlin, do you not perceive that you judged me unjustly and uncharitably ?"

"That's to be seen yet, Mr. M'Clutchy; time will tell."

"Well, then, make your mind easy; I shall take no proceedings in consequence of your situation—so far from that, I shall wait patiently till it is your convenience to pay the rent—so now, I wish you good day, Mr. M'Loughlin."

"That is a beautiful exhibition of Christian spirit," exclaimed Solomon, "good works are truly the fruit of faith."

"Before you go," said Phil, with a sneer, "will you allow me to ask how poor Mary is."

M'Loughlin paused, and calmly looked first at Phil, and then at his father.

"Phil," said the latter, "I shall order you out of the room, Sir, if I hear another word on that unfortunate subject. I am very sorry, I assure you, Mr. M'Loughlin, for that untoward transaction—to be sure, I wish your daughter had been a little more

prudent, but young ladies cannot, or at least, do not always regulate their passions or attachments; and so, when they make a false step, they must suffer for it. As for myself, I can only express my sincere regret that the *faux pas* happened, and that it should have got wind in such a way as to deprive the poor girl of her character."

After contemplating the father and son for some time alternately, with a look in which was visible the most withering contempt and scorn, and which made them both quail before him, he replied:—

"Your falsehood, scoundrels, is as vindictive as it is cowardly, and you both know it; but I am an honest man, and I feel that to stoop to a defence of my virtuous child against either or both of you, would be a degradation to her as well as to myself. I therefore go, leaving you my contempt and scorn, I could almost say my pity."

He then walked out, neither father or son having thought it prudent to brave the expression of his eye by replying to his words.

"Now," said Val, addressing Solomon, "let there be an Execution issued without a moment's delay—the man is doomed, his hour is come; and so, may I never prosper, if I don't scatter him and his, house-

less and homeless to the four corners of heaven! I have meshed him at last, and now for vengeance."

"But," said Solomon, in a tone of slight remonstrance, "I trust, my dear M'Clutchy, that in taking vengeance upon this man and his family, you will do so in a proper spirit, and guard against the imputations of an uncharitable world. When you take vengeance, let your motives be always pure and upright, and even charitable—of course you expect and hope that you ruin this man and his family for their own spiritual good. The affliction you are about to bring on them, will soften and subdue their hard and obstinate hearts, and lead them, it is to be hoped, to a better and more Christian state of feeling. May He grant it!"

"Of course," replied Val, humouring him in his hypocrisy, "of course it is from these motives I act; certainly it is."

"In that case," said Solomon, "I am bound to acknowledge that I have never heard a man vow vengeance, or express a determination to ruin his fellow creature, upon more delightfully Christian principles. It is a great privilege, indeed, to be able to ruin a whole family in such a blessed spirit, and I have no doubt but you feel it so."

CHAPTER XXIV.

RAYMOND'S SENSE OF JUSTICE—FORCE OF THE IDEAL —POLL DOOLIN'S REMORSE — CONVERSATION ON IRISH PROPERTY — DISCLOSURE CONCERNING MARY M'LOUGHLIN.

About dusk, on the evening of that day, Poll Doolin having put on her black bonnet, prepared to go out upon some matter of a private nature, as was clearly evident by her manner, and the cautious nature of all her movements. Raymond, who eyed her closely, at length said—

"Take care now—don't harm *them*."

"Them!" replied Poll, "whom do you mean by *them?*"

"The M'Loughlins—go and look at Mary, and then ask yourself why you join the divil:—there now, that's one. Who saved me? do you know that, or do you care? Very well, go now and join the divil, if you like; but I know what *I'll* do some fine

night." Here he leaped in a state of perfect exultation from the ground.

"Why, what will you do?" said Poll.

"You'll not tell to-morrow," replied Raymond, "neither will any one else; but I don't forget poor white-head, nor Mary M'Loughlin."

"Well, keep the house, like a good boy," she said, "till I come back; and, if any body should come in, or ask where I am, say that I went up to Jerry Hannigan's for soap and candles."

"Ay, but that's not true, because I know you're goin' to join the divil; but, no matther—go there—you'll have his blessin' any how, and it's long since he gave it to you—wid his left hand. I wish I wasn't your son—but no matther, no matther."

She then peeped out to see that the coast was clear, and finding that all was safe, she turned her steps hurriedly and stealthily, in a direction leading from, instead of to, Castle Cumber. When she was gone, Raymond immediately closed and bolted the door, and began as before, to spring up in the air in a most singular and unaccountable manner. The glee, however, which became apparent on his countenance, had an expression of ferocity that was frightful; his eyes gleamed with fire, his nostrils

expanded, and a glare of terrible triumph lit up every feature with something of a lurid light.

"Ha, ha!" he exclaimed, addressing, as some imaginary individual, an old pillow which he caught up; "I have you at last—now, now, now; ha, you have a throat, have you? I feel it now, now, now! Ay, that will do; hoo, hoo—out with it, out with it; I see the tip of it only, but you must give betther measure; ay, that's like it. Hee, hee, hee! Oh, there—that same tongue never did you good, nor any body else good—and what blessed eyes you have! they're comin' out too, by degrees, as the lawyers goes to heaven. Now! now! now!—ay, where's your strugglin' gone to? It's little you'll make of it in Raymond's iron fingers—Halloo, this is for white-head, and white head's—poor little white-head's—father, and for poor little white-head's mother, and this—ay, the froth's comin' now, now, now—and this last's for poor Mary M'Loughlin! Eh, ho, ho! There now—settled at last, with your sweet grin upon you, and your tongue out, as if you were makin' fun of me—for a beauty you were, and a beauty you are, and there I lave you!"

While uttering these words, he went through, with violent gesticulation, the whole course and form of physical action that he deemed necessary to the act of strangling worthy Phil, whose graceful eidolon

was receiving at his hands this unpleasant specimen of the pressure from without. He had one knee on the ground, his huge arms moving with muscular energy, as he crushed and compressed the pillow until the very veins of his forehead stood out nearly black with the force at once of hatred and exertion. Having thus wrought out his vengeance to his own satisfaction, he once more, in imagination, transformed the pillow into his little white-head, as he loved to call him; and assumed a very different aspect from that which marked the strangulation scene just described.

"Come here," said he—taking it up tenderly in his arms—" come here—don't be afeared *now;* there's nobody that can do you any harm. Ah! my poor white-head—don't you want your mother to keep up your poor sick head, and to lay your poor pale face against her breast? And your father—you would like to get upon his knee and climb up to kiss him—wouldn't you whitehead? Yes, he says he would—white-head says he would—and tell me, sure I have the cock for you still; and if you want a drink I have something better than the bog wather for you—the sickening bog wather! Oh! the poor pale face—and the poor sickly eye—up in the could mountains, and no one to think about you, or to give

you comfort! Whisht now—be good—och, why do I say that, poor white-head—for sure you were always good! Well wait—bog wather—ah, no—but wait here—or come wid me—I wont lay you down, for I love you, my poor white-head; but come, and you must have it. My mother's gone out—and she's not good; but you must have it."

He rose, still holding the pillow like a child in his arms, and going over to a cupboard, took from it a jug of milk, and so completely was he borne away by the force of his imagination, that he actually poured a portion of the milk upon the pillow.

The act seemed for a moment to dispel the illusion —but only for a moment; the benevolent heart of the poor creature seemed to take delight in these humane reminiscences; and, almost immediately, he was proceeding with his simple, but touching little drama.

"Well," said he, "that's better than could bog wather; how would the rich like to see their sick childre put on could wather and could piatees? But who cares about the rich, for the rich doesn't care about huz; but no matter, white-head—if you'll only just open your eyes and spake to me, I'll give you the cock." He gave a peculiar call as he spoke, which was perfectly well known to the bird in question,

which immediately flew from the roost, and went up to him; Raymond then gently laid the pillow down, and taking the cock up, put his head under one of his wings, and placed him on the pillow where he lay quietly and as if asleep. For many minutes he kept his eyes fixed upon the objects before him, until the image in his mind growing still stronger, and more distinct, became at last so painful that he burst into tears.

"No," said he, "he will never open his eyes again; he will never look upon any one more; and what will she do when she hasn't his white head before her?"

Whilst poor Raymond thus indulged himself in the caprices of a benevolent imagination, his mother was hastening to the house of Mr. Hickman, the former agent of the Castle Cumber property, with the intention of rendering an act of justice to an individual and a family whom she had assisted deeply and cruelly to injure. Whilst she is on the way, however, we will take the liberty of introducing our readers to Mr. Hickman's dining-room, where a small party are assembled; consisting of the host himself, Mr. Easel the artist, Mr. Harman, and the Rev. Mr. Clement: and as their conversation bears upon the topic of which we write, we trust it may

not be considered intruding upon private society to detail a part of it.

"Property in this country," said Hickman, "is surrounded by many difficulties—difficulties which unfortunately fall chiefly upon those who cultivate it. In the first place, there is the neglect of the landlord; in the next, the positive oppression of either himself or his agent; in the third, the influence of strong party feeling—leaning too heavily on one class, and sparing or indulging another; and, perhaps, what is worst of all, and may be considered the *fons et origo malorum*, the absence of any principle possessing shape or form, or that can be recognized as a salutary duty on the part of the landlord. This is the great want and the great evil. There should be a distinct principle to guide, to stimulate, and when necessary to restrain him; such a principle as would prevent him from managing his property according to the influence of his passions, his prejudices, or his necessities."

"That is very true," said Mr. Clement, "and there is another duty which a landlord owes to those who reside upon his property, but one which unfortunately is not recognized as such; I mean a moral duty. In my opinion a landlord should be an example of moral propriety and moderation to his tenantry, so

as that the influence of his conduct might make a salutary impression upon their lives and principles. At present the landed Proprietory of Ireland find in the country no tribunal by which they are to be judged; a fact which gives them the full possession of unlimited authority; and we all know that the absence of responsibility is a great incentive to crime. No man in a free country should be invested with arbitrary power; and yet, it is undeniable that an Irish landlord can exercise it whenever he pleases."

"Then what would you do," said Easel; "where is your remedy?"

"Let there be protective laws enacted, which will secure the tenant from the oppression and injustice of the landlord. Let him not lie, as he does, at the mercy of his caprices, passions, or prejudices."

"In other words," said Harman, "set the wolves to form protective enactments for the sheep. I fear my good, Sir, that such a scheme is much too Utopian for any practically beneficial purpose. In the mean time, if it can be done, let it. No legislation, however, will be able, in my mind, to bind so powerful a class as the landlords of Ireland are, unless a strong and sturdy public opinion is created in the country."

"But how is this to be done?" asked Easel.

"It is to be done by educating the people; by teaching them their proper value in society; by instructing them in their moral and civil duties. Let them not labour under that humiliating and slavish error, that the landlord is every thing, and themselves nothing; but let the absurdity be removed, and each party placed upon the basis of a just and equal principle."

"It is very right," said Hickman, "to educate the people, but who is to educate the landlords?"

"A heavy task, I fear," said Easel, "from what I have observed since I came to the country."

"The public opinion I speak of will force them into a knowledge of their duties. At present they disregard public opinion, because it is too feeble to influence them; and consequently they feel neither fear nor shame. So long as the landlords and the people come together as opposing or antithetical principles, it is not to be supposed that the country can prosper."

"But how will you guide or restrain the landlord in estimating the value of his property?" inquired Mr. Clement. "Here are two brothers, for instance, each possessed of landed property; one is humane and moderate, guided both by good sense and good feeling; this man will not overburthen his tenant by

exacting an oppressive rent. The other, however, is precisely the reverse of him, being naturally either rapacious or profligate, or perhaps both; he considers it his duty to take as much out of the soil as he can, without ever thinking of the hardships which he inflicts upon the tenant. Now, how would you remedy this, and prevent the tenant from becoming the victim either of his rapacity or profligacy?"

"Simply by taking from him all authority in estimating the value of his own property."

"But how?" said Clement; "is not that an invasion of private right?"

"No; it is nothing more than a principle which transfers an unsafe privilege to other hands, in order to prevent its abuse."

"But how would you value land?"

"I am not at this moment about to legislate for it; but I think, however, that it would be by no means difficult to find machinery sufficiently simple and effective for the purpose. I am clearly of opinion that there should be a maximum value on all land, beyond which, unless for special purposes—such, for instance, as building—no landlord ought to be permitted to go. This would prevent an incredible amount of rack-renting and oppression on the one hand; and of poverty, revenge, and bloodshed on

the other. Where is the landlord now who looks to the moral character or industrial habits of a tenant? Scarcely one. On the contrary, whoever bids highest, or bribes highest, is sure to be successful, without any reference to the very qualities which, in a tenant, ought to be considered as of most importance."

"I have now," said Easel, "made myself acquainted with the condition and management of the Castle Cumber property; and, truth to tell, I am not surprized at the frightful state of society upon it. M'Clutchy is the type of too numerous a class, and his son is a most consummate scoundrel. Why my —why Lord Cumber should have appointed him to his agency I cannot imagine."

"But I can," said Harman; "that which has appointed many a scoundrel like him—necessity on the part of the landlord, and an anxiety to extend his political influence in the county."

"He could not have gone a more unsuccessful way about it, however," observed Easel.

"If there be one curse," observed Harman, "worse than another on any such property, it is to have for your agent an outrageous partizan—a man who is friendly to one party and inimical to another—a fellow who scruples not to avail himself of his position, for the gratification of party rancour, and who makes the

performance of his duties subservient to his prejudices, both religious and political. Think, for instance, of a rancorous No-Popery-man being made agent to an estate where the majority of the tenantry are Catholics."

"As is the case on the Castle Cumber estate," said Easel.

"And as is the case on too many estates throughout the country," added Harman; "but the truth is, that unless something is done soon to redress the local grievances of the people, there will, I fear, be bad work among us ere long. The tenantry are already in a state of tumult; they assemble on Sundays in vindictive-looking and suspicious groups; they whisper together, as if fraught with some secret purposes; and I am also told that they frequently hold nightly meetings to deliberate on what may be done. Between the M'Clutchys and M'Slimes, I must say they have ample cause for discontent."

"Every thing considered," said Easel, "it is better that we should anticipate them. When I say we, you of course know who I mean; but indeed we shall expect every aid, and it will be welcome, no matter from what quarter it comes."

"M'Clutchy and the estate in question are topics on which I wish not to speak," said Hickman; "I

do not blame Lord Cumber for dismissing me, Mr. Easel, the fact being that I dismissed myself; but I most sincerely hope and trust, for the sake of the people, that some change for the better may take place. Good God, Sir, how popular your—how popular Lord Cumber might become, and what a blessing to his tenantry and his country he might be in a short time."

"I feel that, Mr. Hickman," said Easel, "I feel it now, because I *know* it. In this instance, too, I trust that knowledge will be power. Lord Cumber, Sir, like other Irish lords, has nothing to detain him in his native country but his own virtue. His absence, however, and the absence of his class in general, is, I fear"—and he smiled as he spoke—"a proof that his virtue, as an Irish nobleman, and theirs, is not sufficiently strong to resist the temptations of an English court, and all its frivolous, expensive, and fashionable habits. He has now no duty as an Irish peer to render his residence in Ireland, at least for a considerable portion of the year, a matter of necessity to his class and his country. However, let us not despair—I have reason to think that his brother has nearly succeeded in bringing him to a sense of his duty; and it is not impossible that the aspect of affairs may be soon changed upon his estate."

The sooner the better for the sake of the people," said Harman. "By the by, Mr. Clement, are you to be one of the Reverend gladiators in this controversial tournay, which is about to take place in Castle Cumber?"

"No," said Mr. Clement; "I look upon such exhibitions as manifestations of fanaticism, or bigotry, and generally of both. They are, in fact, productive of no earthly good, but of much lamentable evil; for instead of inculcating brotherly love, kindness, and charity—they inflame the worst passions of adverse creeds—engender hatred, ill will, and fill the public mind with those narrow principles which disturb social harmony, and poison our moral feelings in the very fountain of the heart. I believe there is no instance on record of a sincere convert being made by such discussions."

"But is there not an extensive system of conversion proceeding, called the New Reformation?" asked Easel. "It appears to me by the papers, that the Roman Catholic population are embracing Protestantism by hundreds."

"How little are the true causes of great events known," said Hickman laughing; "who, for instance, would suppose that the great spiritual principle by which this important movement has been sustained

is the failure of the potatoe crop in the country, where this gracious work is proceeding. One would think, if every thing said were true, that there are epidemics in religion as well as in disease; but the truth is, that the knavery or distress of two or three Catholics who were relieved, when in a state of famine, by a benevolent and kind hearted nobleman, who certainly would encourage neither dishonesty nor imposture, first set this Reformation a going. The persons I speak of, fearing that his Lordship's benevolence might cease to continue, embraced Protestantism *pro forma* and *pro tempere*. This went abroad, and almost immediately all who were in circumstances of similar destitution adopted the same course, and never did man pay more dearly for evangelical truth than did his Lordship. In the forthcoming battle the parsons are to prove to the world that all who belong to Popery must be damned, whilst the priests, on the other hand, broil the parsons until they blaze in their own fat. But, my God, when will charity and common sense prevail over bigotry and brimstone!"

At this moment a servant entered to say that Poll Doolin—for she was well known—wished to see Mr. Harman on very particular business.

"I can scarcely bear to look on the wretch," said

Harman, "but, as I strongly suspect, that she may in some shape be useful to us, I desired her to come here. She called three times upon me, but I could not bring myself to see or speak to her; she shall be the bearer of no messages to me," he said, bitterly, "let her carry them elsewhere; d—n her."

He betrayed deep and powerful emotion as he spoke, but, as his allusions were understood, there was—from a respect for his feelings, on the part of his audience—no reply made to his observations.

"Since she called first," said Harman, pursuing the train of melancholy thought, "some vague notion, like the shadow of a dream crossed me; but, alas! it is transgressing the bounds of imagination itself, even to suppose that it could be true. However, if it were, it is in your presence, Sir," he said, addressing himself to Easel, "that I should wish to have it detailed; and, perhaps, after all, this slight, but latent reflection of hope, influenced me in desiring her to come here. Gentlemen, excuse me," said he, covering his face with his hands, "I am very wretched and unhappy—I cannot account for what has occurred; it looks like an impossibility, but it is true. Oh, if he were a man!—but, no, no, you all know how contemptible—what a dastardly scoundrel he is!"

"Harman, my dear fellow," said Hickman, "we understand you, we respect your feelings, and we sympathize with you—but, in the mean time, do see and hear this woman."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the servant entered, stating that she was at the door.

"Let her come in," said Harman; "let the vile wretch come in."

"And, do you, John, withdraw," said Hickman.

Poll Doolin entered.

Her appearance threw Harman into a state of violent agitation; he trembled, got pale, and seemed absolutely sickened by the presence of the wicked wretch who had been the vile instrument of Phil M'Clutchy's success, of Mary M'Loughlin's dishonour, and of his own unhappiness. It was the paleness, however, of indignation, of distress, of misery, of despair. His blood, despite the paleness of his face, absolutely boiled in his veins, and that the more hotly, because he had no object on which he could wreak his vengeance. Poll, who was always cool, and not without considerable powers of observation, at once noticed the tumult of his feelings, and, as if replying to them, said—

"I don't blame you, Mr. Harman, thinkin' as you

do; the sight of me is not pleasant to you—and, indeed, you don't hate me more than you ought."

"What's your business with me?" said Harman.

Poll looked around her for a moment, and replied—

"I'm glad of it, the more the better; Francis Harman," she proceeded, "sit down, and listen to me; yes, listen to *me*—for I have it in my power to make you a happy man."

"Great God! could my dream be true!" said Harman, placing himself in the chair.

"Listen to me," she continued.

"I listen; be brief—for I am in no humour for either falsehood or imposture."

"I never bore *you* ill will," she said, "and yet I have—and may God forgive me for it—scalded the very heart within you."

Harman again covered his face with his hands, and groaned.

"Will it relieve your heart to know that Mary M'Loughlin's an innocent and a slandered girl?"

"Prove that," said Harman, starting to his feet, "oh, prove that, Poll, and never whilst I have life shall you want a—but, alas!" he exclaimed, "I am a beggar, and can promise you nothing."

"And I'll tell you who beggared you before all is

over—but, as I said, listen. It's now fifteen years since Brian M'Loughlin transported my son Dick, for stealin' a horse from him; he was my only son, barrin' poor Raymond, who was then a mere slip. He was a fine young man, but he was wild and wicked, and it was in Squire Deaker's house, and about Squire Deaker's stables, that he picked up his dishonesty, and love of horses—he was groom to that ould profligate, who took him into sarvice for a raison he had."

"Be as brief as you can," said Harman, "brief—brief."

"On the contrary, Mr. Harman," said Clement, "let her, if you will be advised by me, take her own time, and her own way."

"Thank you, Sir," said Poll, "that's just what I wish. Well, he, M'Loughlin, transported my boy, that my heart was in, and from that minute I swore never to die till I'd revenge that act upon him. Very well—I kept my word. Phil M'Clutchy sent for me, and, in his father's presence, we made up a plot to disgrace Miss M'Loughlin. I brought her out two or three times to meet me privately, and it was all on your account, by the way, for I tould her you were in danger; and I so contrived it, that on one or two occasions you should see myself and her

together. I made her promise solemnly not to tell that she saw me, or mention what passed between us, or if she did, that your life was not safe; her love for you, kept her silent even to yourself. But it was when you were sent to gaol, that we found we had the best opportunity of ruining her, which was all I wanted; but Phil, the boy, wished to give you a stab as well as her. As for myself, it was in for a penny, in for a pound with me, and I didn't care a traheen what you suffered, provided I had my revenge on any one belongin' to Brian M'Loughlin, that transported my son."

"Is Mary M'Loughlin innocent?" asked Harman, starting from his seat, and placing his face within a few inches of Poll Doolin's.

Poll calmly put her hand upon his shoulder, and said:—

"Sit down, young man; don't disturb or stop me in what I'm sayin', and you'll come the sooner at the truth."

"You are right," he replied; "but who can blame me?—my happiness depends on it."

"Listen," said she; "we made up a plan that she was to meet Phil behind her father's garden—and why? Why, because I told her that Val had made up his mind to hang you; but I said that Phil, for

her sake, could prevent that, and save you, if she would only see him that he might clear himself of some reports that had gone abroad on him. *For your sake* she consented to that; but not until I had brought her nearly to despair, and till she believed that there was no other hope for you. It was Val M'Clutchy, though, that put me up to bring several of the neighbours, and among the rest your own cousin, to witness the trick of Phil's gettin' in at the windy; as it was his to bring the blood-hounds, at the very minute, to catch the scoundrel in the poor girl's bed-room. That was enough; all the wather in the *say* couldn't wash her white, when this was given to the tongue of scandal to work upon."

"But," said Mr. Clement, "you unfortunate woman, let me ask, why you suffered Mr. Harman to live under a conviction of Miss M'Loughlin's guilt."

"I tould you I had sworn to be revenged on either him, M'Loughlin, or his; and so I was—may God forgive me!—but one day that my poor foolish son undertook to convoy Hugh Roe O'Regan's wife, across the ford of Drumdhu river while in flood, he lost his footing,and never would breathe the breath of life agin, only that God sent John M'Loughlin to the spot and at the risk of his own life, he saved

poor Raymond's. From that day out my heart changed. If one son was sent from me in life, the other was saved from death; and I swore to tell *you* the truth. But that's not the only injury I have done you. They put me up, and so did Solomon M'Slime, to drop hints wherever I went, that you and Mr. M'Loughlin were upon the point of failin'; and, I believe, from some words I heard Phil say to Solomon one morning, that they put something into the paper that injured you."

"What was it you heard?" said Hickman.

"Phil said—'all right, Solomon, it's *in*—and d—n my honour and reputation, but it will set a screw loose in the same firm;' he was reading the paper as he spoke."

"All this is of great value," said Easel, "and must be made use of."

"As for me," said Harman in an impassioned voice, "I care not a jot for our bankruptcy; the great and oppressive evil of my heart is removed; I ought, I admit, to have known that admirable girl better than to suffer any suspicion of her to have entered into my heart; but, then, I must have discredited my own eyes—and so I ought. God bless you, Poll! I forgive you all that you and these

malignant villains have made me suffer, in consequence of what you have just now disclosed to us."

"I could not have believed this," observed Easel; "I scarcely thought that such profound infamy was in human nature. Good God—and these two men hold the important offices of Head and Under Agent on the Castle Cumber estate!"

"Have you nothing particular, Poll, about that pious little man M'Slime?" asked Hickman. Poll, however, who in no instance was ever known to abuse professional confidence, shook her head in the negative.

"No;" said she, "I know nothing that I can tell about him; honour bright's my motive—no—no. However, thank God I've aised my mind by tellin' the truth, and when you see Mr. M'Loughlin, Mr. Harman, I'll thank you to let him know that I have done his daughter justice, and that from the minute his son saved mine, I had no ill will to him or his family." She then departed.

CHAPTER XXV.

A RIBBON LODGE—VAL AND HIS SON BROUGHT TO TRIAL—THEIR CRIMES AGAINST THE PEOPLE—THEIR DOOM AND SENTENCE—A REBEL PRIEST PREACHING TREASON—A RESPITE.

It is undoubtedly a fact, as was observed in the dialogue just given, that the state of affairs on this property was absolutely fearful. The frame work of society was nearly broken up, for such was the heartless rapacity and cruelty—such the multiplied and ingenious devices by which he harassed and robbed the tenantry, or wreaked his personal vengeance on all who were obnoxious to him or his son, that it was actually impossible matters could proceed much longer in a peaceable state. If the reader will accompany us to a large waste house, from which a man had been some time before ejected, merely because Val had a pique against him, he may gather from the lips of the people themselves, there assembled,

on the very night in question, sufficiently clear symptoms of the state of feeling in the neighbourhood.

The hour at which they assembled, or rather began to assemble, was eleven o'clock, from which period until twelve, they came in small groups of two or three at a time; so as to avoid observation on the way. Some of them had their faces blackened, and others who appeared utterly indifferent to consequences, did not think it worth their while to assume such a disguise. The waste house in which they were assembled, stood on a hill side, about half way between Castle Cumber and Drumdhu; so that its isolated situation was an additional proof of their security from a surprize by the blood-hounds. The party were nearly all armed, each with such weapons as he could get, and most of them with fire or side arms, such as they were. They had several lights, but so cautious were they, that quilts and winnow-cloths were brought to hang over the windows, to prevent them from being seen; for it was well known that the house was not inhabited, and the appearance of lights in it would most certainly send the wreckers on their back: as it was, however, they obviated all danger of this in the way I mention. When these men were met together, it might be supposed that they presented countenances marked by savage

and ferocious passions, and that atrocity and cruelty were the predominating traits in each face. This, however, was not so. In general they were just as any other number of men brought together for any purpose might be. Some to be sure among them betrayed strong indications of animal impulse; but taken together they looked just as I say. When they were all nearly assembled, one might naturally imagine that the usual animated dialogue and discussions, which the cause that brought them together furnished, would have taken place. This, however, was not the case. On the contrary, there was something singularly wild, solemn, and dreadful, in their comparative quietness; for silence we could not absolutely term it.

There were many reasons for this. In the first place, there existed an apprehension of the yeomanry and cavalry, who had on more than one occasion surprised or dispersed meetings of this description before. 'Tis true they had sentinels placed—but the sentinels themselves had been made prisoners of by parties of yeomen and blood-hounds, who had come in coloured clothes, in twos and threes, like the Ribbonmen themselves. There were other motives, however, for the stillness which prevailed—motives which, when we consider them, invest the

whole proceeding with something that is calculated to fill the mind with apprehension and fear. Here were men unquestionably assembled for illegal purposes—for the perpetration of crime—for the shedding of human blood. But in what light did they view this terrible determination? Simply as a redress of grievances; as the only means left them of doing that for themselves, which the laws refused to do for them. They keenly and bitterly felt the scourge of the oppressor, who, under the sanction, and in the name of those laws which ought to have protected them, left scarcely any thing undone to drive them to desperation; and now finding that the law existed only for their punishment, they resolved to legislate for themselves, and retaliate on their oppressor. There is an awful lesson in all this; for it is certainly a frightful thing to see law and justice so partially and iniquitously administered as to disorganize society, and make men look upon murder as an act of justice, and the shedding of blood as a moral triumph, if not a moral virtue. When, therefore, the very little conversation which took place among them, and that little in so low a tone, is placed in connection with the dark and deadly object of their meeting, it is no wonder that one cannot help feeling strangely and fearfully on contemplating it.

About twelve o'clock they were all assembled but one individual, whom they appeared to expect, and for whom they looked out eagerly. Indeed they all came to an unanimous resolution of doing nothing that pertained to the business of the night, until he should come. For this purpose they had not to wait long. A little past twelve a tall and powerful young man entered, leading by the hand poor insane Mary O'Regan—his pitiable and unconscious mother. He had heard of the death of his brother, during the cruel scene at Drumdhu, and of the other inhuman outrage which had driven her mad. He had come from a remote part of England with the single, fixed, and irrevocable purpose of wreaking vengeance on the head of him who had brought madness, desolation and death upon his family.

On his entering, there was a slight low murmur of approbation; but the appearance of his mother caused it to die away. This, however, was almost immediately succeeded by another of a very different character—one in which there was a blending of many feelings—compassion, rage, revenge. The first thing the young man did was to take a candle in his hand, and hold it first close to his mother, so as that she might be distinctly seen, and afterwards, near to his own face, in order that she might have

a clear and equally distinct view of him. "Mother," said he then, in a full voice, "do you know your son?" Her eye was upon him as he spoke, but it was vacant; there appeared no trace of recognition or meaning in it.

"You all see that miserable sight," said he—"there my mother stands, and doesn't know who it is that is spaking to her. There she stands, blasted and destroyed by the oppressor. You all see this heartbreakin' sight with your own eyes, and you all know who did it."

'Tis singular how closely virtue and crime are allied! The very sympathy excited by this touching and melancholy spectacle—the very tenderness of the compassion that was felt for the mother and son, hardened the heart in a different sense, and stimulated them to vengeance.

"Now," said the young man, whose name was Owen, "let them that have been oppressed and harrished by this Vulture, state their grievances, one at a time."

An old man near sixty rose up, and after two or three attempts to speak, was overpowered by his feelings, and burst into tears.

"Poor Jemmy Devlin!" they exclaimed, "may God pity you!"

"Spake for Jemmy, some of you, as the poor man isn't able to spake for himself."

"Why, the case was this," said a neighbour of the poor man's. "Jemmy's son, Peter, was abused by Phil, the boy, because he did'nt pay him *duty-work*, and neglect his own harvest. He told Peter that he was a popish rebel and would be hanged. Peter told him to his teeth that he was a liar, and that he couldn't be good, havin' the father's bastard dhrop in him. That was very well, but one night in about a month afterwards, the house was surrounded by the blood-hounds, poor Peter's clo'es searched, and some Ribbon papers found in them; they also got, or pretended to get other papers in the thatch of the house. The boy was dragged out of his bed, sent to gaol, tried, found guilty on the evidence of the blood-hounds, and sentenced to be flogged three times; but he never was flogged a third time, for he died on the fourth day after the second flogging; and so, bein' an only son—indeed all the child the poor couple had—the old man is now childless and distracted, God help him!"

"Very well," exclaimed Owen, bitterly—"very well—who next?"

A man named M'Mahon rose up,—"The curse of the Almighty God may for ever rest upon him!"

he exclaimed. "He transported my two brave sons, because they were Whiteboys; and if they were, who made them Whiteboys but himself and his cruelty? I will never see my darling sons' faces again, but if I die without settlin' accounts wid him, may I never know happiness here or hereafter!"

The usual murmur of commiseration followed this.

"Well," said Owen, "whose turn comes next?"

About a dozen of those who had been turned out of Drumdhu now stood up.

"We were turned out," said one of them, who acted as spokesman, "on one of the bittherest days that ever God sent on the earth; out of shame, I believe, because your brother and ould Mary Casey died, he let us back for a few days, but after that we had to flit. Some of the houses he had pulled down, and then he had to build them again for his voters. Oh, if it was only known what we suffered!"

"And why did he turn you out?"

"Why, because we didn't promise to vote as he wished."

"He took my crop," said another, "at his own valuation, drew it home, and stacked it until the markets rose. I know what he got beyond the rent," proceeded the man, "but divil a rap ever the villain

gave me back of the surplus, but put it in his pocket —and now I and my family are starving."

"Ay, and," said another, "he took five firkins of as good butter from me as ever was made by hand, and at his own price too. What could I do?—he said it was as a friend he did it; but if I objected to it, he said he must only seize. May the devil seize him, at any rate, as he will, the villain, I trust in God! He got to my own knowledge, thirteen pence a pound for it, and all he allowed me for it was eight pence halfpenny. May the devil run an augre through him, or baste his sowl wid it, this night; for of all the villains that ever cursed an estate, he's the greatest—barrin' the scoundrel that employs him."

A poor but decent-looking man rose up.

"I could bear," said he, "his cheating, or his defrauding me out of my right—I could bear that, although it's bad enough too; but when I think of the shame and disgrace his son brought upon my innocent girl, undher his father's roof, where she was at sarvice—may God curse him this night! My child—my child—when I think of what she was, and what she is, sure the thought of it is enough to drive me distracted, and to break my heart. Are we to live undher sich men? Ought we to allow

sich villains to tramp us undher their feet? When I spoke to his blasted son about ruinin' my child—'My good fellow,' says he 'if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, I will trot you off the estate—I will send you to graze somewhere else. It's d—d proud you ought to feel for your daughter having a child by the like o' me;'—for that's the way—they first injure us, and kick us about as they plaise, and then laugh at and insult us."

Another man got up.

"You all know," said he, "that I hould fourteen acres in the townland of Aughaminchal; and when Jerry Grogan went to America last spring, I offered for his farm of twelve acres, that lay into my own, marchin it. I offered him the rent he axed, which indeed was too much at any rate—but it lay so snug to me, that I could take more out of it than another. 'You shall have the farm, Frank,' said he; 'but if you do, there must be ten pounds of an *Input*.'* Well and good, I paid him the ten pounds, and Paddy Gormly, of Aughadarragh, gave him another *Input* for the same farm; and yet, hell bellis the villain, he gave it to neither of us, but to one of his own *Blood-hounds*, who gave him twenty for it. But

* *Input*—a doceur—or, in other words, a bribe to the agent, on entering upon a farm.

that wasn't all—when I axed him for my money, he laughs in my face, and says, 'Is it jokin' you are? Keep yourself quiet,' says he, 'or may be I'll make it a black joke to you.' Hell resave him!"

"He engaged me, and my horse and car," said another; "and Toal Hart with his, in the same way; to draw stones from Kilrudden; and he said that whatever we earned he'd allow us in the rint. Of coorse we were glad to bounce at it; and, indeed, he made us both believe that it was a favour he did us. So far so good; but when the rint day came, hell purshue the testher he'd allow either of us; but threatened and abused us, callin' us names till the dogs wouldn't lick our blood. The Lord conshume him, for a netarnal villain!"

"That's all very well, but wait till you hear how he sarved me out," said a poor, simple, looking creature. "It was at the gale day before the last, that I went to him wid my six guineas of rint. 'Paddy Hanlon,' says he, 'I'm glad to see you; an', Paddy, I've something in my eye for you; but don't be spakin' of it. Is that the rent?—hand it to me—an', Paddy, as this is Hurry Day with me—do like a good decent man, call down on Saturday about twelve o'clock, and I'll give you your receipt, and mention the other thing.' By coorse I went highly

delighted; but the receipt he gave me was a notice to pay the same gale over agin, tellin' me besides, that of all the complatest rascals ever came acrass him I was the greatest; that he'd banish me off the estate and what not! Accordingly, I had to pay the same rint twiste. Now will any one tell me how that man can prosper by robbin' and oppressin' the poor in this way? Hell scorch him!"

The next that rose was a tall, thin-looking man, with much care and sorrow in his face. "Many a happy day," he said, "did I and mine spend under this roof; and now we may say that we hardly have a roof to cover us. Myself, and my wife, hould a cabin on the estate of Major Richardson. My sons and daughters, instead of living comfortably at home with us, are now scattered abroad, earnin' their hard bread on other people's floors. And why? Because the Vulture's profligate son couldn't succeed in ruinin' one of my daughters; and because her brother Tom tould him that if ever he catched him comin' about the place again, or annoyin' his sisther, he'd split him with a spade. Afther that, they were both very friendly—father and son—and when I brought my half year's rent—'never mind now,' said they, 'bring it home, Andy; may be you may want it for something else that 'ud be useful to you. Buy a

couple o' cows—or keep it till next rent day; we wont hurry *you*—you're a dacent man, and we respect you.' Well, I did put the money to other uses, when what should come down on me when the next half year's rent was due, but an Execution. He got a man of his own to swear that I was about to run away wid the rent, and go to America; and in a few days we were scattered, widout a house to cover us. May the Lord reward him accordin' to his works!"

There were other unprincipled cases where Phil's profligacy was brought to bear upon the poverty and destitution of the uneducated and unprotected female; but it is not our intention to do more than allude to them.

We now return to young O'Regan himself, who, at the conclusion, once more got a candle, and precisely in the same manner as he had done in the beginning, held it up and asked in a full firm voice, "mother, do you know your son?" And again received the same melancholy and unconscious gaze.

"Now," said he, "you've all heard an account, and a true account, of these two villains' conduct. What have they left undone? They have cheated you, robbed you, and oppressed you in every shape. They have scourged to death and transported your

sons—and they have ruined your daughters, and brought them to sin and shame—sorrow and distraction. What have they left undone, I ax again? Haven't they treated yez like the dirt under their feet? hunted yez like blood-hounds, as they are—and as if ye were mad dogs? What is there that they haven't made yez suffer? Shame, sin, poverty, hardship, blood-shed, ruin, death, and madness; look there"—he added, vehemently pointing to his insane mother—"there's one proof that you see; and you've heard and know the rest. And now for their trial."

These blood-stirring observations were followed by a deep silence; a silence, in fact, like that of death.

"Now," said he pulling out a paper, "I have marked down here twelve names that I will read for you. They are to act as a jury; they are to thry them both for their lives—and then to let us hear their sentence."

He then read over the twelve names, every man answering to his name as he called them out.

"Now," he proceeded, "this is how your are to act; your silence will give consent to any question that is asked of you. Are you willin' that these twelve men should thry Valentine M'Clutchy and and his son for their lives; and that the sentence

is to be put in execution on them?" To this there was a profound and ominous silence.

"Very well," said he, "you agree to this. Now," said he to the jurors, "find your sentence."

The men met together, and whispered in the centre of the floor, for a few minutes—when he, who acted as foreman, turned towards O'Regan and said—"They're doomed."

"To what death?"

"To be both shot."

"Are you all satisfied with this sentence?"

Another silence as deep and ominous as before.

"Very well," said he, "you all agree. As for the sentence it is a just one; none of you need throuble yourselves any farther about *that;* you may take my word for it, that it will be carried into execution. Are you willing it should?"

For the third time an unbroken silence.

"That's enough," said he; "and now let us go quietly home."

"It is *not* enough," said a voice at the door; "let none depart without my permission, I command you;" and the words were no sooner uttered than the venerable Father Roche entered the house.

"Wretched and misguided men," said he, "to what a scene of blood and crime have I just now

been an ear witness? Are you men who live under my ministry?—who have so often heard and attended to my sincere and earnest admonitions? I cannot think you are, and yet, I see no face here that is unknown to me. Oh, think for a moment, reflect, if you can, upon what you have been doing!—planning the brutal, ungodly murder of two of your fellow creatures! And what makes the crime still more revolting, these two fellow creatures father and son. Who constituted you judges over them? If they have oppressed you, and driven many of you to ruin and distress, and even to madness, yet, do you not know that there is a just God above to whom they must be accountable for the deeds done in the flesh? Are you to put yourselves in the place of the Almighty?—to snatch the sceptre of justice and judgment out of his hands, and take that awful office into your own, which belongs only to him? Are ye indeed mad, my friends? Do you not know that out of the multitude assembled here this moment there is not one of you whose life would not be justly forfeited to the law? not one. I paused at the half closed door before I entered, and was thus enabled to hear your awful, your guilty, your blasphemous proceedings. Justice belongs to God, and in mocking justice you mock the God of Justice."

"But you don't know, Father Roche," said O'Regan, "you couldn't imagine all the villany he and his son have been guilty of, and all they've made the people suffer."

"I do know it too well; and these are grievances that God in his own good time will remove; but it is not for us to stain our souls with guilt in order to redress them. Now, my children, do you believe that I feel an interest in your welfare here, and in your happiness hereafter? Do you believe this?"

"We do, Sir; who feels for us as you do?"

"Well, then, will you give me a proof of this?"

"Name it, Sir; name it."

"I know you will," continued the old man; "I know you will. Then, in the name of the merciful God, I implore, I entreat—and, if that will not do, then, as his servant, and the humble minister of his word and will—I *command* you to disavow the murderous purpose you have come to this night. Heavenly Father," said he, looking up with all the fervour of sublime piety, "we entreat you to take from these mistaken men the wicked intention of imbruing their guilty hands in blood; teach them a clear sense of Christian duty; to love their very enemies; to forgive all injuries that may be inflicted on them; and to lead such lives as may never be

disturbed by a sense of guilt, or the tortures of remorse!" The tears flowed fast down his aged cheeks as he spoke, and his deep sobbings for some time prevented him from speaking. Those whom he addressed were touched, awakened, melted. He proceeded :—

"Take pity on their condition, O Lord, and in thy own good time, if it be thy will, let their unhappy lot in this life be improved! But, above all things, soften their hearts, inspire them with good and pious purposes, and guard them from the temptations of revenge! They are my flock—they are my children—and, as such, thou knowest how I love and feel for them!"

They were more deeply moved, more clearly awakened, and more penetratingly touched. Several sobs were heard towards the close of his prayer, and a new spirit was diffused among them.

"Now, my children," said he, "will you obey the old man that loves you?"

"We will," was the universal response, "we will obey you."

"Then," said he, "you promise in the presence of God that you will not injure Valentine M'Clutchy and his son."

"In the presence of God we promise," was the unanimous reply.

"Then, my children, may the blessing of the Almighty God be with you, and guard and protect you wherever you go. And now proceed home, and sleep with consciences unburthened by guilt,"

And thus were Valentine M'Clutchy and his son saved, on this occasion, by the very man whom they termed "*a rebellious Popish priest.*"

It was observed, however, by most of those who were present, that Owen O'Regan availed himself of the good priest's remonstrance to disappear from the meeting—thus evading the solemn obligation to refrain from crime, which all the rest entered.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HARMAN'S INTERVIEW WITH MARY M'LOUGHLIN—AN EXECUTION FOR RENT FORTY YEARS AGO—GORDON HARVEY'S FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE WITH HIS BROTHER ORANGEMEN.

The development, by Poll Doolin, of the diabolical plot against Mary M'Loughlin's character, so successfully carried into effect by Phil and Poll herself, took a deadly weight off Harman's heart. Mary, the following morning, little aware that full justice had been rendered her, was sitting in the parlour with her mother, who had been complaining for a day or two, of indisposition, and would have admitted more fully the alarming symptoms she felt, were it not for the declining health of her daughter. If there be one misery in life more calculated than another to wither and consume the heart, to make society odious, man look like a blot in the creation, and the very providence of God doubtful, it is to

feel one's character publicly slandered and misrepresented by the cowardly and malignant, by the skulking scoundrel, and the moral assassin—to feel yourself loaded with imputations that are false, calumnious, and cruel. Mary M'Loughlin felt all this bitterly in her heart; so bitterly, indeed, that all relish for life had departed from her. She was now spiritless, hopeless, without aim or object, or anything to sustain her, or to give interest to existence. Philosophy, which too often knows little about actual life, tells us that a consciousness of being innocent of the social slanders that are heaped upon an individual, is a principle that ought to support and console him. But the truth is, that this very consciousness of innocence is precisely the circumstance which sharpens and poisons the arrow that pierces him, and gives rancour to the wound.

On the morning in question, Mary sat by her mother, who lay reclining on a sofa, each kindly attempting to conceal from the other the illness which she felt. Mary was pale, wasted, and drooping; the mother, on the contrary, was flushed and feverish.

"I wish, my dear mother," said she, "that you would yield to me, and go to bed: you are certainly worse than you wish us to believe."

"It won't signify, Mary; it's nothing but cold I got, and it will pass away. I think nothing of myself, but it grieves my heart to see you look so ill; why don't you strive to keep up your spirits, and to be what you used to be? But God help you, my poor child," she said, as the tears started to her eyes, "sure it's hard for you to do so."

"Mother," she replied, "it is hard for me; I am every way surrounded with deep and hopeless affliction. I often wish that I could lay my head quietly in the grave; but then, I should wish to do so with my name unstained—and, on the other hand, what is there that can bind me to life? I am not afraid of death, but I fear to die now; I know not, mother, what to do, I am very much to be pitied. Oh," she added, whilst the tears fell in torrents from her cheeks, "after all, I feel that nothing but death can still the thoughts that disturb me, can release me from the anguish of heart that weighs me down, and consumes me day by day."

"My dear child," replied her mother, "we must only trust to God, who, in his own good time, will set every thing right. As it is, there is no respectable person in the neighbourhood who believes the falsehood, with the exception of some of the diabolical wretch's friends."

Mary here shuddered, and exhibited the strongest possible symptoms of aversion, even to momentary sickness.

"If," pursued the mother, "the unfortunate impression could be removed from poor mistaken Harman, all would soon be right."

The mention of Harman deeply affected the poor girl; she made no reply, but for some minutes wept in great bitterness.

"Mother," said she, after a little time, "I fear you are concealing the state of your own health; I am sure, from your flushed face, and oppressive manner of speaking, that you are worse than you think yourself, or will admit."

"Indeed, to tell the truth, Mary, I fear I am; I feel certainly very feverish—I am burning."

"Then, for heaven's sake, go to bed, my dear mother; and let the doctor at once be sent for."

"If I don't get easier soon, I will," replied her mother, "I do not much like going to bed, it looks so like a fit of sickness."

At this moment a tap at the door announced a visitor, and almost immediately Harman entered the parlour. It is scarcely necessary to say, that Mary was quite unprepared for his appearance, as indeed was her mother. The latter sat up on the sofa, but

spoke not, for she scarcely knew in what terms to address him. Mary, though much moved previous to his entrance, now assumed the appearance of a coldness, which in her heart she did not feel. That her lover, who ought to have known her so well, should have permitted himself to be borne away by such an ungenerous suspicion of her fidelity, was a reflection which caused her many a bitter pang. On the other hand, when she looked back upon the snare into which she had been drawn, it was impossible not to admit that the force of appearances made a strong case against her. For this reason, therefore, she scarcely blamed Harman, whilst, at the same time, she certainly felt that there was something due to her previous character, and the maidenly delicacy of her whole life.

"You are surprised, Mary, to see me here," said Harman; "and you, Mrs. M'Loughlin, are no doubt equally so?"

"I think it is very natural we should, Francis," replied Mrs. M'Loughlin. "I must confess that your visit is an unexpected one certainly, and my anxiety now is, to know the cause to which we may attribute it. Sit down.

He did not sit, however, but exclaimed—

"Good heavens, what is this? Why, Mary, I

should scarcely have known you. This change is dreadful."

Neither of the females spoke; but the daughter bestowed on him a single look—long, fixed, and sorrowful—which did more to reprove and soften him, than any language could have done. It went to his heart—it filled him with grief, repentance, remorse. For many a day and night afterwards, her image, and that look, were before him exerting a power over his soul, which kindled his love to a height it would never otherwise have reached. He approached her.

"What reparation do I not owe you, my beloved Mary, for my base and ungenerous belief in that scoundrel's vile calumny? Such reparation, however, as I can make, I will. You are not aware that Poll Doolin has confessed and disclosed the whole infamous plot; and in a few days the calumny will be extinct. As for me, you know not what a heavy weight pressed my heart down to the uttermost depths of suffering. I have not been without other calamities—yet this, I take heaven to witness, was the only one I felt."

There was a tone of deep feeling and earnest sincerity in his words, which could not for a moment be mistaken. His face, too, was pale, and full of

care, and his person much thinner than it had been.

Mary saw all this at a glance—as did her mother. "Poor Francis," said the latter, "you have had your own troubles; and severe ones, too, since we saw you last."

"They are gone," he replied; "I care not, and think little about them, now that Mary's character is vindicated. If I should never see her, never speak to her more, the consciousness that she is the same angelic being that I first found her to be, would sustain me under the severest and most depressing calamities of life. And God knows," he said, "I am likely to experience them in their worst shape; but, still, I have courage now to bear up against them."

On approaching Mary nearer he perceived that her eyes were suffused with tears—and the sight deeply affected him. "My dear Mary," said he, "is there not one word for me? Oh, believe me, if ever man felt deep remorse I do."

She put her hand out to him, and almost at the same instant became insensible. In a moment he placed her by her mother's desire on the sofa, and rang the bell for some of the servants to attend. Indeed it would be difficult, if not impossible, to look upon a more touching picture of sorrow and suffer-

ing, than that pure looking and beautiful girl presented as she lay there insensible; her pale, but exquisite features impressed with a melancholy at once deep and tender, as was evinced by the large tear drops that lay upon her cheeks.

"May God grant that her heart be not broken," exclaimed her mother, "and that she be not already beyond the reach of all that our affections would hope and wish! Poor girl," she added, "the only portion of the calamity that touched her to the heart was the reflection that you had ceased to love her!"

Mrs. M'Loughlin whilst she spoke kept her eyes fixed upon her daughter's pale, but placid face; and whilst she did so, she perceived that a few large tears fell upon it, and literally mingled with those of the poor sufferer's which had been there before. She looked up and saw that Harman was deeply moved.

"Even if it should be so," he exclaimed, "I shall be only justly punished for having dared to doubt her."

A servant having now entered, a little cold water was got, which on being sprinkled over her face and applied to her lips aided in recovering her.

"Your appearance," said she, "and the intelligence you brought were so unexpected, and my weakness so great, that I felt myself overcome; however, I

am better—I am better now;" but whilst she uttered these words her voice grew tremulous, and they were scarcely out of her lips when she burst out into an excessive fit of weeping. For several minutes this continued, and she appeared to feel relieved; she then entered into conversation and was able to talk with more ease and firmness than she had evinced for many a day before. It was just then that a knock came to the hall door, and in a couple of minutes about a dozen of Val's blood-hounds, selected to act as bailiffs and keepers—a task to which they were accustomed—entered the house with an Execution to seize for rent. This, at all times and under all circumstances, is a scene in which a peculiar license is given to brutality and ruffianism; but in the present case, there were additional motives with which the reader is already acquainted for insulting this family. Not that the mere levying of an Execution was a matter of novelty to either Mary or her mother, for of late there had unfortunately been several in the house and on their property before. These, however, were conducted with a degree of civility that intimated respect for, if not sympathy with, the feelings of a family so inoffensive, so beneficial to the neighbourhood by

the employment they afforded, and, in short, every way so worthy of respect.

"What is all this about?" asked Harman.

"Why," said one of the fellows, "we're seizin' for rent; that's what it's about."

"Rent," observed the other surprized, "why, it is only a few minutes since Mr. M'Loughlin told me that M'Clutchy assured him—"

"*Captain* M'Clutchy, Sir, if you plaise."

"Very well—Captain M'Clutchy, or Colonel M'Clutchy if you wish, assured him that—"

"I have nothing to do with what he assured him," replied the fellow; "my duty is to take an inventory of the furniture; beg pardon, ladies; but we must do our duty you know."

"Let them have their way," said Mrs. M'Loughlin, "let them have their way; I know what they are capable of. Mary, my dear, be firm—as I said before—our only trust is in God, my child."

"I am firm, my dear mother; for as James said, the grief of griefs has been removed from me. I can now support myself under any thing—but you—indeed, James, she is battling against illness these three or four days—and will not go to bed; it is for you I now feel, mother."

M'Loughlin and his family here entered; and truth to tell, boundless was the indignation of the honest fellow, at this most oppressive and perfidious proceeding on the part of the treacherous agent.

"Ah," said he, "I knew it—and I said it—but let the scoundrel do his worst; I scorn him, and I defy him in the very height of his ill gotten authority. My children," said he, "keep yourselves cool. Let not this cowardly act of oppression and revenge disturb or provoke you. This country, as it is at present governed—and this property as it is at present managed—is no place for us to live in. Let the scoundrel then do his worst. As for us, we will follow the example of other respectable families, who, like ourselves, have been forced to seek a home in a distant country. We will emigrate to America, as soon as I can conveniently make arrangements for that purpose; for God knows I am sick of my native land, and the petty oppressors which in so many ways harass and goad the people almost to madness."

He had no sooner uttered these words, than the fellow whose name was Hudson, whispered to one of his companions, who immediately disappeared with something like a grin of exultation on his countenance. Mrs. M'Loughlin's illness was now such, as

she could no longer attempt to conceal. The painful shock occasioned by this last vindictive proceeding on the part of M'Clutchy, came at a most unhappy moment. Overcome by that and her illness, she was obliged to go to bed, aided by her husband and daughter; but before she went, it was considered necessary to get one of the ruffians, as an act of favour, to take an inventory of the furniture in her chamber, in order that her sick room might not be intruded upon afterwards.

Mary having put her sick mother to bed, returned to the parlour, from whence she was proceeding to the kitchen to make whey with her own hands for the invalid, when in passing along the hall, Harman and her brother John met her. She was in a hurry, and was about to pass without speaking a word, when she and they were startled by the following dialogue—

"So, Bob, did you see the pale beauty in the parlour?"

"I did, she's a devilish pretty girl."

"She is so—well, but do you know that she is one of Mr. Phil's ladies. Sure he was caught in her bed-room some time ago."

"Certainly, every one knows that; and it appears she is breaking her heart because he won't make an honest woman of her."

John caught his sister, whose agitation was dreadful, and led her away; making, at the same time, a signal to Harman to remain quiet until his return —a difficult task, and Harman felt it so. In the mean time, the following appendix was added to the dialogue already detailed—

"Why, do you hould such talk under this roof, Leeper?" asked a third voice,

The only reply given to this very natural query was a subdued cackle, evidently proceeding from the two first speakers.

"Do you both see that strong horse-pistol," said the third voice—for in those days an Execution was almost always levied by armed men—"by the Bible of truth, if I hear another word of such conversation from any man here while we're under this roof, I'll sink the butt of it into his skull! It's bad enough that we're here on an unpleasant duty."

"Unpleasant! speak for yourself."

"Silence, you ruffian—on an unpleasant duty; but that's no reason that we should grieve the hearts, and insult the feelins of a respectable family like this. The truth, or rather the blasted falsehood that was put out on the young lady is now known almost every where, for Poll Doolin has let out the truth."

"But didn't Misther Phil desire us to say it, so as that they might hear us."

"Mr. Phil's a cowardly scoundrel, and nothing else; but, mark me, Phil or no Phil, keep your teeth shut on that subject."

"Just as much or as little of that as we like, if you please, Mr. ——."

"Very well, you know my mind—so take the consequences, that's all."

"Here goes then," said the ruffian, speaking in a deliberately loud voice, "it's well known that Miss M'Loughlin is Misther Phil's ——"

A heavy blow, followed by a crash on the floor—a brief conflict as if with another person, another blow, and another crash followed. Harman, in a state of feeling which our readers may imagine, but which we cannot describe, pushed in the door, which, in fact, was partially open.

"What, what, is this?" he asked, pretending ignorance, "is it fighting among yourselves you are? Fie, fie! Gordon Harvey, what is the matter?"

"Only a little quarrel of our own, Mr. Harman," replied the excellent fellow. "The truth is, Sir, that these men—ay, gather yourselves up, do; you ought to have known Gordon Harvey's blow, for you have often enough heard of it before now; there is no great mistake about that, you scoundrels—the truth is, Mr. Harman, that these fellows were

primed with whiskey at M'Clutchy's, and they gave me provoking language that I couldn't bear; it's well for them that I didn't take the butt end of that," said he, holding up the horse pistol in his left hand, "but you'll find ten for one that would rather have a taste of it than of *this;*" shutting his right—which was a perfect sledge hammer, and, when shut, certainly the more formidable weapon of the two.

The two ruffians had now gathered themselves up, and appeared to be considerably sobered by Harvey's arguments. They immediately retired to a corner of the room, where they stood with a sullen but vindictive look—cowardly and ferocious, ready to revenge on M'Loughlin's family the punishment which they had received, but durst not resent, at the hands of Harvey—unquestionably one of the most powerful and generous Orangemen that was ever known in Castle Cumber. Let us not for a moment be mistaken. The Orangemen of Ireland contained, and still contain among them, men of great generosity, courage, and humanity. This is undeniable and unquestionable; but then, it is well known that these men never took any part in the outrages perpetrated by the lower and grosser grades, unless to prevent outrage. In nothing, indeed, was the lamentable state of the Irish Church Establishment more

painfully obvious than in the moral ignorance and brutal bigotry which want of Christian instruction and enlightened education had entailed upon men who would otherwise have been a high minded, brave, and liberal class, had they not been corrupted by the example of the very pastors—ungodly, loose, convivial, political, anything but Christian—from whom they were to expect their examples and their precepts. But to return. Harman having given a significant glance to Harvey, left the room, and the latter immediately followed him.

"Harvey," said he, "I have overheard the whole conversation; give me your hand for it is that of an honest man. I thank you, I thank you—do try and prevent these ruffians from insulting the family."

"I don't think the same thing will happen a second time, Mr. Harman," replied the gigantic Orangeman; "but, the truth is, the men are half drunk, and were made so before they came here."

"Well, but I thank you, Harvey; deeply and from my soul, I thank you."

"You needn't, Mr. Harman; I hate a dirty and ungenerous thing. Phil's a brother Orangeman, and my tongue is tied—no doubt I'll be expelled for knocking these two scoundrels down, but I don't care; it was too bad and too cruel, and, let the

upshot be what it may, Gordon Harvey is not the man to back a scoundrelly act, no matter who does it, or who orders it."

They shook hands cordially, and we now must leave the family for a time, to follow the course of other events that bear upon our narrative."

CHAPTER XXVI.

BOB BEATTY'S LAST ILLNESS—A HOLY STEEPLE CHASE —A DEAD HEAT—BLOOD AGAINST VARMINT—RIVAL CLAIMS—A MUTUAL DISAPPOINTMENT—THE LAST PLEA FOR SALVATION—NON COMPOS MENTIS.

Our readers may remember that we have alluded to an Orangeman, named Bob Beatty, who had become a convert to the Church of Rome. This Beatty, on the part of the priest, was a very fair set off against Darby O'Drive, on the part of Mr. Lucre. As they were now on the eve of the great Discussion, each felt considerable gratification in having his convert ready to produce at the Discussion, as a living proof of his zeal for religious truth. The principal vexation which the priest had felt, lay in the almost insuperable difficulty of keeping Bob from liquor, in as much as whenever he happened to take a glass too much, he always forgot his conversion, and generally drank the Glorious Memory,

and all the other charter toasts, from habit. It so happened, however, that a few days previous to the great Tournay, Bob became so ill in health, that there was little hope of his surviving any length of time. During this illness, he had had several interviews with Father Roche, who informed him of the near approach of death, and prepared him as well as could readily be done, to meet it; for truth to tell, he was at all times an impracticable subject on which to produce religious impressions. Be this as it may, a day or two previous to the discussion, his wife feeling that he was near his dissolution, and determined, if possible, that he should not die a Roman Catholic, went in a hurry for Mr. Clement, who happened to be in attendance on a funeral, and was consequently from home. In the mean time, a Roman Catholic neighbour, hearing that she went to fetch the minister, naturally anxious that the man should not die a Protestant, lost no time in acquainting Father M'Cabe with his situation. Mrs. Beatty, however, finding that Mr. Clement was not to be procured, left her message with his family, and proceeded in all haste to Mr. Lucre's, in order to secure his attendance.

"My good woman," said he, "your husband, I trust, is not in such danger. Mr. Clement cannot

certainly be long absent, and he will attend; I am not quite well, or I should willingly go myself."

"Very well," said the woman, "between you, I suppose, you will let the priest, M'Cabe, have him; and then it will be said he died a Papish."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Lucre, with an interest which he could not conceal; "what has M'Cabe to do with him?"

"Why," returned the woman, "he has made him a Papish, but I want him to die a True Blue, and not shame the family."

"I shall attend," said Lucre; "I shall lose no time in attending. What's your husband's name?"

"Bob Beatty, Sir."

"Oh, yes, he is subject to epilepsy."

"The same, Sir."

She then gave him directions to find the house, and left him making very earnest and rapid preparations to do what he had not done for many a long year—attend a death bed; and truly his absence was no loss.

In the mean time, Father M'Cabe having heard an account of Bob's state, and that the minister had been sent for, was at once upon the alert, and lost not a moment in repairing to his house. So very eager, indeed, were these gentlemen, and so equal

their speed, that they met at the cross roads, one of which turned to Bob's house. In the mean time, we may as well inform our readers here, that Bob himself had, in his wife's absence, privately sent for Father Roche. Each instantly suspected the object of the other, and determined in his own mind, if possible, to frustrate it.

"So, Sir," said the priest, "you are on your way to Bob Beatty's, who is, as you well know, one of *my* flock. But how do you expect to get through the business, Mr. Lucre, seeing that you are so long out of practice?"

"Bob Beatty was never, properly speaking, one of your flock, Mr. M'Cabe. I must beg leave to ride forward, Sir, and leave you to your Christian meditations. One interview with you is enough for any man."

"Faith, but I love you too well to part with you so easily," said the priest, spurring on his horse, "cheek by jowl—and a beautiful one you have—will I ride with you, my worthy epicure; and, what is more, I'll anoint Bob Beatty before your eyes."

"And, perhaps, perform another miracle," replied Mr. Lucre, bitterly.

"Ay will I, if it be necessary," said the priest; "but I do solemnly assure you that by far the most

brilliant miracle of modern days is to find the Rev. Phineas Lucre at a sick bed. Depend upon it, however, if Beatty had not turned Catholic, he might die like a dog for the same Mr. Lucre."

"I will not abstract the last shilling from his pocket for the unction of superstition, at all events."

"Not you, faith; you'll charge him nothing I grant, and right glad am I to find that you know the value of your services. You forget, however, that my flock pay you well for doing this nothing—that is, for discharging your duty—notwithstanding."

Both now pushed on at a rapid rate, growling at each other as they went along. On getting into the fields they increased their speed; and, as the peasantry of both religions were apprised of the circumstances connected with Bob's complaint and conversion, each party cheered on their own champion.

"More power to you, Father M'Cabe; give him the Latin and the Bravery!"*

"Success, Mr. Lucre! Push on, Sir, and don't let the Popish rebel send him out of the world with a bandage on his eyes. Lay in the bible, Mr. Lucre! Protestant and True Blue for ever—hurra!"

"The true Church for ever, Father M'Cabe, the jewel that you war! Give the horse the spurs, avourneen. Sowl, Paddy, but the *bodagh* parson

* Breviary.

has the advantage of him in the *cappul.* Push on, your reverence; you have the divil and the parson against you, for the one's drivin' on the other."

"Cross the corner of the Barny Mether's meadow, Mr. Lucre, and wheel in at the garden ditch; your horse can do it, although you ride the heaviest weight. Lay on him, Sir, and think of Protestant Ascendancy. King William against Popery and wooden shoes; hurra!"

"Father, achora, keep your shoulder to the wind, and touch up *Parra Gastha** wid the spurs. A groan for the Protestant parson, father darlin'!"

"Three groans for the Popish Mass book. Bravo, Mr. Lucre! That ditch was well cleared!"

"Divil a purtier, father jewel! Parra Gastha's a darlin', and brought you over like a bird—hurra!"

"Have you no whip, Mr. Lucre? Whip and spur, Sir, or the popish garran will be *in* before you. By the great Boyne, I'm afraid the charger's blown."

"God enable you, father avillish! Blown! Why what would you expect, an' it the first visit ever the same horse made to a sick-bed in his life; he now finds it isn't on the king's high way he is—and I'll go bail it's himself that's cursin' the same duty in his heart. Bravo, Father Pat! Parra Gastha's the

* Literally, Paddy Speedy.

boy that knows his duty—more power, Parra Gastha! Devil pursue the hair's turned on him; but, be me sowl, it wouldn't be so, if he led the life the Protestant blood did—feedin' high, and doin' nothin'."

"Mr. Lucre, pull out; I see you're hard up, Sir, and so is your charger. Push him, Sir, even if he should drop. Death and Protestantism before Popery and dishonour! Hurra, well done!"

"Ah, be me sowl, its near the last gasp wid him and his masther, and no wondher; they're both devilish far out of their element. Faith, if they had Father M'Cabe and Parra Gastha's practice, they wouldn't be the show they are this minute. Well done both! fresh and fair snug and dry you do it. Hurra!"

When the two worthy gentlemen had reached Bob's house, they dismounted, each in a perspiration, and rushed to the bed of the dying man. Mr. Lucre sat, of course, at one side, and the priest at the other; Mr. Lucre seized the right hand, the priest the left: whilst Bob looked at them both alternately, and gave a cordial squeeze to each.

"You thought, Sir," said Mr. Lucre to the priest haughtily, "that he would have died an idolator."

Bob squeezed Mr. Lucre's hand again.

"And *you* thought," replied Father M'Cabe,

"that he would die a Protestant or a heretic, which is the same thing."

Bob squeezed Father M'Cabe's hand once more.

"Gentlemen," said Bob, "be pleased to sit down —you are *both* Christian ministers, I hope."

"No," said Father M'Cabe, "there is but one of us a Christian; Mr. Lucre here is not worthy of the name, Bob."

Bob squeezed the priest's hand a third time.

"Beatty," said Mr. Lucre, "this is a solemn occasion, and I'm bound to say, that the priest here is merely a representative of Antichrist. This is not a time to disguise the truth."

Bob squeezed Mr. Lucre's hand a third time also.

"Beatty," continued Mr. Lucre, "if you permit yourself to die a Papist, you seal your own everlasting punishment."

"True," said Bob."

"Bob," said the priest, "after the explanations of the true church which I have given you, you allow yourself to relapse into heresy, you will suffer for it during all eternity."

"True," said Bob.

"There is no hope for those, who, like the Papists and idolators, hew for themselves vessels that will hold no water," said Lucre.

"Ah, very right;" said Bob.

"There is but one Faith, one Church, and one Baptism, and that is ours," said the priest.

"Ah, you can do it," said Bob with a squeeze.

"Bob," said the wife, "what do you mean? I don't understand you—die a True Blue, and don't shame your friends."

"Gentlemen," said Bob, "I feel disposed to sleep a little. It is likely that a few minute's rest may strengthen my weak body, and clear my mind for the consolations of religion, which you are both so beautifully prepared to give me. I feel rather drowsy, so I'll close my eyes for a few minutes, and doze a little."

Bob closed his eyes for about four mortal hours and a half, during which time our two worthy gentlemen sat at his bed-side with the most exemplary patience. At length he opened his eyes, and inquired for his daughter Fanny, who had been sent for Father Roche; to her he whispered a few words, after which she went out, but almost immediately returned. He looked at her inquiringly, and she answered:—

"Yes, just as I expected—in a few minutes."

"Gentlemen," said Bob, "I am much asier now; but I am at a loss whether to be prepared for heaven by you, Mr. Lucre, or by Father M'Cabe."

"Beatty," said Lucre, "you have had access to the bible, and possessing as you do, and as you must, the scriptural knowledge gained from that sacred book, to die in the church which worships crucifixes and images, would leave you without hope or excuse."

"Ah," said Bob, "you are sound in point of doctrine. No man is more orthodox than you."

"Bob," said the priest, "you know what the council of Trent says:—'There is but one Church, one Faith, and one Baptism'—if you die out of that church, which is ours, woe betide you. No, Bob, there is no hope for you if you die an apostate, Bob."

"Ah," said Bob, "you can send it home, Father M'Cabe."

"Bob," said the wife, "die a True Blue, and don't shame the family."

"There is but a blue look up for you if you do," said Father M'Cabe."

"Blue is the emblem of hope, and for that reason the Orange system has adopted it as illustrative of our faith," said Mr. Lucre.

He had scarcely uttered the words, when Father Roche entered the sick apartment. High and haughty was the bow he received from Mr. Lucre; whilst Father M'Cabe seemed somewhat surprized

at the presence of the reverend gentleman. The latter looked mildly about him, wiped the moisture from his pale forehead, and said—

"Mrs. Beatty, will you indulge me with a chair? On my return home I lost not a moment in coming here; but the *walk* I have had is a pretty long one; the greater part of it being up hill."

"Well," replied Mrs. Beatty, "I'm not the woman to think one thing and speak another. To be sure, I'd rather he would die a True Blue than a Papish; but since he will die one, I'd rather have you at his side than e'er a priest in the kingdom. If there *is* a Christian among them, you are one—you are—so Bob dear, since you're bent on it, I won't disturb you."

"Bring your chair near me," said Bob; "where is your hand, my dear Sir? Give me your hand." Poor Bob caught Father Roche's hand in his, and pressed it honestly and warmly.

"Bob," said Mr. Lucre, "I don't understand this; in what creed are you disposed to die?"

"You see, Sir," said M'Cabe, "that he won't die in *yours* at any rate."

"You will not die in my creed!" repeated the parson, astonished.

"No," said Bob; "I will not."

"You will then die in *mine*, of course?" said Mr. M'Cabe."

"No," replied Bob; "I will not."

"How is that?" said the priest.

"Explain yourself," said Mr. Lucre.

"*I'll die a Christian*," replied Bob. "You're both any thing but what you ought to be; and if I wasn't on my death-bed, you'd hear more of it. Here is a Christian clergyman, and under his ministry I will die."

"Ah," said Mr. Lucre, "I perceive, Mrs. Beatty, that the poor man's intellect is gone; whilst his reason was sound he remained a staunch Protestant, and, as such, we shall claim him. He must be interred according to the rites of our church, for he dies clearly *non compos mentis*."

Father Roche now addressed himself to Beatty, and prepared him for his great change, as became a pious and faithful minister of the gospel. Beatty, however, was never capable of serious impressions. Still his feelings were as solemn as could be expected, from a man whose natural temperament had always inclined him to facetiousness and humour. He died the next day, after a severe fit, from which he recovered only to linger about half an hour in a state of stupor and insensibility.

This conflict between the priest and the parson was a kind of prelude in its way, to the great Palaver, or discussion, which was immediately to take place between the redoubtable champions of the rival churches.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT DISCUSSION, WHICH WE DO NOT GIVE—EXTRAORDINARY HOPE OF A MODERN MIRACLE—DARBY AS A SPIRITUAL GANYMEDE—SOLOMON LIKE AN ANGEL LOOKING INTO THE GOSPEL.

On the morning of the appointed day, the walls of Castle Cumber were duly covered with placards containing the points to be discussed, and the names of the speakers on both sides of the question. The roads leading to the scene of controversy, were thronged with people of all classes. Private jaunting-cars, gigs, and carriages of every description, rolled rapidly along. Clergymen of every creed, various as they are, moved through the streets with eager and hurried pace, each reverend countenance marked by an anxious expression arising from the interest its possessor felt in the result of the controversy. People, in fact, of all ranks and religions, were assembled to hear the leading men on each side

defend their own creeds, and assail those of their enemies. The professional men relinquished, for the day, their other engagements and avocations, in order to be present; and invalids, who had not been long out of their sick rooms, tottered down, wrapped in cloaks to hear this great display of learning and eloquence. Early on the preceding morning, the Catholic Clergy, though without the sanction of their Bishops, formally signified to the committee of the society, their intention of meeting them man to man on the platform. Before the door was opened to the crowd at large, the opposing clergymen and the more select friends on both sides, were admitted by a private entrance. The gallery was set aside for ladies, who, in Ireland, and we believe every where else, form an immense majority at religious meetings.

When the house was thronged to suffocation, none but a man intimately acquainted with the two-fold character of the audience, could observe much more within it, than the sea of heads with which it was studded. The Protestant party looked on with a less devoted, but freer aspect; not, however, without an evident feeling and pride in the number and character of their champions. A strong dash of enthusiasm might be seen in many fair eyes

among the females, who whispered to each other an occasional observation concerning their respective favourites; and then turned upon the divine champions, smiles that seemed to have been kindled by the sweet influence of love and piety. Among the Roman Catholic party, there was an expression of wonder created by the novelty of the scene; of keen observation, evinced by the incessant rolling of their clear Milesian eyes from one party to another, together with something like pity and contempt for the infatuated Biblemen, as they called them, who could so madly rush upon the sharp theological spears of their own beloved clergymen. Dismay, or doubt, or apprehension of any kind, were altogether out of the question, as was evident from the proud look, the elated eye, and confident demeanour by which each of them might be distinguished. Here and there, you might notice an able-bodied, coarse-faced Methodist Preacher, with lips like sausages, sombre visage, closely cropped hair, trimmed across his face, sighing from time to time, and, with eyes half closed, offering up a silent prayer for victory over the Scarlet Lady; or, perhaps, thinking of the fat ham and chicken that were to constitute that day's dinner, as was not improbable, if the natural meaning were to be attached to the savoury spirit with which,

from time to time, he licked, or rather sucked at, his own lips. He and his class, many of whom, however, are excellent men, sat at a distance from the platform, not presuming to mingle with persons who consider them as having no title to the clerical character, except such as they conveniently bestow on each other. Not so the Presbyterian Clergymen who were present. They mingled with their brethren of the Establishment, from whom they differed only in a less easy and gentlemanly deportment, but yielded to them neither in keenness of intellect, firmness, nor the cool adroitness of men well read, and quite as well experienced in public speaking. At the skirt of the platform sat the unassuming Mr. Clement, a calm spectator of the proceedings; and in the capacity of messenger, appeared Darby O'Drive, dressed in black—he had not yet entered upon the duties of his new office—busily engaged in bringing in, and distributing oranges and other cooling fruit, to those of the Protestant party who were to address the meeting. High aloft, in the most conspicuous situation on the platform, sat Solomon M'Slime, breathing of piety, purity, and humility. He held a gilt Bible in his hands, in order to follow the parties in their scriptural quotations, and to satisfy himself of their accuracy, as well as

that he might fall upon some blessed text, capable of enlarging his privileges. There was in his countenance a serene happiness, a sweet benignity, a radiance of divine triumph, partly arising from the consciousness of his own inward state, and partly from the glorious development of scriptural truth which would soon be witnessed, to the utter discomfiture of Popery and the Man of Sin. For some time before the business of the day commenced, each party was busily engaged in private conferences; in marking passages for reference, arranging notes, and fixing piles of books in the most convenient position. Mr. Lucre was in full pomp, exceedingly busy, directing, assisting, and tending their wants, with a proud courtesy, and a suavity of manner, which no man could better assume. The deportment and manners of the Roman Catholic clergy were strongly marked, and exceedingly well defined; especially in determination of character and vigour of expression. In a word, they were firm, resolute, and energetic. Among the latter, the busiest by far, and the most zealous was Father M'Cabe, who assumed among his own party much the same position that Mr. Lucre did among his. He was, no doubt of it, in great glee, and searched out for Mr. Lucre's eye, in order to have a friendly

glance with him, before the play commenced. Lucre perceived this, and avoided him as much as he could; but, in fact, the thing was impossible. At length he caught the haughty parson's eye, and exclaimed with a comical grin, which was irresistible—

"I am glad to see you here, Mr. Lucre; who knows, but we may make a Christian of you yet. You know that we, as Catholics, maintain that the power of working miracles is in the church still; and that, certainly, would prove it."

Mr. Lucre bowed, and smiled contemptuously, but made no reply.

When the chairman was appointed, and the regulations by which the meeting was to be guided, read and assented to by both parties, the *mellee* commenced; and, indeed, we are bound to say, that a melancholy comment upon Christian charity it was. It is not our intention to give any thing like a report of this celebrated discussion, in as much, as two reports, each the genuine and authentic one, and each most egregiously contradictory of the other, have been for several years before the public, who, consequently, have a far better right to understand the business than we, who are at this distant date merely the remote historian.

We may be permitted to say, however, that the

consequences of this great discussion were such, as are necessarily produced by every exhibition of the kind. For a considerable time afterwards nothing was heard between Catholic and Protestant but fierce polemics, and all the trite and wordy arguments that are to be found in the mouths of ignorant and prejudiced men on both sides. The social harmony of the district was disturbed, and that friendly intercourse which should subsist between neighbours was either suspended or destroyed. A spirit of exacerbation and jealousy was created, and men looked upon each other with bitterness and resentment; whilst to complete the absurdity, neither party could boast of a single convert to attest the glory of the triumph which each claimed.

At this period, the character of the Castle Cumber yeomanry corps, or as they were called M'Clutchy's Blood-hounds, was unquestionably in such infamous odour with all but bigots, in consequence of their violence when upon duty, that a few of the more mild and benevolent gentry of the neighbourhood, came to the determination of forming a corps composed of men not remarkable for the extraordinary and exclusive loyalty which put itself forth in so many offensive and oppressive forms. Deaker's Dasher's were by no means of such rancid bigotry

as M'Clutchy's men, although they were, heaven knows, much worse than they ought to have been. Their most unjustifiable excesses, however, were committed in his absence, and without his orders; for it is due to Deaker himself to say, that, although a staunch political Protestant and infidel, he never countenanced violence against those who differed from him in creed. Deaker's creed was a very peculiar one, and partook of the comic profligacy which marked his whole life. He believed, for instance, that *Protestantism* was necessary, but could not for the life of him understand the nature or tendency of *religion*. As he himself said, the three great Protestant principles and objects of his life were—to drink the "Glorious Memory"—"To hell with the Pope"—merely because he was not a Protestant—and to "die whistling the Boyne Water." If he could accomplish these successfully, he thought he had discharged his duty to his king and country, and done all that could be fairly expected from an honest and loyal Protestant. And, indeed, little, if any thing else in a religious way, was expected from him, or from any other person, at the period of which we write.

Be this, however, as it may, the formation of a new corps of cavalry was determined on, and by unanimous consent, the conduct of the matter in

all its departments was entrusted to Mr. Hartley, the gentleman already mentioned, as selected to contest the county against Lord Cumber or his brother, for it had not yet been decided on between them, as to which of them should stand. Lord Cumber expected an Earldom for his virtues, with a seat in the house of Lords, and should these honours reach him in time, then his brother, the Hon. Richard Topertoe, should be put in nomination. In point of fact, matters between the two parties were fast drawing to a crisis, and it was also in some degree to balance interests with Lord Cumber, and neutralize the influence of the Irish government, that Hartley and his friends deemed it advisable to have a cavalry corps at their disposal. The day of the dissolution of parliament was now known, and it naturally became necessary that each candidate should be found at his post.

It was at this very period that a circumstance occurred, which, although of apparently small importance, was nevertheless productive of an incident that will form the catastrophe of our chronicles. Our readers cannot forget the warm language which passed between the man Sharpe, and our exquisite friend, Philip M'Clutchy, on their way from Deaker's. Now, it is due to this man to say, that, on looking back at the outrage which occurred in

O'Regan's cottage, and reflecting upon the melancholy consequences it produced—not forgetting the heart rending insanity of O'Regan's wife—he felt deep regret, amounting almost to remorse, for the part which he bore in it. Independently of this, however, the conduct of Phil and his father, in their military capacity over the corps, was made up of such tyrannical insolence at one time, and of such contemptible meanness at another, that the men began to feel disgusted with such sickening alternations of swaggering authority, and base, calculating policy. Many of them, consequently, were heartily tired of their officers, and had already begun to think of withdrawing altogether from the corps, unless there were some change for the better made in it. Now, at this precise state of feeling, with regard to both circumstances, had Sharpe arrived, when he met his lieutenant on the day when that gallant gentleman signalized himself by horse-whipping his grandmother. Phil's threat had determined him to return to the Dashers, but, on hearing a day or two afterwards, that Hartley was about to raise a new corps, composed of well conducted and orderly men, he resolved not only to offer himself to that gentleman, but to induce all who were moderate among the "hounds," and, indeed, they

were not many, to accompany him. This alarmed M'Clutchy very much, because on Lord Cumber's arrival to canvass the county, it would look as if his Lordship's interests had been neglected; and he feared, too, that the withdrawing of the men from his corps might lead to investigations which were strongly to be deprecated. After a day or two's inquiries, therefore, and finding that from eighteen to twenty of his youngest and most respectable yeomanry had not only returned him their arms and appointments, but actually held themselves ready to be enrolled in the Annagh Corps—for so Hartley's was termed—he sat down and wrote the following letter to Lord Cumber :—

"Constitution Cottage, June—

"My Lord,

"Circumstances affecting your Lordship's personal and political interests have recently occurred here, and are even now occurring, which render it my painful duty to communicate with you on the subject without loss of time. I am sorry to say that the conduct of Mr. Hartley, your well known opponent for the county, is not that which becomes a high-minded man. The Cavalry Corps of which your Lordship is Colonel, and which, by the way, has rendered good service in the firm discharge

of their duty, has been very much damaged by the extraordinary conduct which that gentleman is pursuing. The fact is, that he has taken it into his head, aided and assisted of course by his friends and political supporters, to raise a corps of Yeomanry Cavalry as it were, in opposition to ours; and this, no doubt, he has a right to do; although I am quite certain, at the same time, that it is done with a view to secure either the support, or at least the neutrality of government; which neutrality would, as your Lordship knows, be a heavy blow to us. However, as I said, he has as good a right as we have to raise his corps; but I do not think he is justified in writing private circulars, or in tampering with the men of *our* corps, many of whom he has already seduced from their duty, and lured over with honied words and large promises to the body he is raising. The fact is, my Lord, if our men were not so devotedly attached to my son and myself as they are, Hartley's unjustifiable interference would leave the corps a mere skeleton. As it is, he has taken eighteen of our very best men from us; by best, I allude only to youth and physical energy, for I need scarcely say, that all the staunch and loyal fellows remain with us. I am sorry to add that Mr. Hickman, as I predicted he would, is

vigorously supporting your opponent; and there is a scoundrel here who is often closeted with him—a rascally painter named Easel, *quem ego*—you see I have a little of my Latin still, my Lord.—The fellow—this wild goose Easel I mean—says he has come to the neighbourhood to take sketches; but if I don't mistake much, I shall ere long put him in a condition to sketch the Bay of Sidney. I have already reported him to government, and, indeed, I have every reason to suppose that he is a Popish Agent sent here to sow the seeds of treason and disaffection among the people. Nothing else can account for the dreadful progress which Whiteboyism has made upon your Lordship's property, where it is much more outrageous and turbulent than in any other district that I am acquainted with. I have also to acquaint you, my Lord, that even if I were disposed to keep M'Loughlin and Harman on the property—that is, granting that I were sufficiently treacherous to your interest to do so, it is now out of my power. Their own dishonesty has at length fallen upon their heads. They are bankrupts, and not now in a condition to pay a renewal fine for their leases; but I am happy to inform your Lordship, that my son Phil, and Mr. M'Slime, have each offered five hundred pounds for their respective holdings—a tender which I

might in vain expect from any other quarter and which I cannot conscientiously refuse.

"Harman was acquitted for the murder of Harpur —in consequence, it is thought, of a treacherous scoundrel, named Sharpe, who was once one of our corps, having taken a bribe to give evidence in his favour. This same Sharpe is to be a sergeant in Hartley's corps; and, when I say that Hartley and Harman are and have been on very intimate terms, I think it shows how the wind blows between them, at all events. I have been receiving rent yesterday and to-day, and cannot but regret the desperate state to which things have been brought. There is no getting in money, and the only consolation I feel is, that I have honestly and conscientiously discharged my duty. I have cleared a great number of our enemies from the property, but unfortunately, such is the state of things here, that there is the greater number of the holdings still unoccupied, other tenants that we could depend on, being afraid to enter upon them, in consequence of the spirit of intimidation that is abroad. This M'Loughlin is certainly a most consummate swindler: he was unable to pay his rent, and I sent in an execution yesterday; but, as every one knows, fourteen days must elapse before the public auction of property takes place. Judge of

my surprize then, when, short as was the time, an affidavit has been made before me, that he and his family have come to the determination of emigrating to America, and, I suppose, by the aid of a midnight mob to take away all that is valuable of their property by force. I consequently must remove it at once, as the law, under such circumstances, empowers me to do—for I cannot sit by and suffer your Lordship to be robbed, in addition to being both misrepresented and maligned by these men and their families. Granting the full force, however, of this unpleasant intelligence, still I do not think it necessary that you should at present leave the circles of polished and fashionable life in which you move, to bury yourself here among a set of malignant barbarians, who would scruple very little to slit your Lordship's weasand, or to shoot you from behind a hedge.

"I am in correspondence with Counsellor Browbeater at the Castle, who, in addition to the glorious privilege of being, as he deserves to be, free of the Back Trot there, is besides a creature after my own heart. We are both engaged in attempting to bring the Spy System to that state of perfection which we trust may place it on a level with that fine old Institution, so unjustly abused, called the Inquisition. Browbeater is, indeed, an exceedingly useful man to the present government, and does all that in

him lies, I mean out of his own beat, to prevent them from running into financial extravagance. For instance, it was only the other day that he prevented a literary man with a large family from getting a pension from the Premier, who, between you and me, my Lord, is no great shakes; and this was done in a manner that entitles him to a very lasting remembrance indeed. The principle upon which he executed this interesting and beautiful piece of treachery—for treachery of *this* kind, my Lord, is in the catalogue of public virtues—was well worthy of imitation by every man emulous of office; it was that of professing to be a friend to the literary man, whilst he acted the spy upon his private life, and misrepresented him to the Minister. Oh, you do not know, my Lord, how the heart of such a man as I am, warms to the author of this manly act of private treachery and public virtue; and I cannot help agreeing with my friend M'Slime, who, when he heard it, exclaimed with tears of admiration in his eyes, 'it is beautiful — verily the virtuous iniquity of it refreshes me! May that mild, meek, and most gentlemanly Christian, Mr. Browbeater, be rewarded for it! And may the day never come when he shall require to tread in the footsteps of the devil!' Indeed, my Lord, I cannot help crying *amen* to this, and adding, that the remembrance of his virtues may

descend and reflect honour on his posterity, as, I have no doubt, they will do. How few like him could transfuse the spirit of the Tipperary assassin into the moral principles of the Castle, *for useful* purposes? I beg to enclose your Lordship Mr. Hartley's circular, which, I think, contains an indirect reflection on certain existing bodies of a similar nature, and is therefore, in my opinion, very offensive to us; I also enclose you others which he has written to several of your tenants, who are already members of your own corps.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

"VAL. M'CLUTCHY."

The following is the circular alluded to above—

"SIR—As a proposal to raise an additional yeomanry corps of *respectable* cavalry in Castle Cumber and its vicinity is about to be submitted to the Lord Lieutenant, in order to receive his approbation, your presence is requested at Sam Company's, Castle Cumber Arms, at twelve o'clock on Friday next, when it is proposed to name officers, and adopt such further measures as may appear most conducive to the embodiment of the corps with expedition and effect.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"HENRY HARTLEY."

To his letter Val received the following reply—

"Belgrave Square,

"Dear Sir,

"I received your letter, and perfectly agree with you as to the offensive nature of Mr. Hartley's circular, many of which I have had in my possession for some time past. With respect to him, I have only to say, that he and I have agreed to arrange that matter between us, as soon as I reach Castle Cumber. I am sorry that any of my tenants should deserve the character which M'Loughlin and his partner have received at your hands; I dare say, however, that if they did not deserve it they would not get it. The arrangements for their removal, of course I leave as I hitherto have left every thing within the sphere of your duty, to your own sense of honesty and justice. *Do not, however, take harsh or sudden steps.* In the mean time lose not a moment in remitting the needful.

"Your's, &c.

"Cumber."

It is not at all likely that Lord Cumber would ever have noticed Hartley's circular, or troubled himself about the formation of the new corps in the slightest degree were it not for the malignity of

M'Clutchy, who not only hated the whole family of the Hartley's from the same principle on which a knave hates an honest man, but in remembrance of that gentleman's cousin having in his office, and in his own presence, kicked his son Phil and pulled his nose. When enclosing the circular therefore to his Lordship, he underlined the word "respectable," by which it was made to appear deliberately offensive. Whether it was used with the design of reflecting upon the licentious violence of the Blood-hounds, we pretend not to say, but we can safely affirm that the word in the original document was never underlined by Hartley. Lord Cumber, like his old father, was no coward, and the consequence was, that having once conceived the belief that the offensive term in the circular was levelled at his own corps—although he had never even seen it—he, on the receipt of M'Clutchy's letter, came to the determination of writing to Hartley upon the subject.

Lord Cumber to Henry Hartley, Esq. :—

"Sir—I have just perused a circular written by you, calling a meeting at the Castle Cumber Arms, with the object of forming, what you are pleased to term, a yeomanry corps of *respectable* cavalry. Now you are perfectly at liberty to bestow whatever epithets you wish upon your new

corps, provided these epithets contain no unfair insinuation against existing corps. I think, therefore, that whilst others have been for some time already formed in the neighbourhood, your use of the term respectable was, to say the least of it, unhandsome. I also perceive that you have written to some of my tenants who are already enrolled in the Castle Cumber corps, and am informed that several of my men have already given up their arms and clothing, on account of an application from you to join your corps. I presume, Sir, you did not know that these persons belonged to the Castle Cumber troop; for however anxious in the cause you may be, I need not point out to you a very obvious fact—to wit—that weakening a corps already embodied only tends to defeat the purpose for which it was designed. I take it, therefore, for granted, that no gentleman, however great his influence, would ask any soldier to desert his colours, and I am sure you will tell those men that they ought to remain in the body in which they were enrolled, and in which enrolment their names have been returned to the war office. In conclusion, I think that the tenant who does not reserve to himself the power of serving the landlord under whom he derives the whole of his property, is, in my opinion, both

ungrateful and unprincipled; and he who solicits him to resign that essential reservation is, I think, extremely *indelicate*.

"I am, &c. CUMBER."

To this Mr. Hartley sent the following:—

"MY LORD—I cannot at all recognize the tyrannical principle you lay down in your definition of the relations between landlord and tenant. I deny that a tenant *necessarily* owes any such slavish and serf-like duty to his landlord as you advocate; and I am of opinion, that the landlord who enforces, or attempts to enforce such a duty, is stretching his privileges beyond their proper limits. I do not understand that any of your Lordship's tenantry have been solicited to join our new corps. I have signed circular letters for my own tenantry, and if any of them have reached yours, it has been without either my consent or knowledge.

"I have the honour to be,

"My Lord, &c.

"HENRY HARTLEY."

Lord Cumber to Henry Hartley, Esq.:—

"SIR—I beg to inquire whether you apply the word *tyrannical* to me?

"I have the honour, &c.

"CUMBER."

Henry Hartley, Esq., to the Right Hon. Lord Cumber :—

"My Lord—I think if you had read my last communication with due attention, you might have perceived that I applied the term which seems to offend you, to your principles, rather than to yourself. So long as your Lordship continues, however, to advocate such a principle, so long shall I associate it with the epithet in question.

"I have the honour, &c.

"Henry Hartley."

Lord Cumber to Henry Hartley, Esq. :—

"Sir—Your letter merely contains a distinction without a difference. So long as I identify my principles with myself, or myself with my principles, so long shall I look upon any offence offered to the one as offered to the other. The principle, therefore, which *you* brand with the insulting epithet tyrannical, is one which *I* hold, and ever shall hold; because I believe it to be just and *not* tyrannical. I await your explanation, and trust it may be satisfactory.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"Cumber."

Henry Hartley, Esq., to the Right Hon. Lord Cumber :—

"My Lord,

"I am not anxious to have a quarrel with you, and I believe you will admit that the courage neither of myself, nor of any one of my family, was ever called in question. I really regret that any serious misunderstanding should arise between us, from this mere play upon words. I trust, therefore, to your Lordship's good sense, and good feeling, not to press me on this occasion.

"I have the honour, &c.

"Henry Hartley."

Lord Cumber to Henry Hartley, Esq. :—

"Sir—I never doubted your courage until *now*. I have only to say, that I beg an answer to my *last* letter. "I have the honour, &c.

"Cumber."

Henry Hartley, Esq., to Lord Cumber.

"My Lord—Your Lordship will find it in my last but *one*.

"I have the honour, &c. &c.

"Henry Hartley."

Lord Cumber to Henry Hartley, Esq.—

"Sir—I beg to say that I shall be in Castle

Cumber within a fortnight from this date, and that you shall have early and instant notice of my arrival.

"I remain, &c.

"CUMBER."

Henry Hartley, Esq., to Lord Cumber—

"And I, my Lord, shall be ready to meet you either there or any where else.

"And have the honour, &c.

"HENRY HARTLEY."

In the mean time, and whilst this correspondence was going forward, the political feeling about Castle Cumber rose rapidly between the adherents and friends of each. M'Clutchy called a meeting of Lord Cumber's friends and his own, which was held in the public rooms of Castle Cumber. The following is the report taken from the columns of the "*True Blue.*"

"At a special meeting of the committee of the Castle Cumber cavalry held in that town on Monday, the 15th March, 18—, Lieutenant Philip M'Clutchy in the chair.

"Captain Valentine M'Clutchy having communicated to the committee to the effect that Henry Hartley, Esq., having directed to certain of the Castle Cumber corps a circular letter, as well as private letters, influencing them to withdraw therefrom, and join a troop which he is now about raising,

and that in consequence of these steps on his part, several of the Castle Cumber troopers had deserted, and were enrolled in the new corps :—

" And Captain M'Clutchy having also laid before said Committee a copy of a letter which he had drawn up to be sent to Henry Hartley, Esq., and the Committee having taken the same into their most serious consideration :—

" It was unanimously resolved—That any attempt to induce the defection of any members enrolled in such corps, even to join another corps, is highly injurious to the Institution at large, in as much, as it holds out a pernicious example of desertion, and, above all, is calculated to excite a jealous electioneering spirit, and create enmity, between the yeomanry troops, whose utility and value to the country depend on unanimity and mutual good will.

" Resolved—That the above resolutions, together with the following letter signed by the Chairman in the name of the meeting, be forwarded to Henry Hartley, Esq.

" ' Sir—Having associated for the safety and quiet of this portion of the country, as well as for the protection of our families and properties, we feel ourselves particularly called upon, on an occasion like the present, to stand forward and repel the

attack made upon this loyal corps, and, indeed, on the whole body of yeomanry throughout this kingdom,—in spiriting away, by your letters and undue influence, some of our members, and attempting to procure others to be withdrawn from a corps already enrolled, armed, and complete. Be assured, Sir, we shall be at all times ready, and happy to afford every assistance in the formation of any new corps in our neighbourhood, provided this co-operation shall have no effect in diminishing our own.

"'We, therefore, call upon you to reflect on the measures you have taken, and are taking, and not to persevere in the error of keeping such deserters from *our* troop as have joined *yours;* as we shall in the case of your persisting to do so, most certainly publish the whole course of your proceedings in this matter for the satisfaction of our loyal brethren throughout the kingdom, and leave them to decide between you and us.

"'PHILIP M'CLUTCHY, Chairman.

"'VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY, Captain.

"'RICHARD ARMSTRONG, Second Lieutenant.

"'ROBERT M'BULLET.

"'CHARLES CARTRIDGE.

"'BONIFACE BUCKRAM.

"'DUDLEY FULTON, Secretary.'"

To these documents, which were so artfully worded as to implicate Hartley without openly committing themselves, that gentleman having already had the understanding with Lord Cumber, of which our readers are already cognizant, made the following brief reply.

To Richard Armstrong, Esq., second Lieutenant of the Castle Cumber Cavalry :—

"Sir—I have received two resolutions passed at a meeting of your troop in Castle Cumber, and regret to say, for the sake of the Yeomanry service of the country, that I cannot send any communication to those who bear the two first names on your committee. I trust I am a gentleman, and that I shall not knowingly, be found corresponding with any *but* gentlemen. I have only now simply to say, that I repel with great coolness—for indignation I feel none—the charges that have been brought against me, both in the resolutions, and the letter which accompanied them. Neither shall I take further notice of any letters or resolutions you may send me, as I have no intention in future of corresponding with any one on the subject, with the exception of Lord Cumber himself, with whom I have had recent communications touching this matter.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

"Henry Hartley."

Our readers are, no doubt, a good deal surprized, that Phil, knowing, from sad experience, the courage for which all the Hartley family were so remarkable, should have ventured to undertake the post of chairman, on an occasion where such charges were advanced against the gentleman in question. And, indeed, so they ought to be surprized, as upon the following morning no man living felt that sensation so deeply or painfully as did worthy Phil himself, who experienced the tortures of the damned. The whole secret of the matter, therefore, is, that Phil had lately taken to drink—to drink at all hours too—morning, noon, and night. In vain did his father remonstrate with him upon the subject; in vain did he entreat on one occasion, and command on another. Phil who was full of valour under certain circumstances, told his father he did not care a curse for him, and d—d his honour if he would allow him to curb him in that manner. The fact is, that Phil was at the present period of our tale, as corrupt and profligate a scoundrel as ever walked the earth. His father had no peace with him, and received little else at his hands than contempt, abuse, and threats of being horse-whipped. Perhaps if our readers can remember the extermination scene at *Drum Dhu*, together with the appearance of Kate Clank,

they will be disposed to think that the son's conduct now, was very like judicial punishment on the father for what his own had been. Be this as it may—on the following morning after the meeting at Castle Cumber, Phil's repentance, had it been in a good cause, ought to have raised him to the calendar. In truth it rose to actual remorse.

"Damn my honour, M'Clutchy"—for that was now the usual respectful tone of his address to him—"were you not a precious old villain to allow me to take the chair yesterday, when you knew what cursed fire eaters these Hartleys are?"

"That, Phil, comes of your drinking brandy so early in the day. The moment you were moved into the chair—and, by the way, I suspect M'-Bullet had a mischievous design in it—I did every thing in my power, that man could do, to prevent you from taking it."

"It's a d——d bounce, M'Clutchy, you did no such thing, I tell you. D—n you all together, I say! I would rather the devil had the whole troop, as he will too, with Captain M'Clutchy at the head of them—

"Don't get into insubordination, my hero," said his father; "why do you put me over Lord Cumber's head?"

"Ay," replied the son, "when sending you to Head quarters, you mean; yes, my old knave, and when he and you and the whole kit of you get there, you'll know then what permanent duty means. That scoundrel Hartley will be sending a challenge to me."

"Make your mind easy, Phil," replied his virtuous father, "there is not the slightest danger of that; here's his reply to Armstrong, which Dick himself handed me in Castle Cumber a while ago. Read that, and let it console you."

Phil accordingly read Hartley's letter, in which both he and his father were mentioned with such marked respect; and never did reprieve come to a shivering, inanimate, and hopeless felon with the hangman's noose neatly settled under his left ear, with a greater sense of relief than did this communication to him. In fact, he had reached that meanness and utter degradation of soul which absolutely feels comfort, and is glad to take refuge, in the very contempt of an enemy.

"I hope you're satisfied," said his father.

"All right, my old fellow—all right, Captain M'Clutchy, Magistrate and Grand-juror. Damn my honour, but you're a fine old cock, Val—and now I have spirits to take a glass of brandy, which I hadn't this whole morning before."

"Phil," said the father, "how do you think I can ever get you appointed to the magistracy if you take to drink?"

"Drink! why, blood, my old boy, is it this to me! Do you mean to tell me that there are no drunken magistrates on the bench? Drink! why, man, let me drink, swear, and play the devil among the ladies, surely you know that my thorough Protestantism and Loyalty will make up for, and redeem all. Hey, then, for the glass of brandy, in which I'll drink your health, and hang me, I'll not abuse you again—unless when you deserve it, ha, ha, ha!"

"At all events," said Val, "keep yourself steady for this day; this is the day, Phil, on which I will glut my long cherished vengeance against Bryan M'Loughlin—against him and his. I shall leave them this night without a roof over their heads, as I said I would, and, Phil, when you are in possession of his property and farm, and he and his, outcasts, he will then understand what I meant, when I told him with a boiling heart in Castle Cumber Fair, that *his farm and mine lay snugly together.*"

"But what will you do with the sick woman, I mean his wife?" asked Phil, putting a glass of brandy to his lips, and winking at his father; "what will you do with the sick woman, I say?"

Val's face became so frightfully ghastly, and presented so startling a contrast between his complexion and black bushy brows, that even Phil himself got for a moment alarmed, and said :—

"My God, father, what is the matter?"

Val literally gasped, as if seeking for breath, then putting his hand upon his heart, he said—

"Phil, I am sick here—"

"I see you are," said Phil, "but what is the matter, I say again? why are you sick?"

"Vengeance, Phil; I AM SICK WITH VENGEANCE! The moment is now near, and at last I have it within my clutch;" and here he extended his hand, and literally made a clutch at some imaginary object in the air.

"Upon my hononr," said Phil, "I envy you; you are a fine consistent old villain."

"The sick woman, Phil! By the great heavens, and by all that they contain—if they do contain anything—I swear, that if every individual of them, men and women, were at the last gasp, and within one single moment of death—ha! hold," said he, checking himself "that would never do. Death! why death would end all their sufferings."

"Oh, not *all*, I hope," said Phil, winking again.

"No matter," resumed Val, "their sufferings in

this life it would end, and so I should no longer be either eye witness or ear witness of their destitution and miseries. I would see them, Phil, without house or home—without a friend on earth—without raiment, without food—ragged, starved—starved out of their very virtues—despised, spat upon, and trampled on by all! To these, Phil, I thought to have added shame—*shame;* but we failed—we have failed."

"No," replied Phil, "I give you my word, we did not."

"We did, Sir," said the father; "Harman and she are now reconciled, and this is enough for the people, who loved her. Yes, by heavens, we have failed." Val sat, or almost dropped on a chair as he spoke, for he had been pacing through the parlour until now; and putting his two hands over his face, he sobbed out—groaned even with agony—until the tears literally gushed in torrents through his fingers. "I thought to have added shame to all I shall make them suffer," he exclaimed; "but in that I am frustrated." He here actually clenched his hands and gnashed his teeth, like a man in the last stage of madness.

On removing his hands too, his face, now terribly distorted out of its lineaments by the convulsive workings of this tremendous passion, presented an appearance which one might rather suppose to have

been shaped in hell, so unnaturally savage and diabolical were all its outlines.

Phil, who had sat down at the same time, with his face to the back of the chair, on which his two hands were placed, supporting his chin, kept his beautiful eyes, seated as he was in that graceful attitude, fixed upon his father with a good deal of surprise. Indeed it would be a difficult thing, considering their character and situation, to find two countenances more beautifully expressive of their respective dispositions. If one could conceive the existence of any such thing as a moral looking-glass placed between them, it might naturally be supposed that Val, in looking at Phil, saw himself; and that Phil in his virtuous father's face also saw his own. The son's face and character, however, had considerably the advantage over his father's. Val's presented merely what you felt you must hate, even to abhorrence; but the son's, that which you felt to be despicable besides, and yet more detestable still.

"Well," said Phil, "all I can say is, that upon my honour, my worthy father, I don't think you shine at the pathetic. Damn it, be a man, and don't snivel in that manner, just like a furious drunken woman, when she can't get at another woman who is her enemy. Surely if we failed, it wasn't our faults; but I think I can console you so

far as to say we did *not* fail. It's not such an easy thing to suppress scandal, especially if it happens to be a lie, as it is in the present case."

"Ah," said the father with bitterness, "it was all your fault, you ill-looking *Bubberlien.** At your age, your grandfather would not have had to complain of want of success."

"Come, M'Clutchy—I'll not bear this—it's cursed ungenerous in you, when you know devilish well how successful I have been on the property."

"Ay," said Val; "and what was the cause of that? Was it not merely among those who were under our thumb — the poor and the struggling, who fell in consequence of your threats, and therefore through fear of us only; but when higher game and vengeful purposes were in view, see what a miserable hand you made of it. I tell you, Phil, if I were to live through a whole eternity, I could never forgive M'Loughlin the triumph that *his eye* had over me in Castle Cumber Fair. I felt that he looked through me—that he saw as clearly into my very heart, as you would of a summer day into a glass bee-hive. My eye quailed before him—my lip quivered—my brow fell; but then—well—no matter; I have him *now—ho, ho, I have him now!*"

* An ignorant, awkward booby.

"I wonder the cars and carts are not coming before now," observed Phil, "to take away the furniture, and other valuables."

"I am surprised myself," replied Val; "they ought certainly to have been here before now. Darby got clear instructions to summon them."

"Perhaps they won't come," observed the other, "until—Gad, there's his rascally knock, at all events. Perhaps he has sent them up."

"No," said Val; "I gave him positive instructions to order them here in the first instance."

Darby now entered.

"Well, Darby," said Val, who, on account of certain misgivings, treated the embryo gaoler with more civility than usual; "what news. How many cars and carts have you got?"

Darby sat down, compressed his lips, blew out his cheeks, and after looking about the apartment for a considerable time, let out his breath gradually until the puff died away.

"What's the matter with you Darby?" again inquired Val.

Darby went over to him, and looking seriously into his face—then suddenly laying down his hat—said, as he almost wrung his hands—

"There's a Spy, Sir, on the Estate; a Popish

Spy, as sure as Idolathry is rank in this benighted land."

"A Spy!" exclaimed Phil, "we know there is."

"Be quiet, Phil—"who is he, Darby?"

"Why, Sir, a fellow—of the name of Weasand—may satan open a gusset in *his* own for him this day! Sure one Counsellor Browbeater, at the Castle, Sir—they say he's the Lord o' the Black Trot—Lord save us—whatever *that* is—"

"The Back Trot Darby—go on."

"Well, Sir, the Back Trot; but does that mean that he trots backwards, Sir?"

"Never mind, Darby, he'll trot any way that will serve his own purposes—go on, I tell you."

"Well, Sir, sure some one has wrote to this Counsellor Browbeater about him, and what do you think, but Counsellor Browbeater has wrote to Mr. Lucre, and Mr. Lucre spoke to me, so that it's all the same as if the Castle had wrote to *myself*—and axed me if I *knewn* any thing about him."

"Well, what did you say?"

"Why I said I did not, and neither did I then; but may I never die in sin, but I think I have a clue to him now."

"Well, and how is that?"

"Why, Sir, as I was ordherin' the tenantry in

wid the cars and carts to remove M'Loughlin's furniture, I seen this Weasand along wid Father Roche, and there they were—the two o' them—goin' from house to house; whatever they said to the people I'm sure I dont know, but, any how, hell resave——hem."

"Take care, Darby," said Val, "no swearing—I fear you're but a bad convert."

"Why, blood alive, Sir," replied Darby, "sure turnin' Protestant, I hope, isn't to prevent me from swearin'—don't themselves swear through thick and thin; and, verily, some of the Parsons too, are as handy at it, as if they had sarved an apprenticeship to it."

"Well, but about this fellow, the Spy?"

"Why, Sir, when I ordhered the cars the people laughed at me, and said they had betther autority for keepin' them, than you had for sendin' for them; and when I axed them who it was, they laughed till you'd think they'd split. I know very well it's a *Risin'* that's to be; and our throats will be cut by this blackguard spy, Weasand."

"And so you have got no cars," said Val.

"I got one," he replied, "and meetin' Lanty Gorman goin' home wid Square Deaker's ass—King James—or Sheemus a Cocka, as he calls him—

that is, "Jemmy the Cock," in regard of the great courage he showed at the Boyne—I made him promise to bring him up. Lanty, Sir, says the Square's a'most gone."

"Why, is he worse?" asked Val, very coolly.

"Begad, Sir, sure he thinks it's the Twelth o' July; and he was always accustomed to get a keg of the Boyne Wather, whenever that day came round, to drink the loyal toasts in; and nothing would satisfy him but that Lanty would put the cart on *Sheemus a Cocka*, and bring him a keg of it all the way from the Boyne. Lanty to plaise him, sets off wid himself to St. Patrick's Well, where they make the Stations, and filled his keg there; and the Square, I suppose, is this moment drinkin', if he's able to drink, the Glorious Memory in blessed wather, may God forgive him, or blessed punch, for it's well known that the wather of St. Patrick's Well is able to consecrate the whiskey any day, glory be to God!"

"Damn my honour, Darby," said Phil, "but that's queer talk from a Protestant, if you *are* one."

"Och, sure aren't we all Protestants together now?" replied Darby; "and sure, knowing that, where's the use of carryin' the matter too far? Sure, blood alive, you wouldn't have me betther

than yourselves? I hope I know my station, gintlemen."

"Ah, Darby," said Phil, "you're a neat boy, I think."

"What's to be done?" asked Val; "their refusal to send their horses and cars must be owing to the influence of this priest Roche."

"Of course it is," replied the son; "I wish to God I had the hanging of him; but why did you send to those blasted papists at all? sure the Blood-hounds were your men."

"Why did I, Phil? ah, my good shallow son—ha, *why* did I?" he spoke in a low condensed whisper, "why, *to sharpen my vengeance.* It was my design to have made one papist aid in the oppression of another. Go off, Darby, to Castle Cumber, and let twelve or fourteen of my own corps come to M'Loughlin's with their horses and carts immediately;—call also to M'Slime, and desire him to meet me there forthwith; and bid Hanlon and the other two fellows to wait outside until they shall be wanted. The Sheriff will be at M'Loughlin's about two o'clock."

After Darby had gone, Val paused for a while, then rose, and walked about, apparently musing and reflecting, with something of uneasiness and perplexity in his looks; whilst Phil unfolded the *True*

Blue, and began to peruse its brilliant pages with his usual *nonchalance.*

"Phil," said the father, "there is one thing I regret, and it is that I promised Solomon Harman's farm. We should, or rather *you* should, you know, have secured both—for I need not tell you that two good things are better than one, as my friend Lucre knows—who, by the way, is about to be made a bishop of, now that he of ——— has gone to his account. Solomon, however, having been aware of the fines they offered, *ex officio,* as the Law Agent, I thought the safest thing was to let him go snacks. If, however, we could so manage, before Lord Cumber's arrival, as to get him discarded, we might contrive to secure the other farm also. The affair of the young woman, on which I rested with a good deal of confidence, would, I am inclined to think, on second consideration, rather raise him in that profligate Lord's esteem, than otherwise."

"Why, did you not hear that he was publicly expelled from the congregation?" said Phil: "and as to the history of Susanna, that's all over the parish these two days. Her father brought the matter before the congregation, and so far Solomon's hypocrisy is exposed."

"In that case, then," said Val, "something may

be done yet. We must only now endeavour to impress Lord Cumber with a strong sense of what is due to public opinion, which would be outraged by having such a Law Agent on his estate. Come, leave the matter to me, and we shall turn Solomon's flank yet; I know he hates me, because I curtailed his pickings, by adopting the system of not giving Leases, unless to those on whom we can depend. Besides, the little scoundrel has no political opinions whatsoever, although an Orangeman."

"Come, my old cock, no hypocrisy; what political opinions have *you* got?"

"Very strong ones, Phil."

"What are they?—you hate the papists, I suppose?"

"Cursed stuff, Phil; the papists are as good as other people; but still I hate them, Phil, because it's *my interest* to do so. A man that's not an anti-papist now is nothing, and has no chance. No, Phil, I am not without a political opinion notwithstanding, and a strong one too."

"What is it, then?"

"Here," said he, laying his hand upon his breast, "here is my political opinion. *Valentine M'Clutchy*, Phil, is *my* political creed, and my *religious* one too."

"After all," replied Phil, "you are a chip of the old block."

"Yes, Phil; but I don't parade it to the world as he does—and there's the difference."

"Well, thank heaven," said the son, "I have no brains for any creed; but I know I hate Popery and the Papists as I do the devil."

"And that, Phil, is the enlightened sentiment upon which all bigotry and mutual hatred between creeds is based. But you, Phil, could never be so vexatious a foe to Popery as I could—your very passions and prejudices would occasionally obstruct you even in persecution—but I—I can do it coolly, clearly, and upon purely philosophical principles. I hate M'Loughlin upon *personal* principles—I hate the man, not his religion; and here there must be passion: but in matters of religion, Phil, there is nothing so powerful—so destructive—so lasting—so sharp in persecution—and so successful, as a passionless resentment. That, Phil, is the abiding and imperishable resentment of churches and creeds, which has deluged the world with human blood."

"Curse your philosophy, I don't understand it; when I hate, I hate—and I'm sure I hate Popery, and that's enough."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOLOMON SUFFERS A LITTLE RETRIBUTION—REQUESTS WIDOW LENEHAN TO "WRESTLE" FOR HIM—DEAKER'S DEATH-BED—DIES LOYALLY WHISTLING THE BOYNE WATER.

The conversation had proceeded thus far, when Lanty Gorman, already spoken of, knocked at the door, and asked to see Mr. M'Clutchy.

Val went to the hall.

"Well, Lanty, what's the matter?—how is your master?"

"Plaise your honour," said the lad, "I think you ought to go to him; he's at the last gasp, Sir; if you'd see the way his face is, and his eyes."

"He is worse, then?"

"I don't think it's so much sickness, Sir, as—"

"As what?"

"As the liquor, your honour; he's at the Glorious Memory, Sir, till he's nearly off; he thinks it's the

Boyne wather he's drinkin' it in, Sir, otherwise I don't b'lieve he'd take so much of it. *Sheemus a Cocka* and the cart's in the yard, Sir; Darby said you wanted them."

"Take *Sheemus a Cocky* to h—, Sir," said Phil, "we don't want him—he's a kind of papist; take him away to h— out of this."

"I can only take him to the gates, Sir; unfortunately there's no entrance there for a Papish, Captain Phil; if we could only get him to turn Protestant, Sir, it's himself 'ud get the warm welcome. But," he proceeded, addressing Val, "wouldn't it be a charity, Sir, to go over and see the state he's in; Tom Corbet, the butler, says it's a burnin' sin and shame to look at him, widout any one near him but that vagabone, Miss Fuzzle, an' he dyin' like a dog."

"I shall be there immediately," replied Val. "Bring the ass home again; we do not want him. Now, Phil," he proceeded, "I shall ride over to see how matters are going on; and in the mean time I think it would be well to get Hanlon, and those other two who were out with Darby for his protection—for the fellow pretends to be afraid, and carries arms—it would be as well, I say, to get two or three additional affidavits against this Easel, pre-

pared by my return; for we must make our case as firm as we can. Whether the fellow's a Popish Agent, or whether he's not, dosen't matter a curse. I don't think he is myself; but at all events it will be a strong proof in the eye of Government, that we are at least vigilant, active, and useful men. I will entrust his arrest to you, and you shall have the full credit of it at head quarters. I hope soon to have you on the Bench. Only I do beg, that for your own sake and mine, you will keep from the brandy. I have remitted the rents to Lord Cumber, who will soon make them fly."

In a few minutes afterwards, he proceeded at full speed to the edifying death-bed of his father.

Whilst Phil is preparing the supplementary Affidavits for Easel's arrest, which he stretched out considerably by interpolations drawn from his own imagination, we shall follow Darby to M'Slime's, observing, *en passant*, that the aforesaid Darby, as he went, might have been perceived to grin and chuckle, and sometimes give a short, low, abrupt cackle, of a nature peculiarly gratifying to himself.

"Devil a *smite* ever either of them left on any bone thrown me," he exclaimed. "Instead o' that they begridged me the very fees that I was entitled to, bad luck to them! Well—no matther!" and

here he shrugged and chuckled again, and so continued to do, as he went along.

As for Solomon, he felt full occasion that morning for all his privileges and spiritual sustainment. A few days previous, he had been brought before his brother Elders by Susanna's father, whose statement was unfortunately too plain to admit of any doubt or misapprehension on the subject. These respectable men—for with but *another* exception they were so—discharged their duty as became them. The process of expulsion was gone into, but rather with a spirit of sorrow for the failings of an erring and sinful fellow-creature, than with any of the dogmatic and fiery indignation, which, under the plea of charity for his soul, is too often poured upon the head of a backslider. The fact now was, that the consequences of his crime were about to come home to him, in a manner which required the exhibition of all the moral courage he possessed. It is unnecessary to inform our readers, that he had assumed the cloak of hypocrisy for the purpose merely of advancing his own interests among a certain section of the religious world. No sooner, however, did the history of his expulsion and its cause become general, than all those religious clients, who felt themselves scandalized by his conduct, immedi-

ately withdrew their business out of his hands, and transferred it to those of others; and not only persons of a decidedly religious character, but also almost every one who detested hypocrisy, and loved to see it exposed and punished. In truth, short as the period was since that exposure, Solomon was both surprised and mortified at the number of clients and friends who deserted him.

He was meditating over these things then that morning, when Widow Lenehan, of whom mention has already been made, a religious woman, and notwithstanding her name, a member of the congregation to which he belonged, entered his office, accompanied by her brother.

"Ah, Mrs. Lenehan, how do you do? and my friend Palmer, I hope I see you well!"

"Pretty well, Mr. M'Slime; as well as these hard times will let us."

"Hard times! true, my friend; hard times they are indeed; very hard—yea, even as a crushing rock to some who are severely tried. But affliction is good, my friends, and if it be for our soul's health, then, indeed, it *is* good to be afflicted."

To this, neither Mrs. Lenehan, nor her brother made any reply; and Solomon was left to console himself with a holy groan or two—given in that peculiar

style which hypocrisy only can accomplish, but which is altogether out of the sphere, and beyond the capacity of true repentance.

"Mr. M'Slime," said Palmer, "my sister has at present"—which was the fact—although Solomon did not believe it—"a more advantageous opportunity of investing those eight hundred pounds which the poor woman has scraped together, and she wishes to draw them out of the funds without any delay; she wishes to sell out."

"Of course," said Solomon; "and, indeed, Mrs. Lenehan, I am delighted to hear it. How are you about to have the money invested, ma'am? Only give me the names of the parties, with the nature of the securities, and I shall have the whole matter safely managed with as little delay as may be."

"She wishes first, Mr. M'Slime, to get the money into her own hands," said Palmer, "and, I believe, I may as well state that, as a conscientious Christian woman, she does not feel justified in availing herself any longer of your professional services, Mr. M'Slime."

"Indeed," observed the widow, "I don't see how I could, Mr. M'Slime; I trust I am a Christian woman, as he says, and for a Christian woman to continue *you* as her Attorney, would be, I fear, to

encourage hypocrisy and sin; and I feel that it would not be permitted to me to do so, unless I abused my privileges."

"Heigho," thought Solomon, "here am I punished, as it were, in my own exact phraseology; verily, the measure is returning unto me."

"Well, Mrs. Lenehan, this is part of my individual dispensation—may it be made precious to me! There is a mystery in many things, and there is a mystery in this; a mystery which, I trust, shall yet be cleared up, even so as that I shall indulge in much rejoicing when I look back upon it. Mr. Palmer, you, I trust, are a Christian man, and you, Mrs. Lenehan, a Christian woman. Now, let me ask, did you ever hear that it is possible for an innocent man to be condemned as though he were guilty? Oh! I could argue strongly on this—but that I know *now* is not the hour."

"Well, but to business, Mr. M'Slime; my sister wants the money into her own hands."

"And in her own hands it shall be placed, Mr. Palmer; but this, you are aware, cannot be done for a few days—until, at all events, I go to Dublin."

"When will that be?" asked Palmer.

"About this day week (D. V.) Term commences on to morrow week, but I am generally in town a day or two before."

"Very well then, on this day week we shall be in town too, and will call at your office about ten o'clock."

"The exact hour, my dear friend—and pray be punctual—and my friend Palmer—my *dear* friend, will you confer a great, an important favour on me? and you, Mrs. Lenehan, for you can?"

"What is it," said Palmer.

"When at family worship think of me. If I am, what the world begins to say I am, oh! do not I require, and stand in need of your prayers, and most earnest supplications—yea, Mrs. Lenehan, even that you should wrestle for me—that I may be restored to the fold:—and if I am innocent—*if*—IF—oh! why do I say *if?*" said he, turning up his eyes, and clasping his hands, whilst the tears of hypocrisy actually trickled down his cheeks, "but *it is known*—that precious word *innocence* is known? Peace be with you both!"

Darby on his arrival, found him engaged in writing at his desk, and on casting his eye slightly at the paper, he perceived that he was drawing out a bill of costs.

"Darby, my friend," said Solomon, after the first salutations were over, "when will you enter upon the duties of your new office."

"Plaise God, as soon as Mr. M'Darby laves it—

which will be in a few days, I hope; and how are you, Misther M'Slime?"

"Tried in the furnace of affliction, nine times heated, Darby."

"It's a sad thing to be accused unjustly, Mr. M'Slime," said Darby looking him shrewdly in the face with one eye shut; "but then it's well that this —this—visitation has come upon a man that has thrue religion to support him, as you have, under it."

"Darby, my friend, there are none of us perfect —we all have our frailties—our precious little—ah! yes;—you know, Darby, the just man falleth seven times a day."

Darby started, and despite of all the influence of his new creed exclaimed—"Blessed Saints, seven times! Arra when was this, Mr. M'Slime? Throth, I think, it must be in the ould pagan times long ago, when the people were different from what they are now."

"You see, Darby, that just men, that is the Elect, have their privileges."

"Throth, if to fall seven times a day is the privilege of a just man, I'd never be anything else all my life," replied Darby; "and myself wondhers that there's ere an unjust man alive."

"Darby, I fear that Mr. Lucre has not improved your perception of spiritual things."

"Why, as to that, Mr. M'Slime, if you knew Mr. Lucre's piety as well as I do—however, as you say yourself, Sir, *it's known*, or rather it's unknown, the piety of that gintleman."

"Well, Darby, between you and me, I am just as well satisfied that you did not attach yourself, as I expected you would have done, to *our* congregation; for, to acknowledge a truth, Darby, which I do in all charity, I tell you, my friend, that they are awfully Pharisaical, and wretchedly deficient in a proper sense of Christian justice; I, Darby, am a proof of it. I mentioned to another person before, Darby, that the Christian devotion of an act I did, would occasion considerable risk to my own reputation, and you see it has done so. I shall bear all blame, Darby—all shame, Darby—all *opprobrium*, Darby, sooner than that precious vessel—*hitherto* precious, I should have said—and yet, perhaps, precious still—"

"He is a just man, may be," said Darby.

"He is, I would trust—sooner, I say, than that precious vessel should be broken up as unprofitable."

"I suppose he is one of those vessels, Sir," said Darby, "that don't wish to hould any wather, unless when it's mix—"

"He is, or rather was, a brother Elder, Darby; but then, it mattereth not; I have covered his trans-

gressions with my charity. I permit you to say as much among your friends in the religious world, whenever you hear the name of Solomon M'Slime mentioned. It is also due to myself to say as much."

"I'm afther comin' from Mr. M'Clutchy's, Sir," said Darby, "and he desired me to say that he hopes you'll attend at Mr. M'Loughlin's about two o'clock, and not to fail, as it's to be a busy day wid him. The Sheriff's to be there to put them out."

"I shall not fail, Darby," replied the attorney; "but who comes here, riding at a rapid pace, like a messenger who bringeth good tidings?"

Darby looked out, and at once recognized one of Deaker's grooms, riding at a smart gallop towards Solomon's house.

The latter raised the window as the man approached—

"Well, my friend, what is the matter?"

"Sir, Mr. Deaker wishes to see you above all things; he is just dying, and swears he cannot depart till you come."

"I shall order the car immediately," replied Solomon. "Say I shall not lose a moment."

The man wheeled round his horse, and galloped off at even a greater speed than before.

"Darby, my friend," said he, "I shall attend at

M'Loughlin's without fail. Justice must be rendered, Darby; justice must be rendered to that wretched man and his family."

Darby looked him in the face with a peculiar expression—

"Yes, Sir," said he; "plaise God, justice shall be rendhered, as you say—no doubt of *that*."

He then left the house, and ere he had proceeded a score yards, turned and said—

"Yes, you netarnal villain—you know the justice you and M'Clutchy rendhered *me*—bad luck to you both, I pray, this day! Any how it'll soon come back to yez."

In a few minutes Solomon was on his way, with an anxious expectation that he had been called upon to draw up Deaker's Will.

Val, on reaching his father's, heard from Tom Corbet, with a good deal of surprise, that Solomon had been sent for expressly. A glance, however, at the invalid induced him to suppose that such a message could proceed from nothing but the wild capricious impulses under which he laboured. Much to his surprise also, and indeed to his mortification, he found before him two gentlemen, whom Deaker, who it appears had been conscious of his approaching dissolution, had sent for, with his usual shrewd-

ness, to guard and preserve his loose property from his unfortunate housekeeper on the one hand, and his virtuous son Val, on the other. These gentlemen were his cousins; and indeed we are inclined to think that their presence at that precise period was, considering all things, rather seasonable than otherwise. They had not, however, arrived many minutes before Val, so that when he came, they were still in one of the parlours, waiting for Deaker's permission to see him. A little delay occurred; but the moment Val entered, with his usual privilege he proceeded straight to the sick room, whilst at the same moment a message came to say, that the other gentlemen "might come up and be d—d." The consequence was, that the three entered the room nearly together. Great was their surprise, however—at least of two of them—their disgust, their abhorrence, on seeing, as they approached, his bed-room, a female—young, certainly, and handsome—wrapped in a night-dress—her naked feet slippered, her face flushed, and her gait tottering, escaping, as it were, out of it.

On passing them, which it was necessary she should do, she did not seem ashamed, but turned her eyes on them with an expression of maudlin resentment, that distorted her handsome but besotted features, into something that was calculated to shock

those who looked upon her. There she passed, a licentious homily upon an ill spent life—upon a life of open, steady, and undeviating profligacy; there she passed the meritricious angel of his death-bed, actually chased by the presence of men from the delirious depravity of his dying pollutions!

"There is no necessity, gentlemen," said Val, "for my making an apology for this shocking sight—you all know the life, in this respect, that my unfortunate father led."*

"In any case it is unprecedented," replied one of them; "but if he be so near death, as we apprehend, it is utterly unaccountable—it is awful." They then entered.

Deaker was lying a little raised, with an Orange silk night-cap on his head, embellished with a figure of King William on horse-back. Three or four Orange pocket-handkerchiefs, each, owing to the excellent taste of the designer, with a similar decoration of his Majesty in the centre, lay about the bed, and upon a little table that stood near his head. There was no apothecary's bottles visible, for it is well known that whatever may have been the cause of Deaker's death, he died not of any malady known in the Pharmacopeia. In truth, he died simply of an

* This, like most other scenes in the present work, is no fiction.

over-wrought effort at reviving his departed energies, joined to a most loyal, but indomitable habit of drinking the Glorious Memory in brandy.

"Well, Vulture," said he on seeing Val, "do you smell the death-damp yet, that you're here? Is the putrefaction of my filthy old carcase on the wind yet? Here, Lanty, you imp," he said, turning his eyes on that ripe youth as he brought in a large jug of the "Boyne"—in other words of St. Patrick's Well water—"I say you—you clip, do you smell the putrefaction of my filthy old carcase yet? eh?"

"Begad, Sir, it's not the pleasantest smell in the world at the present time; and there's a pair of big, black, thievish lookin', ould Ravens, sittin' for the last two or three days upon the black beech, as if they had a suspicion of something. Tom Corbet and I, have fired above a dozen shots at them, and blazes to the father we can take out o' them. So far from that, they sit there laughin' at us. Be me sowl, it's truth, gentlemen."

"Begone, Sirra," said Val, "how dare you use such language as this to your master? Leave the room."

Lanty rubbed his hair with his middle finger and went reluctantly out.

"Ah," said Deaker, "I'm glad to see you here, Dick Bredin—and you Jack—stay here till I'm in

the dirt, and you'll find I have not forgotton either of you.—As for the Vulture there, he is very well able to take care of himself—he is—oh, a d—d rogue!"

Deaker's face, was such a one as, perhaps, was never witnessed on a similar occasion, if there ever were a similar occasion. It presented the cadaverous aspect of the grave, lit up into the repulsive and unnatural animation that resulted from intoxication, and the feeble expiring leer of a worse passion. There was a dead, but turbid glare in his eye; half of ice, and half of fire, as it were, which, when taken in connexion with his past life, was perfectly dreadful and appalling. If it was not the ruling passion strong in death, it was the ruling passion struggling for a divided empire with that political Protestantism which regulated his life, but failed to control his morals.

"Here," said he, "mix me some brandy and water, or—stop, ring the bell, Dick Bredin."

Bredin rang the bell accordingly, and in a minute or so Lanty came in.

"Here, you imp, do your duty."

Haven't you enough, Sir? more, I think, will do you harm."

"Go to h—l, you young imp of perdition, do your duty, I say."

Lanty here mixed him some brandy and water, and then held it to his lips.

"Here," said he, "here is the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory! hip, (hiccup) oh—ay—hip, hip, hurrah! Now, Lanty, you clip, that's one part of my duty done."

"It is, Sir," replied Lanty; "you always did your duty, Square."

"Ay, but there's more to come—lay me back now, Lanty; lay me back till I whistle the Boyne Water."

Lanty accordingly laid him back a little, and he immediately commenced an attempt to whistle that celebrated air, by way of consolation on his death-bed.

"He's not always settled, gentlemen," said Lanty, "and I see that one of his wandering fits is comin' on him now."

"What is the reason," said Captain Bredin—for such was the rank of the person he called Dick—"why is it that there is not a physician in attendance?"

"He would not let one of the thieves near him," replied Lanty, "for fraid they'd kill him."

"That is true," observed Val; "he always entertained a strong antipathy against them, and would consult none."

"Did Solomon M'Slime come?" he inquired.

"Here's a foot on the stairs," said Lanty, "may be it's he—" and Lanty was right, for he had scarcely spoken when the worthy attorney entered.

"Solomon, you sleek, hypocritical rascal," said he, "I did not forget you; read that paper; you will find at the bottom of it these words, on one side, 'sworn before me, this'—no matter about the day—signed 'Randal Deaker;' and, on the other, 'Susanna Barnet.' Solomon, I could not die happily without this hit at you. Your hypocrisy is known, —ha, ha, ha! Come, d—n me; *I* never lived a hypocrite, and I won't die one. Lanty, you imp, the brandy."

"I'll only give him a little," said the lad, looking and nodding at them."

"Come, then, 'the Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory!'—hip—ah, lay me down—hi-p-p-p!"

He now closed his eyes for some time, and it was observed that strange and fearful changes came over his face. Sometimes he laughed, and sometimes he groaned, and, indeed, no words could express the indescribable horror which fell upon those present, or, at least, upon most of them, as the stillness of the room was from time to time broken by the word—"*damnation*"—pronounced in the low and hollow voice of approaching death.

Solomon, who had already glanced at the affiliating affidavit made by Susanna, was the first to break the silence.

"In truth, my friends," said he, "I fear it is not good to be here; and were it not that I am anxious to witness what is rarely seen, a reprobate and blasphemous death-bed, I would depart even now."

After some time Deaker called out—"Help me up, Lanty; here, help me up, you whelp."

Lanty immediately did so, and aided him to sit nearly upright in the bed.

"The tumbler, Lanty—Lanty, my lad, '*let us eat, drink, and be mer—ry, for to-mor—row we die;*' here's the glor—, pio—, and immor—l, memo—, hi–p, hi–p–p! And now I swore th—at I wo—uld die whistling it, and by that oath I will." He then looked around, and seemed to recover himself a little. "Ay," he continued, "I'll do it, if I don't I'll be d——d! lay me down, you imp of hell; there, that will do."

He then gathered his mouth and lips, as those do who whistle, and at the moment a long rattle of death was heard in his throat, then a shrill, feeble sound, like that of the wind through reeds, melancholy and wailing, issued from his white and gathered lips, and then was a silence.

For some minutes it was not broken, at length

M'Clutchy went over, and on looking into his face, and feeling his pulse and heart, he announced the fact of his death.

"Well," said Lanty, "he kept his word, at all events; he swore many a fearful oath that he would die whistling the Boyne Wather, and he did: but, be me soul, he didn't die drinkin' it, as he thought. I must go and let them know in the house that he's gone."

"And bring my car to the door," said Solomon, "as quickly as you can. Well," he proceeded, "the man is now gone, and, indeed, my friends, I fear that Satan is not at this moment without a companion, if he is on his way to his own dominions."

Deaker's features at that moment presented the most extraordinary appearance. As he lay, there appeared evident upon them the somewhat comic set, which was occasioned by his attempt to whistle the Boyne Water. He had but one tooth in front, which now projected a little; and, as he always whistled with his mouth twisted somewhat to the one side, it would be difficult to witness such a striking sight. But, when to this we add the recollection of his life and habits, and mention the fact that the very act of whistling the Boyne Water brought forward in his face all the gross characteristics of his licentious passions, we may fairly admit that the face and features very

faithfully represented the life and principles of the man who owned them.

Lanty, who had gone to acquaint the servants with his death, and to get round Solomon's car, now came in with a pale face ;—

"Gentlemen," said he, "as sure as life's in me, the two black thievish ravens that sot on the black beech tree these two days past, is off; hell resave the feather o' them's there—it's truth! The moment the breath was out of his body they made back to where they came from; they got what they wanted, you see, and it stands to raison, or what 'ud keep them watchin' there these three days. As for myself, be me sowl the first thing I'll do will be to make a severe station to St. Patrick's Well to get the *grain* o' the sin off o' me that has been committed in this house."

Val, for years, knew his father's disposition too well, to form any expectations whatsoever from him, and, indeed, it is but just to say that old Deaker took care not to allow him an opportunity of falling into a single misconception on the subject. As a natural consequence Val hated him, and would have come long before to an open rupture with him, were it not that he feared to make him his enemy. He also thought it possible that Deaker out of respect for his villany, might in some capricious

moment have thought of rewarding it; and so probably he might have done, were it not for two traits in his character which his worthy father especially detested—viz., cowardice and hypocrisy.

Val, on his return home, found fewer carts than he had caculated upon even among his blood-hounds. Orangemen in the social and civil duties of life, are sterling and excellent men in general. It is only when brought together for the discharge of political duties, by such miscreants as M'Clutchy, or when met in their Lodges under the united influence of liquor and mad prejudices; or when banded together in fairs and markets under the same stimulants, and probably provoked and dared by masses of less open, and more treacherous opponents; it is only then, we say that their most licentious outrages were committed. Meet the Orangeman, however, in his field, or in his house and he will aid and assist you in your struggles or difficulties, as far as he can; no matter how widely you may differ from him in creed.

The fact was, that on understanding the nature of the duty Val expected from them—and which the reader may perceive was not an official one—most of them absolutely refused to come. M'Loughlin they said had given extensive employment, and

circulated large sums of money annually in the neighbourhood, and they did not see why an Absentee landlord, or his Agent, should wish to throw so many hands out of employment, and to ruin so many families. They weren't on duty now, which was a different thing; but they had their own opinions on this subject—they knew Captain Phil's conduct—and d—n them, if M'Loughlin was a Papish twenty times over, if they'd lend a hand in any sense to carry away his furniture. It was all well enough when they were drunk or on duty; but they weren't drunk or on duty now.

Three or four cars and carts were all that Val found at home on his arrival there—a circumstance which, added to his recent disappointment touching Deaker—from whom he had, in fact, to the last cherished secret expectations—inflamed his resentment against M'Loughlin almost beyond all conception.

On leaving Constitution Cottage for M'Loughlin's, he was not a little surprised to see worthy Phil walking backward and forward on the lawn, accompanied by no less a personage than our friend Raymond-na-hattha.

"Ah," said he to Phil, looking at him and Raymond, "there's a pair of you."

"Never mind, old fellow," said Phil with a grin,

"you don't know what's ahead—a pretty bit of goods; begad, father, Raymond's a jewel:—ah, you don't know her, but I do—hip, hip, old cock."

"Phil," said Val, "you have been at the brandy; I see it in your eye, and I hear it in your speech."

"Well," said Phil, "I have, and what then—that's the chat; who's afraid, M'Clutchy?"

"Phil, Phil,'" said the father, "this won't do."

"I say it will do, and it must do," returned the son—but harkee, old cock, is Deaker the precious d——d yet?"

"If ever man was," replied his father—"and not a penny to either of us, Phil; not as much as would jingle on his own lying tombstone, and a lying one it will be, no doubt. Did you get the affidavits prepared?"

"I did, but curse the rascals, I was obliged to make them drunk before they would consent to swear them. The truth is, I put in a lot of stuff out of my own head," said Phil, "and they refused to swear to it until I made them blind."

"You must have made devilish stretches when *they* refused," said the father, "where are they now?"

"Locked up in the stable loft, fast asleep," replied Phil, "and ready to swear."

"It is well," said Val, "that we have affidavits and

information enough for his arrest, independent of theirs. Go in, Phil, and keep yourself steady—Easel must be my own concern, I see that; he shall be arrested this day; I have every thing prepared for it."

"Very well," said Phil; "with all my heart—I have better game in view," and he knowingly rubbed his finger along his nose as he spoke.

"If you were sober," said Val, "I could have wished you to witness the full glut of my vengeance upon M'Loughlin, in as much, my excellent son, as it was on your account I received the insult, the injury—why, by h——n, he trampled upon me!—that shall never be forgiven, but which will this day, Phil, meet the vengeance that has been hoarded up *here*—" and, as he spoke, he placed his hand upon his heart. "The sheriff," he added, "and his officers are there by this time—for I do assure you, Phil, I will make short work of it. As for those ungrateful scoundrels that refused to send their cars and carts, I know how to deal with them; and yet, the rascals, as matters now stand between Hartley and us, I can't afford to turn them out of the corps."

"Go ahead, I say," replied Phil; "I have better game on hands than your confounded corps, or your confounded popish M'Loughlins."

Raymond who walked, *pari passu*, along with him,

looked at him from time to time, and, as he did, it might be observed that his eyes flashed actual fire—sometimes with an appearance of terrible indignation, and sometimes with that of exultation and delight.

Val now proceeded to execute his great mission of vengeance. As he went along his heart literally beat with a sense of satanic triumph and delight; his spirit became exhilarated, and all his faculties moved in a wild tumult of delirious enjoyment. He was at best but a slow horseman, but on this occasion he dashed onward with an unconscious speed that was quite unusual to him. At length he reached M'Loughlin's, whither the carts had been sent, immediately on his return from Deaker's. All there seemed very quiet and orderly; the usual appearance of business and bustle was not of course visible, for thanks to his own malignant ingenuity and implacable resentment, there were many families in the neighbourhood not only thrown out of employment, but in a state of actual destitution. Having knocked at the hall door, it was instantly opened by one of his own retainers, and without either preface or apology he entered the parlour. There was none there but M'Loughlin himself, Gordon Harvey, the excellent fellow of whom we have already spoken, and whom M'Loughlin, in

consequence of his manly and humane character, had treated with kindness and respect—and Solomon M'Slime who had arrived only a few minutes before him.

"Gentlemen," said M'Loughlin, "what have I done, that I am to thank you both for your kindness, in honouring a ruined man with this unusual visit."

Val gave him a long, fixed, and triumphant look, —such a look as a savage gives his worst enemy, when he gets him beneath his knee, and brandishes his war-knife, before plunging it in his throat.

"Indeed, my good neighbour," replied Solomon, seeing that Val did not speak, "I believe it is a matter of conscience on the part of my friend M'Clutchy here, who is about to exhibit towards you and your family a just specimen of Christian retribution. In my view of the matter, however, he is merely the instrument; for I am one, Mr. M'Loughlin, who believe, that in whatever we do here, we are only working out purposes that are shaped above."

"What! when we rob the poor, oppress the distressed, strive to blacken the character of an innocent girl, or blast the credit of an industrious man, and bring him and his to ruin? Do you mean to say, that the scoundrel"—he looked at Val as he

uttered the last word—"the scoundrel who does this, and ten times more than this, is working out the purposes of God? If you do, sir," he continued, "carry your blasphemy elsewhere, for I tell you that you shall not utter it under this roof."

"This roof," said Val, "in two hours hence shall be no longer yours."

"I thought you pledged yourself solemnly that you would not take any hasty steps, in consequence of my embarrassments," said M'Loughlin; "but you see that I understand your character thoroughly. You are still the same treacherous and cowardly scoundrel that you ever were, and that you ever will be."

"This roof," replied Val, "in an hour or two shall be no longer yours. You and yours shall be this night roofless, homeless, houseless. This, Brian M'Loughlin, is the day of my vengeance and of my triumph. Out you go, Sir, without consideration, without pity, without mercy—aye, mercy, for now you are *at* my mercy, and shall *not* find it."

"But my wife is ill of fever," said M'Loughlin, "and surely you are at all events an Irishman, and will not drag her from her sick bed—perhaps her bed of death?

"That act of kindness to her would be kindness

to you and your family, Mr. M'Loughlin, and for that reason she shall go out, if she were to expire on the moment. No; this is the day of my vengeance and my triumph. Harvey," he added, "tell Jack Stuart to come to me."

Harvey went out, and in a minute or two Stuart came in; a heavy faced, sullen looking villain, who strongly resembled Val himself in character, for he was equally cowardly and ferocious. Val met him in the hall—

"Stuart," said he, "I have sent up three or four fellows—the two Boyds and the two Carsons—to arrest a fellow named Easel—a spy, or something of that kind—with orders to lodge him in goal; go up and tell them to bring him here first. I have my reasons for it; he has taken an interest in this M'Loughlin, and I wish him to witness his punishment."

"Hadn't you betther put the rascal in the stocks, or give an ordher for it, till it's your honour's convenience to see him?"

"No, no, desire them to bring him here immediately—go now, and do not lose a moment."

On entering the parlour again he rubbed his hands with perfect delight.

"Ay," said he, "this day, M'Loughlin, I have long looked for; *this* day, THIS DAY, ha, ha, ha!"

"M'Clutchy," said M'Loughlin, "I always knew you were a bad and black hearted man; but that you were such a perfect devil I never knew till now. What, to drag out my sick wife!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Consider that her removal now will occasion her death."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"You will not do it; you *could not* do it. Would you kill her?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! M'Loughlin, this is the day of my vengeance, and my triumph. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Friend, M'Clutchy," said Solomon, "permit me for one moment to remonstrate—"

"Permit the devil, Sir," said Val, stamping on the floor with fury; "romonstrate! Don't you know that I have this fellow safely in my power?"

"I do," replied Solomon, "and my remonstrance would have been, had you heard me, simply and humbly to suggest that you might do the thing —this vengeance that you speak of—in an edifying manner—or, in other words, in a mild and Christian spirit."

"Solomon, you are after all but a poor devil," said Val; "a poor pitiful scoundrel, that can't

understand what full, deep-seated, and lasting vengeance means. You are only fit to sneak, and peep, and skulk about after a sly, prim, sweet-faced—but I am losing my breath to speak to you. Gordon, is the Inventory taken?"

"It is, Sir; Montgomery has it."

"That's well, here are the carts then—ay, and here comes the Sheriff.—Now for business."

"So, then, you *will* proceed, Mr. M'Clutchy?" said M'Loughlin.

"Proceed," he replied, looking at him, as it were, with amazement; "proceed—ha, ha, ha!"

"Truly that is unchristian mirth," observed Solomon; "I must say as much—even although your cause be a just cause, and one supported by the laws—by our blessed laws, that protect the rights of the tenant and landlord with equal justice and impartiality; for it *is* a glorious privilege to live under a constitution that protects the tenant from the malignity and oppression of the landlord or *his agents*. It is that," said Solomon; "oh, it is that precious thing, indeed."

As he spoke the words there was a slight upraising of the eyes, together with a side glance at M'Clutchy, which, though barely perceptible, contained as much sanctified venom as could well be expressed.

He had scarcely concluded, when the Sheriff, having pulled up his gig, entered.

Val, notwithstanding his excessive thirst for vengeance, could not avoid feeling the deepest possible mortification since his arrival at M'Loughlin's. There was observable in this honest fellow's bearing something that vexed his oppressor sorely, and which consisted in a kind of easy, imperturbable serenity, that no threat could disturb or ruffle. Nay, there appeared a kind of lurking good humoured defiance in his eye, which, joined to the irony of his manner, aggravated the resentment of M'Clutchy to the highest pitch.

"This is an unpleasant visit, Mr. Graham," said M'Loughlin, when that official entered; "but it can't be helped."

"It is unpleasant to both of us, I assure you," replied the Sheriff; "on my part, of course, you know it is an act of duty, and, indeed, a very painful one, Mr. M'Loughlin."

"I have experienced your civility, Sir, before now," returned M'Loughlin, "thanks to my friends," and he eyed M'Clutchy; "and I know you to be incapable of an ungentlemanly act. But you must feel it a distressing thing to be made, in the dis-

charge of that duty, the unwilling instrument of oppression on the unfortunate."

"It is quite true," said the Sheriff, "and the case you speak of, too frequently happens, as I have reason to know."

"Pray, what are those carts for, Mr. M'Clutchy?" asked M'Loughlin.

"To remove your furniture, Sir, and all your other moveable property off the premises. I act in this matter by the authority of the Law, and Lord Cumber's instructions."

"Dear me," said M'Loughlin, coolly, "why you are very harsh, Mr. M'Clutchy; you might show a little forbearance, my good neighbour. Upon what authority, though, do you remove the furniture? because I did believe that the tenant was usually allowed fourteen days to pay up, before the process of an auction, and even that, you know, must take place *on* the premises, and not *off* them."

"There has been an affidavit made, that you intend to remove suddenly, that is, to make what is called a moonlight flitting, Mr. M'Loughlin, and upon that affidavit I proceed. As I said, I have the Law with me, my good neighbour."

"Pray where did you pick up the honest man

who was able to swear to my intentions? he surely must be a clever fellow that can make affidavit as to another man's thoughts—eh, Mr. M'Clutchy?"

Val's glances at the man from time to time, were baleful; but, with his usual tact and plausibility, he restrained his temper before the Sheriff, lest that gentleman might imagine that he acted from any other principle than a sense of duty.

Harvey, who heard M'Clutchy's determination with deep regret, now happening to look out of the window, observed a group of persons approaching—one of the said group hard and fast in the grip of two of Val's constables; whilst at the same time, it was quite evident, that, despite the ignominy of the arrest, mirth was the predominant feeling among them, excepting only the constables. On approaching the house, they were soon known, and Val, to his manifest delight, recognized Mr. Easel as a prisoner, accompanied by Messrs. Hickman and Hartley, both of whom seemed to enjoy Easel's position between the two constables, as a very excellent subject for mirth.

"Mr. M'Clutchy," said M'Loughlin, "whether is it you or I that is about to hold a little levee in my humble parlour to-day? But I suppose I need not ask. Consider yourself at home here, my good

neighbour—you are now up, and I am down; so we must only allow you to have your way."

Just then the parlour door once more opened, and the party already alluded to entered. Very distant and very polite were the salutations that passed from M'Clutchy to the party in question, which the party in question received, on the other hand, with a degree of good humour and cordiality that surprised and astounded our Agent. Val, to tell the truth, felt rather queer; for on comparing M'Loughlin's *nonchalance* with the significant good humour of the new comers, he was too shrewd not to feel that there was a bit of mystery somewhere, but in what quarter he could not possibly guess.

"Gentlemen," said he, falling back upon his humanity, "the duties of an Agent are often painful, but still they must be discharged. Lord Cumber, I must confess, has not been well advised, to force me to these proceedings. Mr. M'Loughlin, I acknowledge I lost temper a while ago—but the fact really is, that I proceed in this matter with great reluctance, notwithstanding what I said. Here, however," he added, turning to Easel, "is a horse of a different colour."

On speaking, he put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out the Hue and Cry of a certain

date, read a description, and, as he advanced, he turned his eye with singular sagacity and satisfaction upon the person and features of poor Easel.

"Browbeater was right," said he; "you are here at full length in the Hue and Cry,—middle size—of rather plausible carriage—brown hair—hazle eyes —and a very knowing look—the upper lip a good deal curled; which I see is the case; known to be in the possession of more money than ought to belong to a person in your condition—and lastly, before you came here you were hawking high treason in the King's County, in the character of a ballad-singer and vagabond. You have expended sums of money among the poor of this neighbourhood, with no good intention towards the government; and the consequence is that Whiteboyism has increased rapidly since you came amongst us."

"But on what authority do you arrest me now?"

"I might arrest you at any time on suspicion; but here are affidavits, in which it is sworn that you are believed to be a popish spy and treasonable agent; and besides I have instructions from the Castle to take you."

"But what am I to do?" asked Easel,—"I am a stranger, and known here by nobody. This, certainly, is not a very Irish reception, I must say,

nor is it very creditable to the hospitality of the country. You were civil enough to me when you expected me to become an Orangeman."

"Ah," replied Val, "that's a proof of your ability; you over-reached me then, which is what few could have done. No—none but a master-hand like you could do it. Mr. M'Loughlin," he proceeded, "would you allow me a separate room for a few minutes? I am anxious to put some questions to this mischievous vagabond privately."

"With all my heart," replied the other; "go into the dining-room."

"Now, you scoundrel," said Val, "that you may labour under no mistake, I think it fair to tell you that Browbeater and I know every thing about you, and all the Protean shapes you have gone through for the last three years, in different parts of the kingdom. Now listen to me, you d——d impostor; listen to me, I say—you have it in your power to become a useful man to the present government. They have revived the Spy system, and there is no doubt from your acquaintance with the designs and proceedings of Whiteboyism and of Popery in general, that you can afford very important information on the subject; if you can, your bread is baked for life. You know not the large, the incre-

dibly large Staff of Spies that we have at work, and believe me, when I tell you, that if you make the proper disclosures *to me*, I shall recommend you in the strongest terms to Browbeater, who will have you placed high upon the list of Informers—a respectable class of men, let me tell you, and extremely *useful*—so that you will be well and liberally paid for your treachery, I mean that treachery which has *amor patriæ* to justify it. We will not attempt to control your genius in any way; you can take to ballad singing again, if you like, or any other patriotic line of serving the government which you choose. Having premised thus much, allow me now to ask you your real name."

"For the present I must decline answering that question."

"Very proper—I see you know your business; and it is not my wish that you should say any thing to criminate yourself—certainly not. But in the mean time, that you may see I am not at all in the dark, I tell you that your name is Larry O'Trap, a decent journeyman carpenter by trade; but as much a painter as I am a parson."

"I won't submit to a private examination," replied Easel; "examine me publicly—that is, before the gentlemen in the next room, and I will answer you

to better purpose perhaps; but I hate this hole and corner work."

"You will give no information, then?"

"I don't exactly say that—it is probable I may."

"Think of it, then," said Val, "and let me tell you, there is little time to be lost. I shall speak to you once again before I commit you—that is, after I shall have punished this villain M'Loughlin, whom I hate as I hate hell; and mark me, you scoundrel, and reflect on this,—I am a man who never yet forgave an injury; therefore don't make *me* your enemy. This M'Loughlin insulted me some years ago in Castle Cumber, and it is *that* insult that I am this day revenging upon his head — so think of my words."

"I shall think of them; I shall never forget them."

"Keep this fellow in close custody," said Val to the constables, as they re-entered the parlour—until the business of the day is over. Mr. Sheriff, it is time now that you should do your duty."

"I countermand that order," said Easel.

"You see, Mr. M'Clutchy," said the Sheriff, smiling, "that here is a countermand."

"Here is your rent in full, Mr. M'Clutchy," said M'Loughlin; "and lest notes might not prove satis-

factory, as they never do to *you*, there it is in gold. You will find it right."

"Well, really I am glad of this," said Val; "it would have been painful to me to have gone to extremities. Still there is the Ejectment to take place, as the Leases have expired: but that, my good neighbour, will be merely a form. Of course you will be permitted to go in again as caretakers; but in the meantime we must get the furniture out, and receive possession in the proper way. I was angry, Mr. M'Loughlin, a while ago, as I said, and spoke hastily—for indeed I am rather warm when promoting Lord Cumber's interests; God forgive him in the mean time, for the disagreeable duties he too frequently puts me to—duties for which *I* am certain to incur the censure."

"I countermand the order," repeated Easel, with a singular smile on his face; "and I desire you, Mr. M'Loughlin, to withhold your rent."

"You!" exclaimed Val, looking at him.

"Yes *I*," he replied, walking over, and looking him sternly in the face.

"If it were worth while to ask your name, I would—but I believe I know it already."

"Perhaps not."

"Well, perhaps not; and pray what may it be?"

"I will tell you, Sir," replied Hartley. "This gentleman is—"

"Larry O'Trap, a Spy and Whiteboy Agent," said Val, looking into the Hue and Cry, and again surveying Easel. "He is imposing on you, Mr. Hartley."

"This gentleman, Sir," proceeded Hartley, "is the Honourable Richard Topertoe, brother to the Right Honourable Lord Cumber—"

"And who has the honour to present you with this communication from that nobleman," said Mr. Topertoe, "which contains your Dismissal from his Agency; and this to you, Mr. M'Slime, which also contains *your* Dismissal as his Law Agent. The authority of each of you from this moment ceases; and yours, my sterling, excellent, and honourable friend, from this moment re-commences," said he, turning to Mr. Hickman. "This letter contains your re-appointment to the situation which you so honourably scorned to hold, when you found it necessary, as his Agent, to oppress the people. Will you be good enough, Mr. M'Loughlin, to call in Mr. Harman and those other people? You shall not be left in the dark, Sir, he proceeded, as to the extent of our knowledge of your dishonesty, treachery, and persecution.

"Truly, my friend M'Clutchy, it is our duty now to act a Christian part here. This dispensation may be ultimately for our good, if we receive it in a proper spirit. May He grant it!"

M'Clutchy's face became the colour of lead on perusing his dismissal, which was brief, stern, and peremptory—or as the phrase goes—short, sharp, and decisive. It was written by Lord Cumber's own hand, and to give it all due authenticity, had his Seal formally attached at the bottom.

Harman now entered accompanied by Darby, Poll Doolin, and a number of those persons among the tenantry, whom M'Clutchy had robbed and persecuted. On looking at them, after having twice perused the letter of dismissal, his hands and knees trembled as if he were about to fall, and on attempting to fold the letter, it was visible to all that he could scarcely accomplish it.

"Now," proceeded Mr. Topertoe, "I may as well inform you that I have made myself thoroughly and most intimately acquainted with your conduct in all its revolting phases; I have read and transmitted to my brother two letters which passed between you and this pious gentleman, Mr. M'Slime, here, upon the subject of Messrs. M'Loughlin and Harman's property—than which, nothing

more flagitious could—in the way of business, or in the performance of any public duty—enter the heart of man. Just heaven! a poor creature, perhaps prompted by the cravings of hunger, will steal some paltry matter, not worth half a crown—perhaps a pocket handkerchief—and forthwith out comes justice, oh, not Justice, but *Law* in her stead, with sword in hand, and scales most iniquitously balanced; and, lo! the unfortunate wretch is immediately dragged to a prison, and transported for life to a penal colony; whilst at the same time, rapacious villains like you, will plunder by wholesale—will wring the hearts of the poor, first by your tyranny, and afterwards rob them in their very destitution. The unhappy struggling widow, without a husband to defend her, you would oppress, because she is helpless, and your scoundrel son would corrupt her, were she not virtuous. You would intoxicate an aged man that he might, in the unguarded moments of inebriety, surrender a valuable Lease into your keeping. You would not receive your rents, except in gold, for which you made the wretched people pay a ruinous, murderous premium, by selling it out to them from day to day. You—in fact I have now neither time nor patience to enumerate your monstrous corruptions and robberies, although *I know them all*, as you

shall find ere long. There is one act, however, so refined in diabolical depravity, so deeply marked by a spirit of cowardice, revenge, and cruelty, that I might almost question whether in the lowest depths of hell itself, anything so damnably black and satanic, could originate—I allude to the plan which you conceived and got executed by your heartless, cowardly son, aided by that old woman who stands there in your presence, for ruining the stainless reputation of Mr. M'Loughlin's only daughter."

"I can prove that," said Poll, "and here I am ready and willing to do so."

"In this, however, thank God, you have failed," he continued; "yes, in this, and every other act of your villany you have been detected, and shall be exposed and punished before the proper tribunal. It is you, Sir, and such scourges of the poor and industrious classes as you, who goad the unhappy, the destitute, and despairing people into crimes that are disgraceful to the country; it is you, and such as you, who force them, maddened by your cruelty and oppression, to fall back upon revenge, when they cannot find redress or justice in the laws of the land. Unhappily the whole kingdom is studded too thickly with such men, and until property in this unfortunate country is placed upon an equal footing between land-

lord and tenant—until the rights and privileges of him who farms and cultivates the soil, are as well protected and secured by law, as are those of the other party, so long will there be bloodshed and crime. The murderer is justly abhorred, apprehended, and punished as he ought in the sight of God and man to be; but is there no law to reach unprincipled wretches like you, whose grinding rapacity, dishonesty, and inhumanity, furnish him with the motives and incentives to the crime he commits? As for you, gentlemen, and honest men as you are," he proceeded, addressing M'Loughlin and Harman, "you remain, of course, in your farms; you shall have reasonable and fair leases, and, what is more, your credit shall be re-established on as firm a footing as ever. You shall be enabled to resume your business on an ample scale, and that as sure as I am master of two hundred thousand pounds. And now, O'Drive, a word with you:—I have fully discovered your treachery to both M'Clutchy and M'Slime; you were a willing agent in carrying out their hard and heartless excesses. You were, in truth, *a thorough bailiff*, without conscience, feeling, or remorse. In no instance have you ever been known to plead for, or take the part of a poor man; so far from that, I find that you have invited and solicited their confi-

dence only—in case they did not satisfy your petty extortions—that you might betray them to your relentless employer, whilst, under all possible circumstances you fleeced them by threats, and acted the vampire on a small scale. You are no longer a bailiff on this estate, and I have further the satisfaction to assure you, that in consequence of a private interview I had with the new bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Lucre, concerning your appointment to the situation of under gaoler of Castle Cumber, I have succeeded in getting it cancelled; so that you are at liberty to carry your low knavery to the best market you can get for it. In all this, I am authorized by my brother, who, I trust, will soon see the erroneous notions which he entertains upon the subject of property, and his duties as a landlord. You, my dear friend, Mr. Hickman—my friend, I say with pride, and the friend of the poor with still greater pride—you will have the goodness to receive from Mr. M'Clutchy and M'Slime all books and documents, pertaining to the estate, that are in their possession."

"Well, be my sowl," said Darby, who was the first to break the silence that followed these observations; "if you were Lord Cumber himself, instead of his brother, I'd call that same tratement of *me* as purty a piece of ingratitude as ever came acrass me;—me

that gave you most of the information—that sould them both, I may say—an' the letthers too that convicted them, are they forgotten?"

"There is your friend and kindred spirit, Mr. M'Clutchy," replied Mr. Topertoe, "who, only that he never forgives an injury, might get you a secret appointment among the Castle Spies and Informers, with whom, or rather, it would appear, with the gentleman who drills them, he has considerable influence. It is for such a respectable corps that your talents are best adapted."

"Of a truth," said Solomon, "this is a turning of the tables, to use a somewhat vulgar adage. As for me, I know it is good to be purified in the furnace, and scourged with many stripes, as it is a fresh proof that I am cared for."

Up until this moment M'Clutchy had not uttered a single syllable, but, as we have said, he trembled very much, his temples throbbed, and his brow fell. The squint in his left eye became deeper and more guilt-like. The revulsion of feeling, coming upon him so unexpectedly as it did, was dreadful, and the tumult within him quite beyond the power of language to describe.

He merely said, and this with parched lips and slow enunciation—

"Very well, Mr. Topertoe; your wishes touching the giving up of all documents connected with the property shall be duly complied with, as far as *I* am concerned. That is all I choose to say just now."

"And so far as I am concerned," said Solomon, "I can say that mine also shall be rendered up with rejoicing—with rejoicing that I have no further intercourse with a profligate and most unchristian landlord. I feel that in this thing I have cause to be rather thankful than otherwise."

"Now, M'Clutchy," said M'Loughlin, "I could overlook all your dishonesty and treacherous misrepresentation of me to Lord Cumber—your attempt to oust us out of our farms, and to put your son and M'Slime in our places—your suppressing the fact, besides, that we offered a thousand pounds a-piece for a renewal—your whispering away our commercial reputation, and thereby bringing us in the end to ruin—all that, I say, I could overlook and forgive; but for your foul and cowardly attempt to destroy the fair fame of our spotless child—for that, Sir, in which, thank heaven, you failed, I now say, I trust, with honest pride, and tell you face to face—if you had only the manliness to look in mine—that I feel this to be the hour of *my* triumph—but not of my *vengeance*, for I trust I am a Christian man."

"As for me, M'Clutchy," said Harman, "really, on looking over your whole conduct—into which there comes not one single virtue belonging to our better nature—I am so filled with indignation, and a perception of the baseness and blackness of your heart and character, your revenge, your perfidy, and above all, your cowardice, that I can feel nothing for you but a loathing and abhorrence that really sicken me when I think of you."

"What could you expect," observed Poll Doolin, "from the son of Kate Clank and villanous ould Deaker?"

M'Clutchy never raised his eye, but taking up his hat, he and Solomon, followed soon after by Darby, took their departure in silence; Solomon occasionally shrugging his shoulders and throwing up his eyes, like a persecuted man."

"There is now no further use for preserving my incognito," observed Mr. Topertoe, "and as you, Mr. Sheriff, have had your journey for nothing, I shall feel obliged if you will join these gentlemen at the Castle Cumber Arms to dinner, where we can have an opportunity of talking these and other matters over more at our leisure."

"Do not expect *me*, Sir," said Hartley, who felt that the delicacy of his position with regard to Lord

Cumber, rendered it altogether impossible that he could be the guest of a man with whose brother he was likely soon to fight a duel.

"Well," replied Topertoe, "if you cannot come I shall regret it."

"It is really out of my power, I assure you," replied Hartley, as he bade him farewell.

The Sheriff accepted the invitation; and after shaking hands with, and congratulating Messrs. M'Loughlin and Harman, also took his leave. He had scarcely gone, when a magnificent carriage and four dashed up to the door, in which, Topertoe, accompanied by Hickman, took his seat, and again drove off towards Castle Cumber, where the said carriage only had arrived that morning from the metropolis.

Darby was certainly confounded by the unwelcome intelligence respecting the loss of the Gaolership, which was conveyed to him in such an unpleasant manner by Mr. Topertoe. He knew his own powers of wheedling, however, too well, to despair of being able, could he see Lucre, to replace himself as firmly as ever in his good opinion. With this purpose in view, he wended his way to the Glebe House, where he understood the newly made bishop yet was, having made arrangements to proceed the

next morning to Dublin, in order to be consecrated. There was, therefore, no time to be lost, and he accordingly resolved to effect an interview if he could. On arriving, the servant, who was ignorant of the change against him which had been produced in his master's sentiments, instantly admitted him; and the Bishop, who had expected a present of game from his neighbour, Lord Mountmortgage, desired him to be admitted—the servant having only intimated that "the man was come."

"How is this?" said the Prelate, in a loud and angry voice; "how did you get in, Sir?"

"Plaise your Lordship," replied Darby, "I came in by the door, of course—an' that, your Lordship, is generally the right way; for as holy Scripture says," he proceeded, anxious to let his Lordship see how deeply he was imbued with Scriptural truth—"as holy Scripture says, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' Indeed, my Lord, I never *knewn* the consolation that's in Scripture antil lately, glory be to God!"

The Bishop looked at him with an angry and scrutinizing eye; for Darby's deportment, to say truth, puzzled him very much. Whether his con-

duct proceeded from audacity, or sheer simplicity, he felt unable to determine, from any thing that he could see in Darby's imperturbable features.

"What is your business with me now?" asked the Prelate.

"Why, your Lordship," replied Darby, "I've made out a couple of proserlytes, that will be a credit to our blessed Establishment, as soon as they're convarted. One of them, my Lord, is called Barney Butther, an' the other Tom Whiskey, in regard of—"

"Go about your business, Sir," replied the Prelate, reddening with indignation; "begone."

"I will, my Lord; only, my Lord, just before I go—about the Undher Gaolership?"

"Your appointment to it is cancelled," replied the other, "for many reasons; you avoided prosecuting that wild priest."

"But sure I said, my Lord, that when I'd get into my situation—"

"Your appointment to it is cancelled, I repeat; the fact is, O'Drive, I have too much regard for your morals and the advances you have recently made in scriptural knowledge to place you in such a situation. It is only some hardened sinner, some irreclaimable knave, and not an honest man like you, that ought to be appointed to such an office; the nature of its

duties would only draw you into bad habits, and corrupt your principles. The fact is, your very virtues and good qualities prevent you from getting it—for get it, you assuredly *shall not*."

"Is that your last detarmination, my Lord?"

"My last respecting that matter," replied the Prelate.

"Then, upon my conscience," returned Darby, "according to that rule, hell resave the ha'porth of the kind there was to prevent you from bein' a Bishop. I hear you're goin' up to Dublin to be consecrated, and be me sowl, you want it; but I'd take my book oath that all the grace in your church won't be able to consecrate you into thrue religion. The back o' my hand to you, I say; for I hate everything that's ungrateful."

It often happens that a petty insult, coming from an unexpected source, excites our indignation more than an offence from a higher quarter. The new made prelate actually got black in the face, and giddy in the head, with the furious fit of passion which seized him on hearing this language from Darby.

In the mean, time we leave him to cool as best he may, and follow Darby to Castle Cumber, where he thought it probable he might meet Father M'Cabe; nor was he mistaken. He found that very zealous

gentleman superintending the erection of a new chapel on a site given to Father Roche by Mr. Hartley. The priest, who knew that the other had recently avoided him, felt considerably surprized at seeing the bailiff approach him of his own free will.

"Well," said he, in a voice which contained equal parts of irony and anger, "what do you want with me, Mr. Protestant? Ah, what a blessed Protestant you are! and what a hawl they made when they caught you! What do you want, you shuffling scoundrel?"

"Throth, the grace o' God, I fear;" replied Darby, humbly.

"And what brings you to me then? I mean, sirra, what's your business now?"

"Why, Sir, devil a one o' me but's come back to the ould creed. Throth, your Reverence, the impressions you made on me, the day we had the great argument, was wondherful. Be my sowl, it's yourself that can send home the whi—word, your Reverence, in a way that it won't *aisly* be forgotten. How-an-iver, sure hell resave the one o' me, but *threwn* back his dirty religion to Lucre—an' left him an' it—although he offered, if I'd remain wid them, to put Johnny Short out, and make me full gaoler. 'My Lord,' says I, 'thruth's best. I've

heard both sides o' the argument from you and Father M'Cabe; an' be my sowl, if you were a Bishop ten times over, you couldn't hould a candle to him at arguin' Scripture; neither are you the mild and forgiving Christian that he is. 'Sure I know your church well,' says I up to him. 'It's a fat church, no doubt; an' I'll tell you what's in it.'

"'What's that, you backslidin' vagabone?' says he.

"'Why, then, plenty of mait,' says I, 'but no salvation;' an' salvation to me, your Reverence, but he got black over the whole face and chullers wid rank passion. But sure—would your Reverence come a little more this way; I think the men's listenin' to us—but sure," continued Darby, in a low, wheedling, confidential, and very friendly voice, "sure, Sir, he wanted me to prosecute you for the religious instruction—for trath it was nothing else, glory be to God—that you gave me the day of the argument; an'—now listen, your Reverence—he offered me a bribe if I'd do it."

"What bribe?"

"Why, Sir, he put his hand undher his apron—sure he has a black silk apron on him now, jist for all the world like a big man cook, dressed out in murnin'—he put his hand undher his apron, and wid a hitch got it into his breeches pocket—'here's

a fifty pound note for you,' says he, 'if you'll prosecute that wild priest—there's no end to his larnin', says he, 'and I want to punish him for it; so, Darby, here's a fifty pound note, an' it'll be yours when the prosecution's over; and I'll bear all the expenses besides.'"

"And what did you say to that?" asked the priest.

"Throth," replied Darby, "I jist bid him considher his fifty pound note as waste paper—an' that was my answer."

"And there's mine, you lying, hypocritical scoundrel," said the priest, laying his whip across the worthy bailiff's shoulders; "you have been for thirty years in the parish, and no human being ever knew you to go to your duty—you have been a scourge on the poor—you have maligned and betrayed those who placed confidence in you—and, the truth is, not a word ever comes out of your lips can be believed or trusted; when you have the marks of repentance and truth about you, I may listen to you, but not until then—begone!"

"Is that your last detarmination," said Darby.

"No doubt of it," replied the priest; "my last, and I'll stick to it till I see you a different scoundrel from what you are."

"Ay," replied Darby; "then, upon my sowl, you're all of a kidney—all jack fellow like—an' divil resave the dacent creed among you, barrin' the Quakers, and may heaven have a hand in me, but I think I was born to be a Quaker, or, any way, a Methodist. I wish to God I understood praichin'—at aitin' the bacon and fowl I am as good a Methodist as any of them—but, be me sowl, as I don't understand praichin', I'll stick to the Quakers, for when a man praiches there, all he has to do is to say nothing." Having uttered these sentiments in a kind of soliloquy, Darby, after having given the priest a very significant look, took his departure.

"Well," said he to himself, "if the Quakers, bad luck to them, won't take me, I know what I'll do—upon my conscience I'll set up a new religion for myself, and sure I have as good a right to bring out a new religion myself, as many that done so. Who knows but I may have a congregation of my own yet, and troth it may aisily be as respectable as some o' them.* But sure I can't be at a loss, for, plaise God, if all fails, I can go to Oxford, where

* Darby had better success in his speculations than perhaps he ever expected to have. We need not inform the generality of our readers that the sect called Darbyites were founded by him, and have been called after him to the present day, sometimes Darbyites, and sometimes Drivers.

I'm tould there's a manifactory of new religions—the Lord be praised for it!"

On returning home, Val was observed to be silent and morose. The dashing speed of his ride to M'Loughlin's was not usual to him, for his motions were generally slow; it was significant, however, of the greedy spirit which stimulated him to the long wished for glut of his revenge. Not so his return. He walked his horse as if he had been a philosopher on horseback; and when Phil, (now quite tipsy,) who expected to see him return with all the savage triumph of vengeance in his looks, saw that he was dumb, spiritless, and absolutely crest fallen, and who also observed the symptoms we speak of, he began naturally enough to suspect that something had gone wrong. His interrogations, however, were fruitless. Val, on his inquiring the cause of these appearances, told him in a petulant fit of that ill temper which is peculiar to cowards, "to go be hanged;" a compliment which dutiful Phil returned to his worthy father with interest. This was all that passed between them, with the single exception of an observation which fell from Phil's lips as he left the dinner table, late in the evening.

"I tell you what, M'Clutchy, you're a confounded ill-tempered old scoundrel, an–and wha–what's more–

o–o–over to your disgrace, a d——d bad, rotten, and unsound Protestant. How do you ex–expect, Sir, that a Protestant Establishment can be sup–sup—port—ported in this country by such scandalous con–conduct as this? hip, hip, hurra! Instead of–of being an ex-example to your son, it is your–your son, M'Clutchy, that is an example to you, hip, hip, hur—, and so good night to you, I'm-I'm on for a neat bit of business—that's all. Go to bed, you old dog."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVE-YARD—DREAMS OF A BROKEN HEART—THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR AT HIS DUTY—MELANCHOLY MEETING BETWEEN A MOTHER AND HER SON—A DEATH-BED THAT THE GREAT MIGHT ENVY—PHIL EXPERIENCES A SPECIMEN OF THE PRESSURE FROM WITHOUT—RETRIBUTION—THE DEATH OF VALENTINE M'CLUTCHY.

It was now about seven o'clock in the evening; and up from the moment of Val's return, he had scarcely spoken half a dozen words. As Phil was leaving the room, however, the father called after him:—

"Phil," said he, "come here for a minute."

"Well," said Phil, staggering back, "what's in the wind now?"

"Phil," continued the father, "which of all the blood-hounds is the greatest and most remorseless villain?"

"A d——d ni-nice point to decide, when they're on-on duty," replied Phil.

"*If he escapes me*—" said Val in a soliloquy;—"but no matter," he added, speaking aloud; "I'm a fool

for putting such a question to *you*. Go to bed, and sleep yourself sober."

Phil staggered out of the room in a very musical mood, slapping the door after him with a force that made the house shake. He had not gone a hundred yards from the hall door when Raymond appeared in the distance, beckoning him forward; a signal for which he was looking out with that kind of drunken eagerness which is incapable of fore-thought, or any calculation whatsoever that might aid in checking the gross and onward impulses of blind and savage appetite. Phil's instinctive cowardice, however, did not abandon him. In the course of the day he primed and loaded his pistols, in order to be prepared against any of those contingencies which the fears of pusillanimous men never fail to create. On meeting with Raymond, who had been waiting for him outside, at a place previously agreed on between them, he pulled out the fire-arms, and showed them to the fool, with a swaggering air, which, despite of his intoxication, sorely belied what he felt. They then proceeded together by the mountain path, the moon occasionally showing herself by glimpses—for the night, although cloudy, was not dark, but on the contrary, when the clouds passed away, she almost might be said to flash out with singular brilliancy.

We now leave them on their way to the place of appointment, as it had been arranged by Raymond, and beg our readers to accompany us to the churchyard in the mountains, where all that were dear and so devotedly beloved by poor Mary O'Regan slept. This unhappy woman, though closely watched by her friends and neighbours, always contrived, with the ingenuity peculiar to maniacs and insane persons, to escape from time to time from under their surveillance, and make her way to the spot, which, despite the aberrations of reason and intellect, maintained all its sacred and most tender influences over her pure and noble heart. For some time past, moved probably by some unconscious impression of the pastoral attention and kindness of the amiable Father Roche, she had made his house her home; and indeed nothing could exceed the assiduity and care with which she was there watched and tended. Every thing that could be done for her was done; but all sympathy and humanity on their part came too late. Week after week her strength wasted away, in a manner that was painfully perceptible to those who felt an interest in her. Her son Ned was still in the country, but had no fixed residence, and merely remained for the purpose of seeing her freed from all her miseries, and laid in her last unbroken sleep

by those whom she had loved so well. On the evening in question, she appeared to be so feeble and exhausted, that the good priest's family did not for a moment imagine that any particular vigilance was necessary. Between six and seven o'clock, then, she had performed the last of those pilgrimages of the heart which time after time had been made by her to the solitary church-yard in the mountains—containing, as it did, the only humble shrine from whence her bruised and broken spirit could draw that ideal happiness of which God in his mercy had not bereft her.

On arriving at the old ruin she felt so completely enfeebled that a little rest was absolutely necessary, previous to her reaching the graves she came to visit, although they were only a few yards distant from the spot which afforded the poor creature the requisite shelter while recruiting her exhausted powers. At length she arose, and having tottered over to the graves, she sat down, and clasping her hands about her knees, she rocked her body to and fro, as Irish women do, when under the influence of strong grief. She then chaunted a verse or two of an old song, whose melancholy notes were not out of keeping with either the scene or the hour; nor an unsuitable burthen for the wild night breeze which wailed through the adjoining ruins in tones that might

almost be supposed to proceed from the spirit of death itself, as it kept its lonely watch over those who lay beneath.

"I wonder," said she, "that they do not speak to me before this, for they know I'm here. Ah," she proceeded, "there's his voice!—my white-headed Bryan's voice! what is it, darling? I'm listenin'!"

"Come, mother, come," he says, "we are waitin'!"

"Is it for me, *a lanna dhas oge*?"

"Yes," he says, "for you, mother dear, for you!"

"Well, Bryan darlin', I'll come."

"Yes, come," he says, "for we are waitin'!"

"And," she proceeded, "who is this again? ah, sure I needn't ax; Torley, my heart, I'm here!"

"Come, mother dear," he says, "for we are waitin'!"

"Is it for me, my manly son?"

"Yes," he says, "for you, mother—mother dear, for you!"

"Well, Torley darlin', I'll come."

"Yes, come," he says, "for we are waitin'!"

"Ah," she proceeded, "here is my own Hugh, my brave husband, that I fought for, what does *he* say? Whisht!"

"Come, Mary dear—come, the distracted, the lovin', but the heart-broken—come to us, my fair

haired Mary, for we are waitin'; our hearts love you *even in heaven,* and long for you to be with us."

"Husband of my heart, I will come; and *here* sure *I* feel as you all do in heaven—for there is one thing that nothing can kill, and will never die, that is the light that's in a lovin' wife's heart—the light that shines in a mother's love—Hugh, asthore machree, I'll come, for sure I'm jist ready."

"You are not sick now, Bryan," she proceeded; "it isn't the cowld piatee, and the black sickenin' bog wather you have *there!*"

"No, mother dear," he says, "but we want *you;* oh, don't stay away from us, for our hearts long for you."

"I will come, avillish—sure I'm jist ready. Torley," she proceeded, sustaining a dialogue that proceeded, as it were, out of the accumulated affection of a heart whose tenderness shed its light where that of reason failed,—"Torley, my manly son, your young cheek is not pale *now,* nor your eye dim—you don't fear the hard hearted Agent, nor his Blood-hounds, nor the cowld and bitther storm that beat upon your poor head, an' you dyin'—you don't fear them now, my brave boy—you neither feel nor fear any of these things now, Torley, my son!"

"No mother," he says, "all we want now is to

have you wid us.—Our hearts long for you, and why do you stay away from us?—Oh! come mother dear, for we're waitin'!"

"Torley, my manly son, I'll come, for I'm jist ready."

"Hugh, husband of my heart, you're not now lyin' sick upon the damp cowld straw, as you war in the cabin on the mountains—you're head has no pain now, a vick machree—nor is your heart low and sorrowful wid your own illness and our want.—The voices of the Dashers, or Blood-hounds, aren't now in your ears, nor need you be afraid that they will disturb your bed of death—an' distract your poor sowl wid their blasphaimin', when you ought to think of God's mercy.—Oh! no, avillish, sure you feel none of all that now, Hugh dear?"

"Oh, no," he says, "nothing of that do we *feel* now—nothing of that do we *fear*. But come, Mary, oh, come to us, for all we want is to have *you* with us—and we think the time long till we see you again."

These affecting dialogues, or rather "dreams of a broken heart," were literally nothing else than the mere echoes of her own affection; for it was obvious that the love she felt for her husband and children, unconscious as she then was of it, gave form to the

sentiments which her excited imagination had clothed in language that was so highly figurative. For some time she was silent, or muttered to herself such fragments of unconnected language as rose to her fancy—and ultimately laid down her head upon the little grassy mound which constituted their graves. Here she had not lain long, when, overcome by the fatigue of the journey, she closed her eyes, and despite the chilliness of a biting night, sank into an unbroken slumber.

"Sleep on, poor sufferer—and let those whose crimes have placed thy distracted head upon that cold and unnatural pillow, reflect that they have a judge to meet, who will, in another life, not overlook the deeds done in this. Who is there who would, even in this thy most pitiable destitution, exchange thy innocent, but suffering spirit, for M'Clutchy's heart, or the dark crimes with which it festers."

At length she awoke, but whether it was that the keen and piercing air had cooled the pulsation of her beating brain, or that the restoration to reason, which is called when applied to the insane—a lightening before death—had taken place, it is impossible to say with any thing like certainty. At all events, on awakening, the first sensations she experienced were those of surprize and wonder, and immediately

did she feel her mind filled with a train of shocking and fearful reminiscences. Her physical sufferings were also great. She felt benumbed and chilled; her heart was cold, and a shivering sickness ran through her whole frame, with a deadly presage of approaching dissolution. She looked up to the sky, then round her at the graves, and in a moment recognized the burying place of her husband and children. All the circumstances then connected with the Extermination scene at Drum Dhu, and that of the treble death in the mountains, rushed upon her recollection with a force at once vivid and powerful.

"Father of heaven,"* she exclaimed, "I have been driven out of my raison by too much sorrow, and here I am restored to it on the very graves where those that I love sleep!"

She then endeavoured to rise, but found on making the attempt, that she had not strength for it. The consciousness of this, filled her heart with woe almost unutterable.

"Merciful Father," she again exclaimed, "do not—oh, do not suffer me to die on this wild mountain side, far from the face or voice of a human being! There is nothing too powerful for your hand, or beyond your strength or your mercy, to

* The reader is to remember, that she is supposed to give utterance to all her feelings and sentiments in the Irish language.

them that put their humble trust in you. Save me, oh, God, from this frightful and lonely death, and do not let me perish here without the consolations of religion! But if it's thy blessed and holy will to let me do so, then it is my duty to submit! Give me strength, then, to bow to thy will, and to receive with faith and thanksgivin' whatever you choose to bestow upon me! And above all things, O Lord, grant me a repentant heart, and that my bleak and lonely death-bed may have the light of glory upon it! Grant me this, O God, and I will die happy even here; for where your blessed presence is there can be nothing wantin'."

Her piety and faith in the mercy of God were not without their own reward. The last words were scarcely uttered, when Father Roche, accompanied by her son Ned, advanced to the grave on which she sate. He had been absent on a sick call, and would not have been aware of her escape to the mountains were it not for her son, who, having met him on his return, requested permission to see her, only for a few minutes, if not too late. The priest granted him so reasonable a request, and it was on seeking for her that the discovery of her absence took place, the rest of the family having been of opinion that she had gone to bed in the early part of the evening, as was mostly her habit. The priest sus-

pected, from her weak state of health and shattered constitution, that such a journey would most probably prove fatal, and with his usual discrimination he calculated upon the restoration to reason which actually occurred.

"In that case," said he, "the administration of the last rites will console her on her bed of death, and God forbid that she should depart without them! It is my duty that she shall not."

"Poor woman!" said he, as they approached her, "this chilly night will be a severe trial upon her."

"What wouldn't I give, my dear mother,—oh, what wouldn't I give," said Ned, tenderly taking her hand, "to see your senses restored to you?"

"Thank the Almighty, then!" she returned feebly —what!—my darling son Ned! and father Roche! Oh, was I not right in sayin' that there is nothing too powerful for God's strength and love?" she exclaimed; she then kissed her son, who burst into tears, and tenderly embraced her.

"See how unexpectedly he can surround even this cowld death-bed with his mercy."

"Don't say a death-bed, my dear mother, for now that the blight of raison has left you, I hope you'll get new strength."

"I will," she replied, with a feeble but mournful

smile, " I will Ned; but it'll be in heaven with them I love, and that love me. My dear Ned, all my cares are now over—all my afflictions past—I will soon be out of sorrow and out of pain: this heart will suffer no more, and this head will no longer be distracted! Oh, the hopes of heaven, but they're sweet and consolin' on the bed of death!"

" Cherish them, dear Mary," said Father Roche; " for I believe you will soon—very soon indeed—realize them. Her pulse," he added, " is scarcely perceptible, and you hear how very feeble her voice is."

" What are we to do, then?" asked her son; " do you think, my dear mother, that you could bear removal?"

" No—ah, no,"—she replied, " No—I feel that I am going fast—my feet and limbs are like marble, and the cowld is gettin' into my heart."

" Ah, my darling mother," said the son, in tears, " but that was *the warm* and the lovin' heart!"

Father Roche then having put on his stole, went to her side, and, as is usual in all cases of approaching death, where a priest is in attendance, administered to her the last rites of religion. Here in the mountain solitude did he cheer her departing spirit, as he had that of her husband, with the sustaining hopes of a glorious immortality.

" Now," said she, " I know that I die happy; for

here where I couldn't expect it, has the light of God's mercy shone upon me. He has brought my son to my side—he has brought the consolations of religion to my heart, when I was lyin' helpless and alone in this mountain desert. Yes," she said, "I forgive all those who ill-treated both me and mine—and the worst I wish them is, *to pray that God may forgive them, and turn their hearts.* And now, Hugh, I am ready—Torley, my manly son, and my own Bryan, with the fair locks, we'll soon be all united again—and never to part any more—never to part any more! Ned," said she, "kiss me; you are all I now lave behind me out of my fine family; but God's will be done! I need not bid you," she added, "to bury me here, for I know you will—and I wish you would put little Bryan's coffin on mine, in order that my darling child may sleep where I'd have him sleep, until the Resurrection Day—that is, upon his lovin' mother's breast. But what is this?" she asked; "is there a light—a bright light—about me? I feel happy—happy. Oh sure this is the love of God that is to recompense me for all!"

Ned, who had her in his arms, felt her head fall down, and on looking at her, he perceived that she had actually passed away into the happiness of God's love, which, no doubt, diffused its radiance through her spirit that was now made perfect.

"Yes," said Father Roche, wiping his eyes, "a pure and noble spirit has indeed passed from a life of great trial and crushing calamity, into one of glory and Immortality. There is a proof, and a consoling proof, of the lustre which so often irradiates the death-beds of the humble classes in Ireland, who die far from the knowledge and notice of the great, whom their toil probably goes to support."

"Yes," replied Ned, bitterly; "it's an aisy thing for Lord Cumber to know what's either good or bad upon his estate—how the people live, or how they die—very aisy, indeed, for a man who never puts a foot on it, but leaves them to the mercy of such villains as M'Clutchy. Had he been livin' on his property, or looked afther it as he ought to do, I don't think it's lyin' stretched, far from house or habitation, that you would be this night, my blessed mother—my poor father, and your childre cut down by persecution, and yourself widout house or home, runnin' an unhappy deranged crature about the counthry, and now lyin' there widout a roof to cover your poor remains."

"Do not say so," replied Father Roche; "she shall be waked in my house, and buried at my expense."

"If you'll allow her to be waked there, I will thank you, Father Roche; but the expenses of her

burial, I am myself able to pay; and so long as I am, you know, I could not suffer any one else to intherfare; many thanks to you, Sir, in the meantime."

"Well then," said the priest, "as I know and understand the feeling, I shall not press the matter; but since the body cannot be left without protection, I think you had better go down, and fetch a few neighbours with a door, and let her be removed forthwith. I shall remain till you return."

"It's a very hard thing, Father Roche, that you should be put to sich a duty," replied O'Regan; "but the truth is, I wouldn't take all the money in the King's exchequer, and remain here by myself."

"But I have no such fears," said the priest; "I shall stay within the shelter of this old ruin until your return, which will be as quick, I trust, as possible."

O'Regan was about to start off at the top of his speed; and Father Roche began to walk to and fro the old ruin, struck by the pale moonlight, as it fell through the grey stone windows, loop-holes, and breaches of the walls, lighting up some old remnant of human ambition, or perhaps exposing a grinning skull, bleached by time and the elements into that pale white, which is perhaps the most ghastly exponent of death and the dead. At this moment,

however, they were each in no small degree startled by the sound of human voices; and to complete their astonishment, two figures approached the humble grave on which the dead body of Mary O'Regan lay stretched. On turning towards the moon they were both immediately recognized by the priest and O'Regan, who looked on in silence and wonder, and waited to hear, if possible, the object of their visit.

"I say again," said Phil, "I say my jolly ph-foolosopher—eh, foolosopher—that is to say, you deal in foolosophy—an ex-excellent trade for a fool—I say again, you have brought me the wrong way, or misled me somehow—upon my honour and reputation, Rimon, I rather think you're short of sense, my man. Come, I say, let us be off home again—what the devil did you bring me to a church-yard for?—eh?"

"Whisht," said Raymond, "let us see—who have we here? Ah," said he, stooping down and feeling the chill of death upon her features, "it is Mary O'Regan, and she's dead—dead!"

"Dead," exclaimed Phil, starting, "curse you, Rimon, let us be off at full speed, I say—Gad, I'm in a nice pickle; and these pistols are of no use against any confounded ghost."

On hearing that Phil carried pistols, O'Regan started, and had it been daylight, a fierce but exulting fire might have been seen to kindle in his eyes.

"What can have brought them here?" asked Father Roche; "I cannot understand their visit at such an hour to such a place as this."

"A few minutes, Sir, will make all clear, may be."

"And what brought poor Mary here to die, do you know?" inquired Raymond; "no you don't," he replied, "but I will tell you—she came to die near poor White-head that she loved so much, and near Torley, and near poor Hugh himself, that the blood-hounds—"

"Damn my honour, Rimon, if I can stand this any longer—I'm off."

"Hould!" said Raymond, with a shout whose echoes rang through the ruins; "you musn't go till you hear me out," and on uttering the words he gripped him by the arm, and led him over to the dead body.

"I'm goin' to tell you myself," proceeded Raymond; "she came to die here that she might be near *them*—do you undherstand?" and he involuntarily pressed the arm he still held with his huge iron fingers, until Phil told him he could not bear the pain. "She came to die here that she mightn't have

far to go to them; for you don't know, may be, that it's on their grave she is now lyin' :—ha, ha; that's one. DID YOU EVER SEE A MURDHERED WOMAN, CAPTAIN PHIL?"

"Never," replied Phil; who stood passive in his grip.

"Ha, ha, ha," he chuckled, "that's not a good one. Well, but did you ever see a murdherer?"

"Some o' the blood-hounds pinked fellows, I believe, but then they were only rebels and Pap-papishes."

"Ha, ha," still chuckled Raymond, as he confronted himself by degrees with Phil, "I swore it for poor white-head's sake—and for Mary M'Loughlin's sake—an' for twenty sakes besides."

"God! Rimon, what do you mean?" said Phil, "there's a dreadful look in your eyes—Rimon, you-you are an excellent fellow; but tell me what you mean?"

"To show you a murdherer," he replied; "and now I have one by the throat!"

As he spoke, he clutched him by the neck with a grasp that might strangle a tiger. Then, as before in O'Regan's sheeling, all the fury of the savage came upon him; his eyes blazed fearfully—the white froth of passion, or rather of madness, appeared upon

his lips, and his howlings resembled the roaring of some beast of prey, while tearing up its quivering victim in the furious agonies of protracted hunger. In a moment Phil was down, and truly the comparison of the beast of prey, and his struggling victim, is probably the most appropriate that could be made; when we consider the position of the one writhing helplessly upon the ground, and the other howling in all the insatiable wildness of blood-thirsty triumph over him. So hard and desperate indeed was the tug for life, and so deadly was the immediate sense of suffocation becoming, that Phil whose eyes were already blinded, and who was only able to utter a low hoarse gurgle, which sounded like the death rattle in his throat, was utterly unable either to think of, or to use his fire arms. The onset too was so quick, that neither Father Roche, nor O'Regan had time to render assistance.

"Great heaven," exclaimed the priest, "is the young man, bad and wicked as he is, to be murdered before our eyes by that gigantic Idiot!"

He proceeded to the spot just when Raymond was about to repeat in reality, the imaginary scene with the pillow.

"Ho, ho," he shouted, "give us betther measure —a little more of it—the same tongue never was

your own friend, nor the friend of any one else—ha, ha,—ho, ho, ho.—There, that's one—take it out o' that, will you?—whoo, hoo—hello, hach, ach!—This for white-head, and this for Mary M'—"

"What's this, Raymond?" said Father Roche, gently laying his hand upon his huge arm, the muscles of which, now strung into almost superhuman strength, felt as hard as oak. "Stop, Raymond," he proceeded, "would you like that work yourself, my good boy?"

"Father Roche!" said Raymond, relaxing his hold more from surprize than any thing else.

"If you will take your hand from his throat, Raymond, my good boy, I will tell you where you will get a cock that no other bird in the country could have any chance with.—There's a good boy—let him go.—Follow me over here, and leave him."

"A cock that cannot be beat!" exclaimed Raymond, "starting at once to his feet, "no but will you?"

"I will tell you where he is," said the priest, "but do not harm him more," pointing to Phil,—"I only trust in God that it is not too late." He stooped to examine Phil's countenance, and indeed the sight was as strongly calculated to excite mirth as disgust. There he lay, his foul tongue projecting out of his

mouth, which was open and gasped for wind; his huge goggle eyes too had their revolting squint heightened by terror into an expression very like that assumed by a clown when he squints and makes faces at the audience; whilst his whole countenance was nearly black from excess of blood, and the veins about his forehead and temples stood out swollen as if filled with ink.

"Aye, you may look at him," said Raymond—"he is a purty boy now, countin' the stars there. A beauty you were, a beauty you are, and so I leave you!"

"Come over," said Father Roche to O'Regan, "and see if you can render him any assistance. You are stronger."

"Would he know me, do you think?" said O'Regan before he went over.

"At present certainly not," replied Father Roche; "but he is breathing, and in about eight or ten minutes I hope he will probably recover."

O'Regan went over, loosed his cravat, and staid with him a few moments, after which he returned to Raymond and the priest, who were now in the ruin.

"I think he'll be well enough shortly," he observed, "but the truth is, Raymond, that *he* wasn't worth your vengeance. I will now go and fetch

a few of the neighbours to assist in bringing my poor mother down from this lonely spot, that she may at least have a Christian roof over her."

He accordingly departed, and Father Roche in a few minutes had Phil's mind completely disentangled from the train of dark thoughts and affectionate impulses by which it had for some time past been alternately influenced.

"Raymond," said the priest, "how could you think of committing such a frightful act as murder?"

"Ha, ha!" he replied, "sure it was when I thought of Mary M'Loughlin and poor Whitehead."

"And how did it happen that, of all places in the world, you both came here?"

"Becaise Whitehead and the rest are here. Sure he thought he was comin' to a poor creature upon no good, and when he was drunk it was aisey to bring him any where—ha, ha! that's one too—for *I* can manage him."

I thank the Almighty Father," ejaculated the priest, "that I was able to prevent another murder this night—for most assuredly, Raymond, you would have taken his life."

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the fool, with a little of his former ferocity, "sure it was for that I brought him here—aye, aye, nothin' else."

"Well, while you live," continued the old man, "never attempt to have the blood of a fellow creature on your soul. I must go over and see how he feels—I perceive he is able to sit up. Young man," he proceeded, addressing Phil, "I render God thanks that I have been instrumental in saving your life this night."

"That's more than I know," replied this grateful youth; "I neither saw nor heard you, if you were."

"It matters not," replied the other, "let me assist you to rise."

"I can rise myself now," said he, getting up and staggering,—"I'll transport you and that d——d savage, Rimon the Hatter. You are a po-popish priest, and you cannot be he-here at this time of night for much good. Never fear but I'll make you give an account of yourself, my old buck."

The reader is already aware that Phil had been far advanced in intoxication previously; but when we take into account the fearful throttling he received, and the immense rush of blood which must have taken place to the brain, we need not be surprized that he should relapse into the former symptoms of his intoxication, or, in other words, that its influence should be revived in him, in consequence of the treatment he received.

"I think," continued Phil, "that I have got you and Rimon in my power now, and damn my honhonour, may be we won't give you a chase a-across the country that'll put mettle into your heels; hip, hip, hurra! Ay, and may be we won't give big M'—M'Cabe, or M'Flail, a run that will do him good too, hip hip—so good-good night till I see you-you just as you ought to be—knitting your stock-cocking like Biddy O'Doherty; hip!"

He then staggered on homewards, half stupid from the strangulation scene, and very far removed from sobriety, in consequence of the copious libations of brandy he had swallowed in the course of the day and evening.

"Good night, Captain Phil," cried Raymond after him; "when will you come to the hills to meet Bet M'Cracken again?—ha, ha! there now, that's one."

"Poor infatuated young man," exclaimed Father Roche; "if you were not so completely an object of contempt, you would surely be one of compassion. May God in his mercy pity and relieve the unfortunate people whose destinies, domestic comforts, and general happiness, are to such an extent in the keeping of men like you and your wretched father —men who breathe an atmosphere rank with pre-

judices of the worst description, and hot with a spirit of persecution that is as free from just policy, as it is from common sense! When will this mad spirit of discord between Christians—mad, I call it, whether it poison politics, or inflame religion—be banished by mutual charity, and true liberty, from our unhappy country; and when will the rulers of that country learn that most important secret, how to promote the happiness of the people without degradation on the one hand, or insolent triumph on the other!"

O'Regan's return with the neighbours from the lower country, was somewhat, and yet not much, more protracted than Father Roche had expected. Considering every thing, however, there was little time lost, for he had brought about a dozen and a half of the villagers with him. Having reached the cold bed where she lay, and where all her affections had dwelt, they placed her upon a door, and having covered her body with a cloak brought for the purpose, the little solitary procession directed their steps to that humble roof which had been, ever since Father Roche occupied it, a sheltering one to destitution, and poverty, and repentance.

As they began to move away, O'Regan said—

"Excuse me for a few minutes—I wish to go back to the spot where my father and brothers sleep;

that surely is but natural, and I will soon overtake you."

They then proceeded, and he remained at the graves of his relatives. He stood over them in silence for many minutes keeping his face covered with his hands. At length he knelt down and sobbed out aloud.

"Father," said he, "I have fulfilled my oath—Torley, I have fulfilled my oath—Bryan, my sweet and fair haired child—your brother, when none was left to do you justice but myself, has fulfilled his oath.—Listen to me, and rest quiet in your graves. —The oppressor is no more—the scourge of the poor—the persecutor—the robber—that trampled upon all law—that laughed at justice—that gave vent to his bad passions, because he knew that there was neither law nor justice in the country to protect people like you, or to punish himself;—that oppressor—that scourge of the poor—that persecutor—that robber, is this night sent to his account by my hand—for by no other had he such a right to fall.—Sleep quiet and contented in your graves, my father —and Torley, and poor Bryan! As we had no law for us in this country—*I* was his law—I WAS HIS JUSTICE—and so may God prosper me, if there is not a heavy load taken off of my heart by the fate that has come on the villain by my hand!"

He spoke these words in tears and deep sobs, after

which he composed himself, so as that he might appear in his usual mood, that of simple grief, on rejoining his companions.

The morning of the following day, the town and neighbourhood of Castle Cumber, were in a state of extraordinary excitement and tumult.

"Valentine M'Clutchy, Esq.," said the True Blue, "the excellent and humane Agent of the Castle Cumber property, was most barbarously shot dead in his parlour, about ten o'clock on the previous night. By this diabolical act, the poor of that admirably managed property," continued his brother Orangeman, "have lost &c., &c."

But it is really sickening to read these unprincipled vindications of the scoundrels who drive the people into crime and blood-shed by their rack-renting and oppression. It is time that honest men should speak out, and fasten upon these "*scourges of their country*," their proper appellative. To this murder, as to others of a similar character, there never was any clew found; notwithstanding the large rewards that were subscribed by the gentry of the county and by government. Phil was too drunk the evening before, to remember any thing distinctly. His pistols were never found, nor was any other discovery made which could fasten even suspicion on any particular individual.

If Phil, however, were drunk the night before his father's death, he was sober enough the night after it. On that night there was not a hill head on all the Castle Cumber estate which had not its bonfire and its rejoicing—for the re-appointment of Mr. Hickman to the Agency. It might, however, be observed in general—and it is frightful to be forced to record such a state of things—that the tenantry, one and all, appeared to feel a singular complacence of temper on the occasion—a strong sense, as it were, of great relief—a revival of good spirits—a cherishing of rational hope—associated with dreams of domestic comfort, reasonable indulgence, sympathy, and common justice.

Such was the end of Valentine M'Clutchy—and as we have only one other fact in connection with him to record, we may as well record it here. On the morning after his death, his mother, Kate Clank, was found dead on the steps of Castle Cumber gaol, whither, it would seem, she had come, as if from a principle of early recollection, to the spot where she had first drawn her breath in innocence; and who can tell, or will any one dare to say, that she died in guilt, or unforgiven? That is only known to God, by whom she was to be judged.

CHAPTER XXX.

RICHARD TOPERTOE AND HIS BROTHER — LORD CUMBER'S DUEL—SHOT BY HARTLEY—DIES IN THE VINDICATION OF A TYRANNICAL PRINCIPLE—MARRIAGE OF HARMAN AND MARY M'LOUGHLIN — SOLOMON STRUCK OFF THE ROLL—HANDSOME COMPLIMENT TO THE JUDGE—SOLOMON'S DEATH—DANCES THE SWAGGERING JIG—LUCRE'S VIRTUES AND CHRISTIAN DEATH.

The Honourable Richard Alexander Topertoe, for he was sometimes called the one, and sometimes the other—but most frequently Richard—had been for several years on the continent, where he found it more economical to reside than at home. A circumstance connected with a gambling debt of his brother's, communicated by a friend, brought him suddenly to London, where he arrived in time to save his brother's reputation and fortune—and most probably his life—for Lord Cumber, be it known, was very nearly what is termed a professed duellist. Having succeeded in saving his brother from being fleeced by a crew of Aristocratic Black-legs, and thereby rendered an appeal to the *duello* unnecessary,

he happened to become acquainted with a very wealthy merchant, whose daughter in the course of a few months he wooed and won. The thing in fact is common, and has nothing at all of romance in it. She had wealth and beauty; he had some title. The father, who passed off to a different Counting-house, about a couple of months after their marriage, left him and her to the enjoyment of an immense property in the Funds; and sooth to say, it could not have got into better hands. She was made the Honourable Mrs. Richard Topertoe, and if a cultivated understanding, joined to an excellent and humane heart deserved a title, in her person, they did. After his arrival in London he had several conversations with his brother, whose notions with regard to property, he found to be of the cool, aristocratic, and contemptuous school; that is to say, "he did not feel himself bound to neglect the pleasures and enjoyments of life, and look after his tenants. It was enough that he received their rents, and paid a sensible Agent to collect them. What more could he do? Was he to become their *slave?*"

Richard who now felt anxious to witness the management of his brother's estate—if only for the purpose of correcting his bad logic upon the subject of property, came over *incognito* to the metropolis,

accompanied by his wife; and it was to his brother, under the good humoured soubriquet of Spinageberd, that he addressed the letters recorded in these volumes. He also had a better object in view, which was, to purchase property in the country, and to reside on it. That he did not succeed in rooting out of Lord Cumber's mind his senseless prejudices with respect to the duties of a landlord, was unfortunately none of his fault. All that man could do, by reasoning, illustration, and remonstrance, he did; but in vain; the old absurd principle of the landlord's claims upon his tenantry, Lord Cumber neither could nor would give up; and having made these necessary observations, we proceed with our narrative.

Better than a week had now elapsed; M'Clutchy had been interred with great pomp—all the Orangemen of the neighbouring districts, having attended "his honoured and lamented remains" to the grave, each dressed in his appropriate Orange costume. The provincial chaplain, remarkable for singing his own songs, had been engaged to preach his funeral sermon, which he did with a force of eloquence and pathos that literally brought the tears of those who were acquainted with Val's virtues down their cheeks—but of none else. He dwelt with particular severity upon those who had kindled

bonfires, and hung his respectable son, "our esteemed brother, Capain Phil, in effigy; whilst the sacred remains of that father whom he loved so well, and who so well deserved his love, and the love of all who had the pleasure and happiness of his acquaintance, &c. &c., were not yet cold."

All this, we say, had taken place, and our friend Hartley was seated quietly at his breakfast one morning, when a gentleman named Fenton waited upon him, on the part of Lord Cumber. After the usual salutations, Mr. Fenton opened the business on which he had come.

"I regret, Mr. Hartley, that there should be any misunderstanding between you and Lord Cumber."

"Not more so than I do, Mr. Fenton, I assure you; Lord Cumber, I presume, has arrived then? But pardon me, have you breakfasted?"

"Thank you, Sir, I have breakfasted. He has arrived, Sir, and requested me to wait upon you for an apology. It appears, according to my instructions, as the lawyers say, that you have charged him with holding and exercising tyrannical principles as a landlord. Now, this, you know, is really a thing that a man like him could not overlook."

"Of course, Mr. Fenton, he placed our correspondence in your hands."

"Unquestionably he submitted it to me, previous to my consenting to act."

"And may I ask your own opinion, Mr. Fenton?"

"As an extensive landed proprietor, Mr. Hartley, I must say that I agree with him; I think a landlord has a *right* to demand *every* kind of support from his tenant, and that if the tenant claims the privilege of running counter to his landlord's interests, then the landlord is justified in removing that tenant off his property as soon as he can."

"In that case, then," replied Hartley, "I have no concession to make, and no apology to offer. I regret this business very much; but Lord Cumber places me in a position which I cannot leave without dishonour."

"He also wishes to have an explanation with respect to the circumstances which induced so many of his corps of yeomanry to enrol their names in your new troop?"

"I have explained that already, by stating that I never solicited any of his men to join my troop; they came of their own free will, and I received them, and certainly will receive as many as come to us under similar circumstances."

"Then I suppose you will not cause them to withdraw from your troop, as Lord Cumber insists on."

"Insists on! Will he allow neither the tenant nor the yeoman the use of his free will, Mr. Fenton? I see nothing now remains but to refer you to my friend, Captain Ormsby, who will assist you in making all the necessary arrangements; and the sooner this unpleasant matter is terminated, the better." After bidding each other good morning, Mr. Fenton departed to make, as Hartley termed them, "the necessary arrangements."

The next morning at day break, in a paddock about two miles from Castle Cumber, there stood a very elegant young man, of a high and aristocratic bearing, accompanied by Mr. Fenton, to whom he appeared to be relating some pleasant anecdote, if one could judge by the cheerful features of the narrator, and the laughter of his companion. A carriage stood by a kind of scalp in the road, which carriage contained a medical man, who, indeed, was present with great reluctance. In a few minutes a gig, containing two persons, drove to the same spot at a rapid pace, a gentleman on horseback accompanying it; these were Mr. Hartley, his friend, Captain Ormsby, and a medical gentleman, whom he also had brought on the occasion.

On meeting, the two principals bowed politely, addressed each other in friendly terms, and were

actually advancing to shake hands, when they mutually checked themselves, and Hartley, smiling, said :—

"My Lord, I fear that this is really a foolish business—why, it is literally fighting a duel upon abstract principles."

"It is fighting a duel upon a principle, which, whether abstract or not, I will always support. If, however, you wish to avoid a duel, Mr. Hartley, you have only to withdraw the offensive term you applied to the principle in question."

"As soon, my Lord, as you renounce the principle itself."

"Enough," said Lord Cumber, "gentlemen, please to let us take our ground."

Nothing could surpass the coolness, the ease of manner, and fine bearing of both. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and it was agreed by the seconds, from principles of humanity, that they should fire by signal. Indeed, we may say here, that the seconds did everything that men so circumstanced could do, to prevent the necessity of fighting. Each, however, was high-minded and courageous, and knowing that his opponent was remarkable for bravery and success as a duellist, refused to

make any concession. They accordingly took their grounds, resolved to abide the event.

Having been placed, the seconds, previous to their agreement as to the signal to be given, withdrew a little, so as to be completely out of hearing. While discussing this point, a circumstance occurred worthy of notice, and, we must say, the high-minded courage which it manifested, ought to have restrained Lord Cumber, as a man of honour, from turning a pistol against Hartley on the occasion. Both were standing, as we have said, awaiting the signal to fire, when Hartley said ;—

" My Lord Cumber, a word with you."

" It is too late, Mr. Hartley," replied that nobleman ; " I am on my ground."

" It is not an apology, my Lord," replied the other smiling ; " but really, as a man of honour, I cannot fight you as we stand at present : we are not upon equal terms."

" Speak to your second, Sir," said his opponent.

" You perceive he happens to be engaged just now," rejoined Hartley ; " but, in fact, the communication can as well be made to your Lordship ; I have just observed, my Lord, that the bullet of your pistol has dropped out, and I believe, if you will take the trouble to look upon the ground, you will

see it at your foot; your second, I presume, has forgotten to put in wadding."

"Mr. Hartley," replied Lord Cumber, "I always believed you to be a gentleman, and a man of bravery; I feel it now, and whatever the event of this meeting may be, I shall render you ample justice. I thank you, Sir, for that act of true courage and honour."

At length the bullet was restored to its place, and the seconds drew aside to give the signal, which was letting fall a white handkerchief, when each was immediately to fire.

How short a span there is between life and eternity! There they stood, both in high health and strength, full of the world, and the world's spirit, and yet in how brief a space was one of them to appear before the judgment seat of God!

At length the signal was given, the handkerchief fell, two shots were heard, one instantly following the other. Hartley having fired, dropped his pistol hand by his side, whilst Lord Cumber raised his left hand to his breast, or rather was in the act of raising it, when he fell, gathered up his knees to his chin, and immediately stretching out his limbs at full length, was a corpse; thus dying, as he did, in the maintenance of an unjust and tyrannical principle.

And so passed away by an untimely death, a man who was not destined to be a bad character. His errors as a man—a private nobleman—we do not canvass any farther than as they affected his duties as a landlord. His errors as a landlord were the errors of his time, and represented the principles of his class. These were contempt for, and neglect of, the condition and comforts of his tenantry, of the very individuals from whose exertions and struggles he derived his support. Strange, indeed, it is, that men placed as his Lordship was, should forget a principle, which a neglect of their duties may one day teach them to their cost,—that principle is the equal right of every man to the soil which God has created *for all*. The laws of agrarian property are the laws of a class, and it is not too much to say, that if the rights of this class to legislate for *their own interests* were severely investigated, it might appear upon just and rational principles, that the landlord is nothing more nor less than a pensioner upon popular credulity, and lives upon a fundamental error in society created by the class to which he belongs. Think of this, gentlemen, and pay attention to your duties.

Whilst Lord Cumber, who never communicated a syllable touching the duel with Hartley to his

brother, was engaged in that mortal conflict, as it unhappily turned out to be, the Honourable Richard Topertoe, was engaged in a far different occupation. On that same morning, in Castle Cumber Church, he had the pleasure of giving away the hand of Mary M'Loughlin to her lover Harman, and it was on their return from her father's house, after having witnessed their subsequent marriage by Father Roche, that he met his brother's carriage containing his dead body. Richard Topertoe possessed a mind above any empty title, and, perhaps, there lived not a man who more sincerely deplored the event which made him Lord Cumber, and put him in possession of a property which he did not require.

Our chronicles draw to a close. The contemplated interview between Mrs. Lenehan, her brother, and Solomon, never in fact took place. Solomon fell very seasonably into ill health, and could be seen by nobody except his physician, who was nearly as religious as himself, and besides a member of his own congregation. In the trust, however, which the widow placed in Solomon, she was, to use his own language, abundantly justified, as the event proved. Honest Solomon defrauded her out of the money, and had the satisfaction of reflecting that he reduced her and her family to beggary. Breach of trust it

appears is a very slight thing in the eye of the law, and Solomon, encouraged by this consideration, ruined the unfortunate widow and her orphans. This act of gross unprincipled robbery was, however, not unpunished. In about a month after he had perpetrated it, the following scene occurred in the Court of King's Bench, in presence of many who will have little difficulty in bringing it to their recollection.

A thin pale faced man, far gone apparently in serious illness, supported on each side by a religious friend who had not given him up, one of them by the way was a Scotchman, and a far greater knave and hypocrite than himself—approached the table, and requested permission to address the Court, previous to the exercise of its jurisdiction in striking him off the Roll of Attornies. This permission was granted, and Solomon, for it was he, spoke briefly as follows:

"My Lord, you see before you a frail sinner, who will soon appear before a greater and more awful tribunal than yours. I am not here, my Lord, to defend an act to which I was prompted by —may I be permitted to say so—by my very virtues. Some men, my Lord, are ruined by excellent qualities, and some by those which are the reverse. As touching mine, my Lord, and the

principles upon which—but an explanation on this subject would not become *me*. Oh, no, my Lord; but your Lordship sees these tears; your Lordship sees this weak, feeble, and emaciated frame. You perceive, in fact, my Lord, that I am scarcely a subject for the severity of this or any other court. In the mean time, may I be prepared to meet a greater, a more awful one! May that be granted, my Lord! oh, may He grant it! I am very feeble, my Lord, but still able to entreat that your Lordship will temper justice with mercy. About a month ago, my Lord, when I little apprehended the occurrence which—but may His will be done! My honesty is known, my Lord; it is known there," pointing up—"about a month ago, I say, I had my last child baptized by—I am ashamed to tell your Lordship what name, lest you might imagine that I did so for the purpose of biasing your judgment in the— No, my Lord, I will add nothing to the simple fact—I had my last child baptized by the name of Richard Pennywinkle M'Slime—a circumstance which fills my heart with sentiments of joy and gratification up to this moment. And I am not depressed—far from it. This, my Lord, is a trial, and I know, for I feel, that it is good for me to be tried, inasmuch as it is a proof that I am cared for THERE!" and he pointed again upwards as he spoke.

The Judge, who was a kind-hearted and humane man, was melted even unto tears, which he could with difficulty restrain whilst he spoke.

"Unhappy man," said he, "I have been for several years in the habit of dispensing law—"

"Justice, you mean, my Lord," said Solomon; "oh, justice, justice, or rather mercy, my Lord! little of law have you ever dispensed! Oh, little of law—but much of justice. May He be praised for it! amen, amen!"

"Your case, unhappy man, is one which places me in a peculiarly painful position indeed. The compliment you were good enough to pay me—I mean that of calling your child after me—makes me feel as if in addressing you I was—" here he sobbed and wiped his eyes bitterly, and was about to proceed, when Widow Lenehan's counsel rose up, and said;—

"My Lord, it is really too bad that hypocrisy should continue its impositions even to the last act of the drama. I feel it my duty to disabuse your Lordship in this matter of naming the child after you. Perhaps the compliment will be considerably diminished, if not absolutely reversed, when you come to know, my Lord, that the child which bears your Lordship's name—if it does bear it—is an

illegitimate one, and very unworthy, indeed, my Lord, of bearing such an honoured name as yours."

The Judge had been shedding tears for Solomon's calamities during this address, but it is almost unnecessary to say that the change from the benevolent and pathetic to the indignant was as fine a specimen as ever was given of the ludicrous.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the Judge, the whole features of his face in a state of transition that was perfectly irresistible; "do you mean to tell me that the child which the wretched man had the insolence to name after me, was not born in wedlock?"

"My Lord," said Solomon, "this is a subject on which, aided by my great namesake, the wisest of—"

"The decision of the court," continued the Judge, "is, that your name be struck off the list of Attornies who practice here."

In the course of about six weeks afterwards might be read, in all the metropolitan papers, the following announcement. "Died of deep decline, in the forty-eighth year of his age, Solomon M'Slime, Esq., Attorney-at-Law. Indeed we are bound to say, that for the last and most exemplary portion of his life, he ought rather to have been termed Attorney-at-Gospel. We are glad to hear, for the sake of his interesting family, that his life was insured for the

sum of two thousand pounds, which has been paid to them."

About four months after Solomon's death, an American vessel was lying at the Pigeon House, waiting for the tide. Several of the passengers were assembled in Mrs. Thumbstall's tavern — previous to the departure of the brig — where, as was then usual, they amused themselves by drinking punch, and dancing. Among them was a little thin fellow, dressed in a short frieze coat, striped waistcoat, corduroy breeches, and stout brogues; beside him sat a comely, youthful, but somewhat prim female, dressed as a plain peasant girl. The moment the floor became vacant, the little frieze-coated fellow got to his legs, accompanied by the female, and addressed the musician as follows :—

"My good friend, there is—is much cheerfulness in thy music, for which reason this young person and I will trouble you to play us that sustaining psalm—I mean that blessed air called the Swaggering Jig, which is really a consoling planxtic—come, Susanna."

Good by, Solomon, thou art now gone to that land of true liberty, and sorry are we to say, that thou hast left so many who are so much worse than thyself behind thee! One of the most virtuous acts of thy life was the defrauding the

Spiritual Railway Assurance office of two thousand pounds, upon the fiction of thy death; which, truth to say, was a very bitter fiction to them.

Our chronicles are closed. Need we say that Richard Topertoe, on gaining the title and estate, became a resident landlord, and is at this day enjoying a green and happy old age upon one of the best managed properties in Ireland, where his tenantry are grateful, prosperous, and happy. Mary M'Loughlin, her husband, and family, lived happily, as they deserved to live, and some of them live yet, and will easily recognize themselves in these pages.

Of Phil, we must say a word or two. On finding himself the uncontrolled inheritor of his father's ill-gotten wealth, he accelerated his progress in drunkenness and profligacy. He took to the turf, became a gambler and a spendthrift, and went backwards in squandering his fortune through as unprincipled a course as his father pursued in making it. From step to step he came down until nothing was left. Having no manly principle to sustain him, he fell from one stage of rascality and meanness to another, until he succeeded at length in getting himself appointed as an under Turnkey in Castle Cumber Gaol. A whisper has gone abroad, that upon a critical occasion when the Sheriff, owing to the death of a certain functionary essential to the discharge of his duty, felt

himself considerably at a loss, he found in one of the under turnkeys a convenient substitute.

The living of Castle Cumber, left vacant by the promotion of Mr. Lucre to a Bishopric, was given to an Englishman, as was then the practice, and would be now, were it not for the influence of common shame and public opinion.

Mr. Clement opened an Academy in Castle Cumber, and succeeded; for he thought it a wiser thing to live by teaching a school, than to suffer his large family and himself to starve by the gospel.

We now beg to close, by a very truthful paragraph from the True Blue :—

"*Elevation of the Rev. Dr. Lucre to the See of* ——.

"For many years a duty at once so painful and so delightful, has not devolved upon us, as a public journalist. The elevation of the Right Rev. Father in God, Phineas Lucre, to the See of ——, is a dispensation to our Irish Establishment which argues the beneficent hand of a wise and overruling Providence. In him we may well say, that another bright and lustrious star is added to that dark, but beautiful galaxy, in the nether heavens above us, which is composed of our blessed Bishops. The diocese over which he has been called by the Holy Spirit to preside, will know, as they ought, how to appreciate his learning and attain-

ments. But what shall we say of the poor of Castle Cumber, to whom he has been such a kind, meek, charitable, and consoling dispenser of God's gifts, and God's word? At the bed of death, of disease, of poverty—at every post, no matter how poor, low, neglected, or how dangerous—there was he to be found, the champion of God—fighting his battles in peace, self-denial, and charity. It is true he is not an Irishman; but is it not a blessed thing that such links of love as he, and of those who resemble him, should continue to bind the virtues of the two churches, and the two countries together? His Lordship was consecrated on last Sunday, by that Right Rev. and blessedly facetious prelate, Archbishop Drapely, who, in addition to his other evangelical gifts, is said to be a perfect Toler in canonicals." It is not often that so much piety proceeds from so comic a source.

Our readers can scarcely forget the circumstances of Mr. Lucre's departure out of this wicked, ungodly, and sensual world. About eight years ago, or less, he died in a very pious fit of apoplectic passion, brought on by his cook, in consequence of that important functionary having neglected the apostolic duty of dressing a Haunch of Venison, we presume, upon scriptural principles. We regret

to say, for the sake of the Church, and the loss which she sustained in consequence, that the haunch in question was considerably overdone—a fact which one would scarcely imagine could have produced such important results upon the religion of the country as it did by his death.

With respect to Counsellor Browbeater, we have only to say, that the Government of that period, having got out of him all the dirty work of which he was capable, felt extremely anxious to get rid of him as easily and safely as they could. Browbeater, however, who was a most insatiable leech, stuck to them, knowing that they could not well discharge him without a character, which, God knows, the dog was badly entitled to. He had the ambition to expect to sit on the Bench, but, thanks to the Attorney-General and the Minister of the day, he was prevented from that. He was, however, made a Master in Chancery, and had the honour of succeeding old Tom Silver, a lawyer, a gentleman, an orator, and a man of honour and integrity! And only think of Browbeater succeeding such an office, as excellent, respected, and admirable Tom Silver left behind him!

THE END.

Thomas I. White, Printer, 45, Fleet-street.